

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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May 3, 1967



TWIGGY STUNS NEW YORK — STORY, PICTURES
PAGES 4, 5, 8, 9

MEDICAL BOOK — THE SKIN AND ITS TREATMENT
in childhood, adolescence, maturity, pregnancy

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE WRITES: After divorce, wives should
get not alimony but severance pay!

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MAY 3, 1967

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OUR COVER

TWIGGY, leggy little cockney model, with teenage fans wearing Twiggy masks in New York.

Before she arrived in the U.S.A., American critics groaned complaints of her long, bony legs, her awkward, childish figure, her lack of grace.

Twiggy herself, on the flight from London to New York, was shaking with fright, but relaxed to piped music in the plane.

Twiggy needn't have worried. Her visit to New York was a sensation. The city adopted her.

For the full story, see pages 4, 5, and color pictures on pages 8, 9.

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FREE COOK BOOK

● Brighter even than last year's—and bigger! The 1967 "Daily Telegraph" Gas Cook Book is coming your way on Monday, May 1.

Recipes for main courses and for accessory dishes, 111 recipes for memorable meals, are included in this four-color, 40-page cook book. They're listed alphabetically and grouped.

Each recipe has been tested in the Gas Company's kitchen by Betty Dunleavy and a team of menu planners.

Make sure you get YOUR copy of the free 1967 Gas Cook Book—it comes to you ONLY in the "Daily Telegraph" on Monday, May 1.



● A jolly, 38-year-old Brisbane housewife, the mother of three daughters, with not a sign of a whinge about her, one recent Sunday got fed up and organised a . . .



Mrs. Vilma Ward

Grievance meeting —for women only

MRS. VILMA WARD, of the Brisbane suburb of Norman Park, believes that if Queensland parliamentarians can have a grievance day — so can women.

On her own initiative, Mrs. Ward has called a grievance meeting for women in the Anglican Church Hall, Norman Park, at 11.30 a.m. on Thursday, April 27.

Queensland Parliament this year set aside every second Thursday morning, when the House is sitting, for members to bring up grievances on any subject. They can speak for 10 minutes without debate.

But while parliamentarians may grieve about things like delays in attention to requests or in matters coming before the House, the women at their meeting are likely to air grievances on more direct lines — like how to bring up a family on a husband's earnings and keep out of debt.

The parliamentarians themselves may come under the heading of "grievances," when the housewives feel they, or aldermen, are at fault.

Mrs. Ward, a jolly, good-natured woman of 38, with not a sign of a whinge about her, indicated that parliamentarians or aldermen could be on the list of grievances for discussion.

Mentioning some of her own, she said:

"My main grievance is the rising cost of educating and rearing children.

"Cost of living! Do men really understand how difficult women are finding it to manage on the money husbands give them and the prices they have to pay?

"Food goes up, then there's a basic wage increase (the latest in Queensland was 50 cents), and the minute you get it — boom — up the prices go.

"Although prices go up, you still have to give your

family the same amount of fruit, meat, and other food and you still have to pay for extras such as schoolbooks.

"It's called *free education*. How can they term it free education when a parent is forever putting out money for extras like notebooks for lessons? Every other day, it's another 20 cents or 15 cents. It doesn't sound so much in one day, but add it up and you get a shock!

"The extras drain the money out. The books should be free. This is without counting the cost of textbooks paid by parents."

● **No-iron shirts:** "There is no such thing as a no-iron shirt in the medium-price range," Mrs. Ward said. "I

easily accessible place for mothers to buy for households."

● **Bus-stop shelters:** "People have to stand in the rain. Shelters should be provided, but not put on the taxpayer."

Among the grievances suggested by other women who have supported her idea for a meeting, Mrs. Ward mentioned:

● **Care of children visiting general hospitals with mothers.** Mrs. Ward said, "A number of women have spoken of this. There are no facilities for mothers with small children who have to see a doctor at the hospital. Many women have no one to look after their children;

times on the way to the bus by women who know me.

"Women rang to say, 'It's a beaut idea.'

"I don't want this to be a belly-aching session," said Mrs. Ward, who is as plain-spoken as she is pleasant. "Also there's no point in grizzling together to whinge if we don't do something about it.

"If we grizzle and complain about things, the people concerned have a right to hear.

"We have to make our voices heard. The meeting must be constructive and get something constructive done."

Mrs. Ward got her idea for the grievance meeting on a Sunday afternoon and acted immediately.

"My daughters telling me they needed money for more school books started it off," Mrs. Ward said.

Within an hour she had permission to use the church hall, free, for a meeting and by the evening she had a letter in the post publicising the meeting.

The grievance day is a personal affair for Mrs. Ward — and quite apart from her other activities.

Her husband, Mr. Leonard Ward, is organiser for the Queensland Transport Workers' Union.

Mrs. Ward is a member of the Balmoral Branch of the Union of Australian Women and is a national committee member. She is also secretary of the Norman Park Branch of the ALP.

"My husband encourages me in everything I do," she said. "Sometimes he disagrees, but he encourages me to think and act for myself.

He approved of my idea of a grievance meeting.

"I think it is up to men to encourage their wives and not keep them on the ball-and-chain all the time."

The Wards have been married for 14 years and have three daughters, Rosanna, 13, Deborah, 11, and Janette, 8.

—JEAN BRUCE

Mrs. Ward's budget

Mrs. Ward works to this budget:

Husband's wages \$50, after paying superannuation and tax.

Meat, vegetables, fruit, and groceries, \$22 a week allowed.

Bread \$2, milk \$2.

They own their home, but money is put away for rates, electricity, gas, house insurance, car, and extras. They receive child endowment of \$12 a month.

Mrs. Ward's comment: "There is nothing left over, not a thing. A pair of high-school shoes for my daughter costs \$8."

have to iron seven and sometimes eight 'no-iron' shirts a week. If a manufacturer can prove to me there is such a thing in the medium-price range, I will retract my words" — and Mrs. Ward gave one of her jolly laughs — "and make a public apology."

● **Frozen foods:** "Occasionally I have used frozen foods. I'd like to have a whinge about them, because some are full of water. The weight is made up by liquid."

● **Unwrapped bread,** delivered to the householder: "You have to pay extra for bread sliced or wrapped. It should be wrapped without extra cost to the householder."

● **Fruit and vegetable buying:** "There should be a fruit and vegetable market in an

many can't afford fees for child-care centres. While the mother is in with the doctor, either for attention for herself or one of her children, she is worrying about the child she has had to leave outside."

● **Deserted wives:** "The law says a man has to pay so much a week. Half the time the woman doesn't get it."

● **Misleading soap packets:** "Some give the impression you are getting more than you are, but I believe something is being done about this."

"I have plenty of grievances," Mrs. Ward continued. "Lots of women have. We're not looking for them."

"I have got stacks of support. The day the news of the grievance meeting broke, I was stopped five



Wedding of year in America

● When John D. Rockefeller IV and blonde Sharon Percy were married in Chicago on April 1 it was called the American social and political wedding of the year.

JOHn, or Jay as he prefers to be called, a handsome young giant of 29, has been referred to as "the closest thing America has to a prince."

Nephew of Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York and Governor Winthrop Rockefeller of Arkansas, the young man with a multi-million-dollar inheritance is a Democratic West Virginian State legislator.

His father-in-law, also a multi-millionaire, is Republican Senator for Illinois.

The wedding took place in Rockefeller Chapel at Chicago University, which has strong links with both families. Charles Percy, Sharon's father, graduated as marshal of his class and is now a university trustee. The great-grandfather of the bridegroom underwrote the cost of founding the university and the construction of its handsome Gothic chapel.

Among the 1000 wedding guests was Lynda Bird Johnson, who, according to an American social columnist, often invited Jay to the Texan LBJ ranch last year.

Sharon, 21, and Jay met when he was in the Peace Corps and she was working as a volunteer for the then New York State Congressman John Lindsay in Washington, D.C.

A member of the Rockefeller family said it wasn't surprising that they were attracted to each other. Both were raised with

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emphasis on family loyalty, self-denial, self-discipline. Jay's allowance was 15 cents a week when he was a boy, and one-third of it had to go in the poor-box.

Charles Percy, it is told, constantly reminded his children that money represented work.

Forced to work his way through the University of Chicago, he started a business supplying food, coal, linen, furniture to its fraternities. This grossed him \$150,000 a year. He was known as the richest student ever to work his way through college.

The wedding might have occurred sooner had it not been for the tragic murder of Sharon's twin sister, Valerie, on September 18 last year when an intruder stabbed and battered her as she lay in bed. The crime has never been solved.

A second family tragedy was the sudden death by heart attack of the mother of the bride's stepmother a few hours before the wedding.

The young couple are spending their honeymoon in Japan visiting the places Jay lived in for three years as a student teacher at the International Christian University.

JUST MARRIED. The two young members of the American political and top social scene stand under a canopy.





New York entranced by the big eyes, the match-stick legs of London's mini-queen

TWIGGY'S AMERICAN TRIUMPH

TWIGGY (Lesley Hornby) in her New York apartment with Jim the duckling, given by the girl at left, who came to interview her for a school paper.

—By ZDENKO HIRSCHLER
Writer and photographer, who was a member
of Twiggy's New York expedition.

WHEN the giant Boeing 702 took off from London for New York at noon on March 20, it carried the usual bunch of businessmen, secretaries, and salespeople—and Twiggy.

Beside her was her 27-year-old boyfriend and manager, Justin de Villeneuve (formerly Nigel Davies). Twiggy was scared.

"We've flown a few times to Paris, Justin and me, but this is different," she said to me. "You can't really help being frightened if you know you'll have to fly for seven hours."

Her blue eyes wide, her lips moving nervously, Twiggy put her left hand on Justin's.

What was worrying her now? It was the fact that she was leaving her parents alone in their semi-detached brown-brick home in working-class North-west London.

"My two sisters are married and don't live with Mum and Dad any more," she explained to me later. "She might get lonely in the house now that I'm away."

That was not the only worry. For the 17-year-old fashion model this trip was of crucial importance. Her attempt to become a sort of pop-idol in Europe was a failure after the flop of the first Twiggy record.

But Justin had often told her that if New York could be stormed the world might be conquered.

"Listen to that," said Justin to his girlfriend and gave her a pair of earphones, fitting right into the ear.

"You look like a doc," said Twiggy, and put them on. The soft voice of John Davidson was singing "Strangers in the Night." Twiggy immediately forgot everything; all her worries vanished and her face showed the total happiness of a ten-year-old child.

This is the most wonderful thing about her. Nothing can bother her when she is in that world of her own.

And when disaster strikes and tears flow in one sudden second of despair, the next second brings a smile on her face if Justin's hand touches her cheek, or a dog barks in the neighborhood, or a nice tune sounds in her ear, or a good cake is served.

Cheerfully she ate her luxuriously served food, and happily she watched the movie on the aircraft's screen. She hates to see killings, violence, passion. She still lives in the happy, simplified world of a ten-year-old.

It was this world that suddenly vanished when the air hostess announced unexpectedly. "Fasten your seat belts. We are landing at John F. Kennedy Airport."

The photographers, crowded behind an iron barrier, were the wildest, the noisiest Twiggy had ever seen. Not like the stiff English. These were shouting, demanding, asking, "Go back! Go forward! Turn! Kiss! Wave! Once more! More!"

Passports were stamped. In four and a half minutes Twiggy was legally on U.S. soil. By the big clock in the hall it was 4 p.m.; by her watch it was seven.

From this very second the hours just seemed to vanish in a crazy rhythm. It was definitely not English time here.

The party entered a helicopter. In it were more people with movie cameras, and they used these during all the flight. Below were deep canyons, deep street rivers.

Then the helicopter landed on one of the skyscrapers.

at her side, she crossed the street, "welcome to New York."

"You see, just, he knows me!" exclaimed Twiggy with a smile of pride and pleasure.

They bought the papers. The leading dailies had whole pages about them. More unusual was the fact that Americans seemed to read their papers. When car drivers, taxi-drivers, housewives, children started to greet her — "Hi, Twiggy!" — she was amazed.

"They all know me! It was only yesterday I came to New York and they all seem to know me!"

In London and Paris people knew her, too, but she said, "This is not like Paris — those unpolite French. And it's not like London, where they just look at you, without words."

It was like a new, fascinating dream, all this sudden public love and attention. A taxi stopped and the driver asked for an autograph, and Twiggy did not even have a pen. Two boys ran into the crowded street to fetch a car while she

"Hi, Twiggy!" the passing truck-driver called out

TUESDAY, MARCH 21:

In a building on 62nd Street, we were on the 22nd floor in an enormous flat. It had ten rooms, five bathrooms, numerous cupboards, a fully equipped kitchen, and not one single piece of furniture except four big beds scattered through those rooms.

Not one single painting, not one single carpet, not one single chair. Just a television set in the sitting-room and those beds.

The building was new. It had been finished the very day Twiggy came to New York. It belonged to Bert Stern the photographer, and there hadn't been time to supply the furniture. Twiggy couldn't care less. Windows were more fascinating.

"The people and cars down there seem like toys," she said to me. "I wonder if they are real."

Soon she found they were indeed real, in a very un-English way.

"Hi, Twiggy!" shouted the first truck-driver who spotted her when, with Justin

waited on the sidewalk with Justin. Even an elderly lady in the elevator said some kind words and asked for an autograph.

Those people were real, not toys.

Even important people seemed nicer here than back home. The one Justin dreaded most, fashion editor Eugenia Sheppard, was just a charming auntie when she chatted with Twiggy at the Plaza Hotel and when, afterwards, she came over to the apartment.

"How charming, how wonderful, how lovely," were her comments on the 42 Twiggy dresses spread on her bed.

"They're cheap," explained Twiggy. "Nice, and cheap at the same time. They should be that way. Why should girls be asked to pay so much? We decided that our dresses wouldn't cost more than 20 dollars."

Other journalists, too, are kind to her. In the impressive "Life" Building she does some modelling. As she changes the various dresses, the room fills with people — reporters, celebrities, attendants.

A good-looking gentleman approaches her. "Please, Twiggy," he says with a smile, "my daughter would never forgive me if I didn't ask for your autograph."

Twiggy signs, of course, and fashion editor Sally Kirkland explains afterward, "This Twiggy fan was merely our publisher, Jerome S. Hardy! I'd never have believed it."

Editors, celebrities, the people, all seem to love Twiggy. "What a smashing city New York is!" she says to Justin.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22:

Twiggy wakes up at half-past eight. Justin is nervous and reminds her of the many appointments of the day.

"Bert and his boys are coming any minute, Twiggy. You know they are producing a movie on us."

But Twiggy could not care less. With brooding eyes she watches a blizzard striking New York. Clouds of snow whirl down in the canyon. She is up on the 22nd floor, safe and warm.

"We must find some sort of warm clothes for outside."

When Bert Stern arrives he knows a quick remedy in this city of publicity. They drive to a furmaker on 30th Street, and while Bert and his crew take thousands of feet of film Twiggy tries on a white racoon fur, Justin a brown nutria.

Soon after the fittings the deal is accomplished. What deal? Well, Justin has received his fur as a present from the makers and Twiggy's is on loan.

His eyes shining with satisfaction, Justin whispers to me, "This fur—do you know how much it's worth? At least \$1500. The Beatles haven't got a better one."

Twiggy is warm and contented. Her last fur was bought by her father for £5 in a second-hand clothes shop.

Back at the apartment Justin sends a telegram to Twiggy's mum and dad:

"We love New York. It is smashing here — everything just fine. Love, Justin and Twiggy."

In the afternoon Twiggy meets another famous photographer, Melvin Sokolsky, a thin, long-haired, cigar-puffing genius. What Twiggy likes most in his studio on 39th Street is his Labrador.

"He's bigger than me!" she exclaims.

Sokolsky has many ideas which he'll now try to materialise. One of the papers has commissioned him to do a Sunday supplement with Twiggy as the main attraction. She will work with him for a week — at about \$120 an hour.

From her dad she used to get just £1



TWIGGY MASKS were given to bystanders at this confrontation with a statue in the Museum of Modern Art.



WINDOW-SHOPPING on Fifth Avenue. Twiggy made a fortune for herself and her promoters, but was frightened by some of the American fan mobs.

pocket-money a week and was "a spoiled child." That was not so long ago, some 12 months, when she was still a cockney girl with long skirts and long hair.

Before she met Justin.
In the evening Bert Stern gives a party for Twiggy, Justin, and a "couple of friends."

There are so many friends that his vast studio has become like a matchbox, full of people. Cameras are in action.

Justin, Bert, and Twiggy sit at a table where there is just enough space to turn the head left and right. A fashion editor at the same table tells Twiggy, "I dined with the Duchess of Windsor yesterday, and she told me that you had more publicity than herself. And, she added, 'No wonder, for Twiggy is so much prettier.'"

Twiggy just smiles faintly and is not very impressed. Justin is enormously pleased; pride is stamped on him like an invisible crown.

THURSDAY, March 23:

There are no eggs in the fridge, no milk, no butter, no bacon.

So out we go for breakfast, at a place in the same street. Even in that little cafe everybody recognises Twiggy, and is kind.

"Have a good time in New York, Twiggy." "You are so lovely . . . We have seen your picture in the papers."

Twiggy's face seems to be known all over the town. But when she and Melvin Sokolsky go to a famous toyshop on Fifth Avenue there is one more surprise. Five little girls, aged four or five, have to pose with her, and each one wears a mask. It's Twiggy's own face.

This is another of Melvin's ideas. Not only the five little girls but even the always-curious crowds are given Twiggy masks and readily get into the picture.

"Nobody without a mask can stay here," shouts one of Melvin's assistants, and the crowd is co-operative. Everybody grabs a mask.

After the shooting is over the masks are supposed to be returned, but the crowd disappears with them. An elderly woman says angrily, "This is my property."

The whole of New York wants to have Twiggy's face.

FRIDAY, March 24:

The first really nice day. Sun, warm weather, a blue sky. Twiggy phones London and talks to Mum.

"Don't worry, everything is just great. How are you? What, you have a cold? Oh, I hope you soon get better . . ."

In the afternoon Twiggy and Justin are

invited to a television studio. While an interview is recorded for a news session they can see their own faces, in color, on a dozen screens.

Even that is a strange new feeling.
"I see that I often bite my nails. Justin tells me not to do that but I forget it. Now I can see for myself," says Twiggy.

SATURDAY, March 25:

Today Twiggy is going to give an interview to a little girl who lives in another apartment in our building. Her name is Betsy; she is 16 and already an editor of her school paper, "Birch Bark," of Birch Wathen School.

"Betsy met me in our elevator," Twiggy explains. "She just looked at me, and a second before it was time for her to step out she said, 'I would like to ask you for an interview. For my school paper'."

Later on, Justin and Bert think that the idea is fine and arrange to take pictures. When Betsy arrives at 9.30 the cameras

In the afternoon we dine at a leading restaurant, and Twiggy loves the strawberries that are served there. A group of singers play their new song, "Twigs."

SUNDAY, March 26:

A wonderful Easter Day. Sun, blue sky, everything is perfect. Justin takes Twiggy out on Fifth Avenue for window-shopping and strolling.

Fur-coated Justin and Twiggy walk along the broad street, and a crowd gathers behind them. Twiggy is nervous.

"Justin, I'm scared," she whispers, as the eager autograph chasers start to push.

Together they turn into a side street, followed by several hundred fans. They step into a church, the only way out from the crowd starting to surround them.

In the church they stand anxiously until a policeman tells them what to do. "Let's go. There's a side exit."

They obey and escape from the mob

"No, I can't go through that crowd," she shouts while the policemen and Melvin's assistants try to drag her forward. She won't. She fights, cries, screams.

In a car at last, Twiggy is driven away at full speed.

"No pictures this time," complains a photographer.

TUESDAY, March 28:

Three new men emerge in Twiggy's life: Harold, Konstantinos, and Dennis. All are giants, tall musclemen who give you the feeling of strength and power. All are hired by Melvin Sokolsky as Twiggy's bodyguards.

Harold is Mexican and has been Mr. Universe. Konstantinos is Greek, Dennis has been Mr. New Jersey. All three take their role very seriously, and little Justin is from today hardly visible at Twiggy's side. She is constantly surrounded by three giants.

THURSDAY, MARCH 30:

Twiggy has cried all night. In the morning her face is swollen, her eyes red. When she came home yesterday she found Jim dead in front of his box. Somebody had stepped on the duckling, and she could not accept the fact that Jim did not exist any more.

"I loved him so much," she tells us with tears. "He was beginning to change color, he got so brown, and he went all over the place happily jumping after me."

"Now somebody has killed him. Who could be so cruel?"

It spoiled the whole day.

FRIDAY, March 31:

In the morning we rush into the studio to get ready to go to the City Hall. Melvin wants to shoot a fashion scene on the City Hall steps. Twiggy is to receive the golden key to New York, and a model is hired to pose as Mayor Lindsay.

When shooting begins everything seems fine, but then after ten minutes a girl appears from inside and says to Twiggy, "My father would like to meet you. Please come inside."

The girl is Mayor Lindsay's daughter and Twiggy is invited into the office of the real mayor, who now replaces the model and, with a Twiggy mask, poses for other photographs.

A thing like that can happen only in America.

Even the Mayor didn't mind posing with a mask

are already there and everything that goes on between the two girls is recorded.

"What do you like best in America?" asks Betsy.

"The people," answers Twiggy.

"What is the difference between American and English teenagers?"

"They speak the same language a bit different."

"Would you like to go to school again?"

"No!"

Now Betsy runs out of questions. Bert is desperate.

"Please ask her something more."

But Betsy is silent, so Twiggy starts to ask her questions.

Then Betsy suddenly excuses herself. Soon she returns with something in her hand. A present for Twiggy. A little live duckling.

"Gosh, how sweet it is!" says Twiggy and takes it in her hands.

She is charmed. Nothing can ever make her so happy as this. She loves, adores animals.

Happily she plays with her duckling. Tomorrow is Easter Sunday, and this is, of course, a present for the holiday. Wonderful! Everybody is happy: Betsy, Justin, Bert and his camera crew, and, most of all, Twiggy.

"What is his name? Ducks?"

"Jimmy," answers Betsy.

waiting at the main entrance. They hurry and catch a taxi which takes them back home, back to safety.

"Will we ever be able to walk in the streets any more? Perhaps it's not so nice to be so well-known, after all."

In the evening there is a charity ball at the Plaza. Twiggy is a guest-of-honor. Justin is very much impressed. Twiggy is bored and asks all the time, "What's happening to my duckling? I do hope my Jim is all right."

In the evening she meets Jim and, with a finger, shows him how to eat.

Twiggy is happy.

Later, everybody watches television. It's the first time we have seen a show in color. Twiggy enjoys the cartoons.

MONDAY, March 27:

Melvin Sokolsky wants to photograph Twiggy in front of a big department store on Fifth Avenue.

Cautiously, he has asked the New York police for protection, and a detective arrives with ten men. It takes time to organise them and form a line, and during this time the crowd gets bigger and noisier.

The tension grows, and when Twiggy finally appears at the entrance of the shop, she sees a thousand eyes and a thousand reaching hands.

It is frightening, terrifying for her.

COLOR PICTURES: Pages 8, 9



**Why
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is the bath...**

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It's amazing how much more relaxed you feel in a Metters "Debonair" bath. Because "Debonair" is *comfort-contoured*. And it's nice to know you'll be able to enjoy this comfort for a lifetime. Because "Debonair" is made from moulded cast iron.

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A "GIRL FRIDAY"

who never knows what is going to happen next

● Chris Mulholland, a vivacious 24-year-old redhead, of Kensington, N.S.W., has the sort of job most girls, and a lot of men, too, would envy.

ALL in one day, Chris can be in a plane flying around the northern beaches of Sydney, in a shop or out in the street doing survey work, looking for somewhere to hold a party, or meeting clients.

"No one has actually found an official title for me yet, but I suppose you could say I'm a Girl Friday — or perhaps a cross between that and mother's little helper," she said.

Chris explained that the company for which she works, Sales Communications International, has many departments to handle various aspects of their activities.

"But there are dozens of little things which can't be classified as any particular department's job, and which secretaries haven't time to do, so there has to be someone free to handle them. That someone is me.

"Sometimes I am chief information officer, other times I'm asked to shop for something obscure. Occasionally I play photographer, — not always with marked success, though I never give up hope of improving."

When Chris left Sydney Girls' High School six years ago she had no definite plans for a career.

"I joined a cosmetics firm where I had worked during school holidays, but I left after eight months to go to the Teachers' Training Col-



lege. It took me only a few months to decide that I didn't like children en masse, so I went back to the salon."

There she worked as a facial operator before becoming a travelling consultant.

In 1964 Chris went to Europe and was a cosmetics demonstrator and consultant in London, Finland, Sweden, and Hungary.

"For months at a time, 'home' was a make-up kit decorated with boomerangs and maps of Australia," said Chris. "Eventually I decided to take a break from make-up, and in London I took a job as a nanny, look-

ing after two children aged five and three.

"When I got back to Sydney I still had itchy feet and found it hard to settle. I took up my old job of travelling cosmetic consultant, but I really wanted something in a completely different field.

"I tried magazine work, and wrote one or two articles on beauty, but had no luck when I tried to do it on a permanent basis. You can imagine what a blow to my morale to be told I was too old to start at the bottom!"

Then came the day when Chris had an interview for her present job. "I admit I

was beginning to feel pretty discouraged," she said. "Nobody seemed to want a girl with enthusiasm, energy, and a need to use her brain.

"When I was told I had the job I could scarcely believe it. I've been here six months now, and there are times when I still can't believe it's true."

Chris finds the work challenging and lots of fun.

"Sometimes the surveys we do can be really entertaining. There was the one about packaging for bedspreads. We were trying to

find out which ones the stores preferred.

"I certainly found out what one a store didn't like. The man there was terribly upset. He pulled a bedspread down from the shelf and jumped on it to show me how the packages burst open. Then he made me write down every word he said."

Late last year, Chris found herself in the middle of a riot.

"I was playing photographer near Parliament House when I got caught up in it. It was fantastically

interesting, so I took lots of pictures. The next person who asks for a riot scene is going to be awfully surprised when they find I have some."

She is often asked things no girl normally would be expected to know, and has to have information on just about everything at her fingertips.

"I was once asked to find out what an XK150 looked like. I had enough trouble finding out what it was, and when I discovered it was an early model Jaguar car I had to spend days looking for a photograph of one."

Two of Chris' most unusual requests came from the firm's technical department. "First they wanted to know how much coal would fit into a hole of a certain size, then they asked me which fossils occurred in the upper and lower marine series."

Chris sometimes spends days shopping for the firm. "Ever tried looking for a Spanish riding hat or as many props as you can find with a Mexican theme?" she said, laughing.

She doesn't pretend that all her jobs are exciting. "I suppose some of my jobs might be considered dull. After all, I still have to do mundane things like graphs and sorting magazines and reference material for various departments, but the other jobs more than make up for them."

"The very best part of my work, I think, is that I never know what I am going to be doing next. After three dull days in the darkroom I could suddenly find that I had six fascinating jobs to do, all at the same time."



CHRIS MULHOLLAND is a girl who has to know the answers, and to get them she often has to do a street survey, above, or arm herself with a camera, left, and record the information in black and white.

"No" voters fight against New State scheme

● In our issue of April 19, it was stated that there was no organised opposition campaign against the New State Movement in northern N.S.W.

This is denied by advocates of the "No" vote. Joan Brown, on behalf of the "No" Committee, writes as follows:

The chairman of the "No" Committee, Mr. E. G. Richardson, a pastoralist of Raymond Terrace, said: "There has been a committee for some months, but it was not vocal until we assessed the New State group plans for the future."

"Had they given us sound and considered development this committee would not have been needed. But to

our concern the New State group revealed that they had no plan and little else to recommend them. The effect of the New State on the economy would be disastrous.

"We oppose this New State move because it springs from isolationism, not true decentralisation. It is the work of a group who want to be 'loners' and who have not considered the economy of the nation at all."

The "No" Committee has been very busy. Over 100,000 handbills supporting the "No" vote have been delivered in more than 50 townships in a massive door-to-door delivery.

Large Press advertisements have appeared in Newcastle and provincial newspapers, a TV "saturation campaign" ran every day for more than a week. A radio campaign on

five stations was in full swing, and "No" posters appeared over hundreds of miles of highways.

At the same time "YES-NO" TV documentaries, prepared in Tamworth and Newcastle, were taped ready for "last week" broadcasts. Business women's clubs all over the northern area arranged speakers from both sides, and "No" advocates claim that at question time the women more than held their own with the men in arguments against the New State.

The proposed New State boundaries will bisect the State below Swansea, N.S.W. would lose 24 percent of its land area, half its coastline, and more than three-quarters of a million people.

The New State aim is self-expression with money and political power as its main themes. The Executive Chair-

man of the New State Group, Mr. P. Wright, said: "Give us the money and the political power and we can achieve decentralisation."

The extraction of tax reimbursements cannot be regarded as "easy money" nor a plentiful source of supply. Critics of the New Staters' lack of planning say that their claim on \$185 million reimbursement from the Federal Government is conjecture and a very dangerous premise on which to found an economy. And they ask: Can the New Staters match the 70 percent of total Federal tax reimbursements at present being spent on health and education by the N.S.W. Government?

The Leader of the State Opposition, Mr. J. B. Renshaw, has been outspoken on the Labor Party's opposition to the movement.

The secretary of the Newcastle Trades Hall Council, Mr. Dowling, warned workers that the New State could become a "low-wage" State.

If a struggle for financial survival began in the New State, the worker feels he will be the first to suffer. The president of the Miners' Northern Board of Management, Mr. R. Comerford, said that "taxpayers in the New State will be burdened with the debt to pay for the large power and coal complex."

The almost total loss of Sydney milk and egg markets has primary producers up in arms. Millions of dollars would be involved in the breakaway. The northern milk zone alone would suffer by nearly \$24 million annually.



● On these pages, the face and figure that took America by storm. Said a fashion leader, "Twiggy is charming. Her voice is pleasant, even with its Cockney intonation — and, after all, it's chic for English duchesses to talk that way these days."

TWIGGY'S AMERICAN TRIUMPH

(continued from page 5)

● At left with her manager and boyfriend, 27-year-old Justin de Villeneuve, born Davies, who was a London interior designer and hairdresser before he took to promoting the manufacture of elegant, cheap "Twiggy line" dresses. He sports the Edwardian look, more hair than she does.





● The masks were a promotion stunt ("Everybody wants to look like Twiggy"), but the idea took on. "It's so funny seeing your own face on different bodies," she said, "I've even seen some building workers with my mask on their helmets."



The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1967





How come Jenny Clarke has her own private beach, a golf course, tennis court and her own bedroom?



No travelling to sun and surf. The Prince Henry Hospital has its own private ocean beach.



Prince Henry Hospital training is intensive and thorough—a graduate receives world-wide recognition.

She chose the right hospital for her training!

Moreover she is paid in training, works no broken shifts, has a full two days off every week and is provided with free transport to and from the city every evening.



Time for sport? At the Prince Henry Hospital there are ample facilities to enjoy an active life.



Shepherding people back to health successfully is a most rewarding career. They depend on you.



THE PRINCE HENRY

Teaching hospital of The University of N.S.W.

For full details and brochure, write to,

The Matron,
The Prince Henry
Hospital,
Little Bay,
N.S.W.

Please send me your brochure and full information detailing a nursing career at your hospital.

NAME

ADDRESS

AGE



RECEPTION. The Deputy Prime Minister of Malaysia, Tun Haji Abdul Razak bin Dato Hussein (left), with the patron of the Australia-Malaysia-Singapore Association, Sir William McKell, and Lady McKell (centre) and Lady Portarlington (right) at the dinner in honor of the Deputy Prime Minister and his wife, Toh Puan Rahah. The dinner was held at the Australia Hotel.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

GUESTS from country centres in New South Wales, Queensland, and Victoria will travel to Wagga for the marriage of Susan Robinson and Grahame Litchfield on May 12 at St. John's Church. Susan's wedding dress will be of silk shantung which she bought in Kyoto during a visit to Japan late last year. Susan is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Robinson, of "Moombril," Holbrook, and Grahame is the only son of Mr. B. A. J. Litchfield, of Turner, A.C.T., and of Mrs. Litchfield. The Robinsons plan to hold a reception at the Wagga Wagga Country Club after the ceremony.

MR. and MRS. VIVIEN CHALWIN'S beautiful Mosman home will be the setting for the musical concert the Apra Music Foundation has arranged on May 10 to aid the Autistic Children's Association of New South Wales. Cocktails will be served before the concert and guests will later have supper beside the swimming-pool. The function will consist entirely of Australian music with some composers playing their own compositions, among them Miriam Hyde and Dulcie Holland.

VERY excited about the arrival in Sydney of their daughter, Margaret Rubicam, and her 15-month-old son, Clifton IV, are Mr. and Mrs. Donald Crawford, of Roseville Chase. The Rubicams live on the island of Guam, and Margaret's husband, an American teacher at the College of Guam, will make his first visit to Australia when he flies out to join her on June 12. They plan to spend a week in Sydney before setting off on a month's tour of Australia. Margaret and Clifton met when Mr. Crawford was the Australian Trade Commissioner in Athens three years ago and Clifton was teaching at the American Academy there.

SPICY sausages and meats of all descriptions with wine and beer will be served at the German night the Buccaneers will hold on May 6 in the cellars of the Hero of Waterloo Hotel. Proceeds will help toward the providing of educational facilities for the St. Lucy's School for Blind Children.

GRANDPARENTS for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. Len Collins, of Woollahra, were thrilled to hear of the birth of a new granddaughter, Elizabeth Kate, to their son and daughter-in-law, Brian and Pam Collins. Elizabeth was born at the Royal Hospital for Women, Paddington, on April 14. Equally proud are Pam's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Clarke, of Molong, who are also grandparents for the first time.

PRETTY wedding planned for May 20, at St. Andrew's Cathedral, is that of Margaret McMillan and Mark Fleming, who will have as a guard-of-honor 20 young choristers from the Cathedral, where Mark himself was once head chorister. Margaret, in a white satin sheath dress and velvet coat, and her bridesmaids, in cranberry-pink velvet, will carry posies of tuberose and tiny Cecil Brunner roses and gardenias. Pink and white camellias will decorate the pews of the Cathedral. Another charming idea of Margaret's is to wear her grandfather's wedding ring as "something old."

DATE for your diary . . . the formal dinner dance arranged by the Red, White, and Blue Committee on April 28 at the Aquatic Club. Added attraction will be a parade of furs after dinner.

A MOST intriguing name has been chosen by the Abstract Committee to describe their next function. It's called "A Fishy Affair" and will be held on May 7 at Coal and Candle Creek. The day will begin with a fish luncheon in the new restaurant there—a boatshed with the top floor converted for diners—followed by an afternoon of boating. Many of the guests will stay on for a barbecue in the evening. Among them will be the two presidents, Grahame Covey and Geraldine Flower, and Wendy Craswell, John McGovern, and Robyn Temple-Smith. Proceeds will aid the Royal New South Wales Institution for Deaf and Blind Children.

MAY 6 is the date set for the marriage of Dr. Mary Scott, a senior lecturer at the School of Physiology at the University of New South Wales, and Professor Michael Taylor, Professor of Physiology at Sydney University. The ceremony—to be held at St. Paul's College Chapel—will be performed by the Bishop Co-adjutor of Melbourne, the Right Reverend Felix Arnott, and a reception will be held at the College afterwards. English-born Dr. Scott, who came to Australia four years ago, and Professor Taylor met while both were working in the same department at St. Bartholomew's Hospital Medical College in London.

PRACTICAL (and glamorous) gifts Mrs. Carl Mellick, of Babinda, Queensland, gave her twin daughters, Diann and Anita, when they left for an eight-month holiday overseas were two kangaroo fur coats. The girls sailed on the Fairstar on April 13, accompanied by Jill Turner, of Newcastle. They plan to hire a car to tour Europe, and then cross over to England. They will spend some time in Lebanon before flying home via the United States.



ENGAGED: Captain Brett Hilder, of the ship Bulolo and of Castlecrag, and Mrs. Jane Robertson, of "Viria," Tomewin, Queensland, who recently announced their engagement. Mrs. Robertson is the younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Freeman, of "Viria," Tomewin, Queensland. Captain Hilder is the younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hilder, of Castlecrag.



GALA PREVIEW: Guest-of-honor the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan (second from left), and president of the King George V Appeals Committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere (second from right), with Mr. Ray Milland and Miss Anne Haddy at the back-stage supper party after the gala preview of the play "Hostile Witness" at the Tivoli Theatre. Mr. Milland is the star of the show and Miss Haddy plays a supporting role. The preview was held by the RPAH - King George V Appeals Committee and the Asthma Foundation of N.S.W.

BELOW: The Malaysian High Commissioner, Inche Mohamed bin Baba, and his wife, Puan Halimahtun Mohamed (left), with their guests, the Deputy Prime Minister of Malaysia, Tun Haji Abdul Razak bin Dato Huasein, and his wife, Toh Puan Rahah, in Canberra during their official visit to Australia. They later visited other Australian States.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Fergus Dymock after their marriage at the Chapel Royal of St. Peter and Vincula in the Tower of London. The bride was Miss Philippa Pritchard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Garth Pritchard, of Newcastle, New South Wales. The newlyweds were escorted by Beefeaters to the wedding reception, which was held in the headquarters of the Royal Fusiliers' Regiment.



ABOVE: Mrs. John O'Neill (left) and Miss Cheryl Huggins (right) with Mrs. Paul Chong in one of the outfits she modelled at the champagne and chicken luncheon and wig parade arranged by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the St. Joseph's College Old Boys' Union. The luncheon was held at Dr. and Mrs. O'Neill's Bellevue Hill home.

AT RIGHT: Dr. and Mrs. Michael Martin after their marriage at Xavier College Chapel, Melbourne, with attendants, from left, sisters of the bride, Miss Helen Paul, Miss Denise Paul, and Miss Mary-Louise Paul. The bride was Miss Judith Paul, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. C. Paul, of Enfield, who were in Melbourne for the wedding. The bridegroom is the son of Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Martin, of Rosanna, Victoria. The newlyweds will make their home in the Melbourne suburb of Heidelberg.



NEXT WEEK

● Be a perfect pastry cook! Here is the first of two cook books in which our Test Kitchen experts explain . . .

ALL ABOUT PASTRY

BOOK 1



. . . with basic recipes (and variations, too) for all types of pastry, step-by-step pictures on mixing and making it, plus complete directions and hints to make your pastry a Big Success!

◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇

● Can you understand the heart-ache and loneliness of life in a new land? In a four-page feature migrants themselves tell what it means for families to embark on a

NEW LIFE IN AUSTRALIA

◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇



● Our new serial is a mystery set in a romantic and glamorous background . . .

"The Golden Trap"
by
Hugh Pentecost

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DISCOVER THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MAN IN YOUR LIFE!

● What is he really like? You'll find out (and there may be some surprises) in our entertaining all-about-men quiz.

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● Our House of the Week has new features devised by its owner; it is the 13th house she has designed (and lived in).



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● IN COLOR: A Sydney man's Bible Garden, where he has planted 143 of the 148 plants, trees, and shrubs mentioned in the Old and New Testaments.

◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇◇

● Wonderful colors give lift and a new look to 1967 coat fashions: you'll see them in our
COLOR COATS
IN FASHION



THE WAY-OUT PEOPLE

By PETER HARDING

LOADING pack saddles near Starvation Bore on the South Australian side of the Dingo Fence, north of Brougham's Gate — one of Jeff Carter's outback pictures in his book.

THERE are, as author-photographer Jeff Carter says, odd characters among Australian drovers, and they do odd things. He tells of meeting, on the Wanaaring track, a drover whose face was heavily bandaged.

"What happened to you?" the inquisitive Mr. Carter asked.

"Waal," said the drover, "I got sick of shaving with this crook water here. I seen this advertisement in one of them women's magazines for this cream to get rid of hair. So I got some when we come through Tiboburra. But it brought me face out in sores."

★ ★ ★

Millions of Australians, perhaps, are bushmen at heart; in some corner of the communal memory they might even be frustrated swaggies: eyes brighten when they sing about Matilda; and, whenever they can, they drive thousands of miles along highways, never knowing from one

day to the next just which motel they'll be pulling up at.

They have the warmest of feelings for the outback people and only the haziest notion of what life there is like. The generations always need to be reminded afresh, and the migrants told. This is what Mr. Carter does exceptionally well in his recently published book, "People of the Inland" (Rigby Ltd., \$3.95).

Jeff Carter, aged 38, has a farm at Foxground, on the south coast of New South Wales, but is often away with his wife in their four-wheel-drive vehicle travelling rough roads somewhere near the desert country, looking for copy and pictures.

He avoids taking the rosy view. Australia does have deserts, a dead heart. Some of the far-out people, too, are "poor specimens"; others are "big people, good people"; and, good or bad, they can't help growing up as individualists.

Against the uncluttered background of sky and plain, he writes, they stand out clearly; in the open landscape even a recluse cannot achieve the anonymity that comes easily in crowded cities; and for the same reason the swashbucklers of the outback, whether they are tank-sinkers or kangaroo-shooters, often loom larger than life because they are the only figures on the horizon.



ELLIOT PRICE, "patriarch of Australia's largest one-family sheep empire," near Lake Eyre.



LEFT: Mealtime in the outback. "Often the only way to avoid flies is to eat in the smoke."

ABOVE: Youngsters in a remote homestead talk with teacher in School of the Air.

by establishing two-way communication between teacher and pupil, but the problem is still there.

Not many years ago an illiterate mother on a remote cattle station had to watch her 16-year-old daughter flounder in the mysteries of correspondence lessons. Then the girl enrolled in the Broken Hill School of the Air for special coaching. Eventually she began to make slow, heartening progress.

The headmistress at Broken Hill was deeply moved one day when she received a letter thanking her for that help. *It was written by the girl's mother.*

* * *

"I'm going to be buried here, in the fork of the road next to the airstrip," said Elliot Price. "That way, no matter which track people take, they'll see my grave and ask, 'What poor coot was buried in this lonely place?' and someone in the car or plane will know and will say, 'That's where they buried the king of Muloorina.'"

(A pause.) "If I was buried down in Adelaide in a big cemetery, I'd be just like a pebble on the beach."

Mr. Price is described as "the iron-

willed patriarch of Australia's largest one-family sheep empire." Muloorina lies by Lake Eyre, S.A. (the late Donald Campbell had his headquarters there when he set a world speed record on the dry lake bed).

Mr. Price never went to school. He was a bore-sinker who won in a land ballot a stretch of red sand and gibbers. His reign now is less of a gamble than it was, for he learnt long ago the necessity of adding to the kingdom so that in some remote corner there might still be enough feed to keep the stock alive in a bad year.

At 66 he runs 12,500 sheep and several hundred cattle across 1500 square miles. The family settlement, with six large homes, a school, workshops, hangar, canteen, woolshed, and shearers' quarters, is bigger than many bush townships.

"Some years, I reckon we breed a thousand sheep just for the dingoes," says the king of Muloorina.

It's that kind of country.

* * *

Way-out people working under the broad, clear inland sky have noticed more spacecraft than the average city dweller has ever heard of.

In some camps, reports Mr. Carter, they are even betting on them. "What time did that satellite go over last night, boys?"

"Around eight o'clock."

"Well, I've got a dollar that says we won't see her tonight before ten. Any takers?"

"Vairs. I'll put five bob on her going over between nine and ten."

"I'll lay half a quid . . ."

"Just a minute," someone interrupts. "You aren't betting with the rocket kitty, are you?"

That fund, says Mr. Carter, represents perhaps a couple of dollars from each man in the outfit; a day of the week is allocated to each contributor, and if the next rocket fired from Woomera goes upon his day the lucky one takes the pool.

Harold Wright, a carpenter's apprentice from England, bought a horse and wagonette with his last money in the Depression and has wandered the roads of four States ever since as a tinker and tool-sharpener. He got married and bought a truck, and when author Carter met the family their daughter, Evelyn, had spent all her 16 years on the road.

Their caravan, named "Road Urchin," is a wayward structure made to look as fanciful as possible to attract customers.

Life on the road, according to Harold Wright, is the toughest existence a person can choose, for the public is the hardest boss of all. He once canvassed 500 homes to make eight shillings. Obviously he has had more opportunities than most people to observe the workings of human nature.

"One of the things I've noticed," said the tinker, "is that people who never shift out of their home town never change. If they are mean to start with, they remain mean."

"But if they get on the road for a while they see other people and may change for the better. And if they decide they would rather settle down and live in a house they have the satisfaction of knowing they have chosen the place where they will live. That makes them more contented."

Harold Wright doesn't himself want to settle down. He does have the ambition

to build a beautiful home, he told Mr. Carter, but it would have to have wheels.

* * *

Numbers of outback people still cannot read and write, and illiteracy tends to perpetuate itself. Correspondence School lessons arriving in an illiterate home, says Mr. Carter, are seeds on barren ground in spite of the best efforts of parents, pupil, and distant teacher.

The supplementary radio link-up called the School of the Air has improved matters



JEFF CARTER on his stamping-ground, the far outback.

Easter spells school for some Eskimos

- A young Australian husband and wife travelled by dog-sled to teach reading and writing to children in a tent across the frozen sea

IT was one of those beautiful clear, cool Arctic days with vivid blue skies, brilliant sunshine, very little wind, and temperature only 20 degrees (Fahrenheit) below freezing-point.

Easter had arrived and it was time for my husband and me, as teachers of an isolated Eskimo community on Baffin Island in eastern Canada, to leave our cosy centrally heated house and venture into the frozen wastes.

This was one of the few times in a year when we could take our school to Eskimo children who lived with their families in camps up to 50 miles from the settlement and who couldn't attend its regular school.

Our purpose was to find out how much English the children knew and to teach them as much reading, writing, and arithmetic as we could in just a few days.

The camp we chose for our visit was 25 miles from Cape Dorset, our settlement, and was made up of six families whose main occupation was hunting for seal and caribou.

THE TEN DOGS WERE REARING TO GO

The last few evenings before Easter I spent making bread and bannock, which is a mixture of flour and water made into a dough and cooked. This was to be the basis of our food supply, the rest being canned goods, enough for us and our Eskimo guide and some to share with our host at camp.

On Good Friday morning we gathered all our equipment together and took it to where our Eskimo guide was waiting with his dog team and sled.

With ten dogs howling and rearing to go, we lashed the last few necessities on to the sled and dived for a sitting position. Once everything is ready there is no holding the dogs. The rope is released from a rock and in their eagerness to be away the dogs wait for no one.

We took off with a tremendous jerk and for the first few minutes it was a feat to stay on the sled as it lurched and jolted through the pressure ice at a tremendous speed. The slippery polar-bear skin in which we were sitting didn't make matters easier.

Once we had passed through the pressure ice (the strip of ice around the coastline which is thrown up into great mounds by the force of tides), we were out on the frozen sea, where the dogs lost some of their enthusiasm and settled down to a respectable jog.

I was surprised how pleasant it could be rocking and bumping along on a dog-sled in 10 degrees F. In fact, it was so pleasant that I had almost dozed off when we came to a sudden stop with the dogs making a tremendous

By
DIANE COOK

commotion and running up and down a 3ft-wide crack in the sea ice.

Such cracks are caused by strong sea currents under the ice. I must say the deep black water didn't look inviting, and it took some hounding, yelling, and cracking of the whip to get dogs and sled over.

With one obstacle safely passed, I settled back to my peaceful dreaming. But even with such beautiful sunshine and so many clothes on that I looked like an abominable snowman, it was too cold to sit still for long. Every so often we jumped off to jog beside the sled. These were marvellous opportunities for the guide, who, with a big grin, would immediately urge the dogs on, leaving the runner making an all-out dive for the sled.

After three hours of travel we decided it was time for tea and stopped beside a large chunk of pressure ice. Out came the spirit-stove, the saucepan, and the tea. In a matter of minutes a pot of snow was over the heat, but snow melts into so little that we had to refill the pot several times before we had enough water for three cups of tea.

The dogs spent the time rolling and lolling in the snow trying to cool off. When it was time to start, again their traces had become tangled, and our guide had trouble sorting them out while at the same time stopping the dogs from charging off and leaving us behind.

After another three hours of travel we arrived at the camp and were met by many eager, wide-eyed children. Then their parents began appearing from the small collection of tents which were their homes. We were shown to the camp boss' house, a tent on a wooden frame lined inside with cardboard and covered with a layer of snow on top and sides.

This was to be our home for four days.

To keep the warm air inside, the tents have two ante-chambers, both used for storing seal and caribou meat.

LESSONS BY LIGHT OF SEAL-OIL LAMP

I found the tent very cosy, with a sleeping platform across one end and shelves and boxes occupying the rest of the 15ft. by 12ft. linoleum-covered area. A seal-oil lamp flickered and the mother of the family sat on the edge of the platform tending the flame. On the cardboard walls were maps and postcards of the Arctic and pictures of film stars.

The children, guessing the purpose of our visit, poured into the tent. All sizes appeared. They were very interested in everything we had, especially

our "box of tricks" in which we kept the school equipment and some dried fruit for them.

They were thrilled when we produced a large rubber ball, and after we had told them the hours of school for the following day they raced outside to play their version of football. When they had tired of this they changed to tag, using the ball to tag their victims. It was good to see them having so much fun.

School the next day caused much excitement. It had been many months since these children had been in a classroom, and even then it had only been for a few weeks while their parents were visiting the settlement. Lessons were held in the boss' house, and a few adults sat in the background, while the youngsters crowded around resting on stools, tables, and boxes.

SOMETIMES A PARENT WOULD JOIN IN

At first they were shy and spoke in whispers, but at the sight of the books with colored pictures, pencils, and paper they soon forgot about their shyness.

While my husband tested the older ones to find out how much English they already knew, I took the younger ones, some of whom had never held pencils.

Some of these youngsters were eager to show that they could count a little in English and that they knew what the numbers meant.

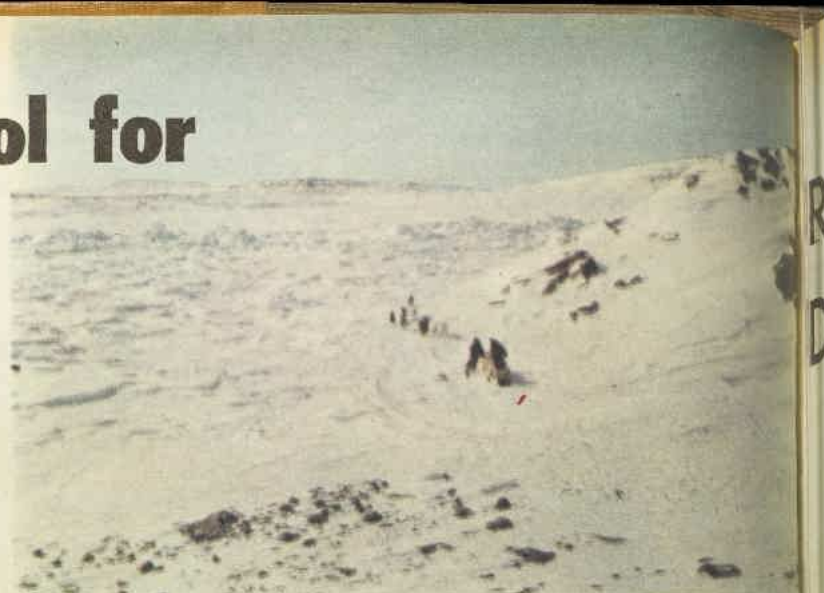
Each day we taught a few more of the words which we thought the children would find most useful to know, words such as "the store," "the aeroplane," "the boat," things they see often. Then, of course, each child had a book for his own level of reading, while the beginners worked hard at just learning to use a pencil properly and making very simple letter shapes.

And so for four days we all worked hard and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Sometimes even a parent sitting close by would join in. Coloring sessions were the highlight for the younger ones, who had never had crayons before. Books with bright pictures and a simple vocabulary were loved by all.

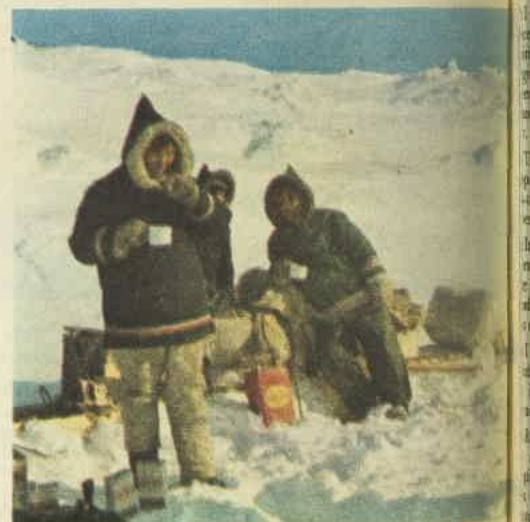
Often many of the children stayed behind to look at the magazines we had brought with us. Although they could read very little of the text, they enjoyed the pictures and were always asking us to explain something that was new to them.

Unfortunately, the days passed too quickly, and before we knew it it was time to pack our belongings and head back to the settlement, where 80 Eskimo children were eager to start school again after their Easter break.

And so we left the camp and the children, hoping that they wouldn't forget too much of the new work we had taught them before we could get back in the summertime again.



• Keith and Diane Cook, both from Perth, W.A., took these pictures on a sled journey they made when stationed for two years in the Canadian Arctic as teachers of Eskimos. At left: Diane in her Arctic clothes. The Cooks have been working their way round the world, and are now in England, where Keith is doing a diploma course.



• Above: Pause for tea on the trip. Below: The mother of an Eskimo family in whose tent they stayed is sitting on the sleeping platform sewing mittens. Beside her is the seal-oil lamp. Tents are timber reinforced, insulated by packed snow.



RON RANDELL — HE DOESN'T KID HIMSELF

Television

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Ron Randell, Australian-born actor who has reached that interesting, slightly greying-at-the-temples stage of his life, is as down to earth and real a fellow as I've met in years.



● Ron Randell, farewelled by his wife, Laya Raki, before the actor left Los Angeles for Sydney. Laya is due to join her husband next week.

RANDELL is now in Sydney to star at the Theatre Royal in the stage production "There's A Girl In My Soup."

I went to lunch with him recently in a rather tardy spirit, without a trace of eagerness. Somehow I had been conditioned to expect Randell to be a flash character.

The man I met was the opposite — a sensible, feet-on-the-ground Aussie who doesn't kid himself.

Indeed, he does the reverse. He lays his cards on the table and examines them. And he doesn't stop short at his own life and ways.

I am sure he could be flash if he wanted to; would be if it suited him. But he is not naturally flash.

Ron Randell impresses me as a man who has made capital out of every turn of his life — successes, disillusion, and failures.

The capital he has made shows. He is extremely well-mannered, entertaining, and a competent professional actor.

The day we lunched, he was in the middle of rehearsals for "There's A Girl In My Soup," due to open on May 12.

Showbiz people are often late. He was unusually punctual — to the second for our appointment — and ex-

cused himself at 1.50 to be on time for his 2 p.m. start. In between these times, Mr. Randell, expertly wielding chopsticks, had lunched sparingly on chicken and almonds — and in a remarkably candid way had done his world over.

His world is wide. He and his wife, Laya Raki, have no permanent home, just a series of favorite hotels around the world.

Randell has been married to Laya Raki, his third wife (remember her in "Crane," the TV series on ABC-TV?), for ten years this July.

"I live a modern life with Laya," Randell said, speaking of his marriage. "Sometimes one doesn't know where the other is for weeks until our agents let us know, and we make contact again."

Just as happy

"But I think our marriage is just as happy as the average marriage and much, much more interesting because of its constantly changing scene."

"I don't think the average married couple would like it or enjoy it, but we do. At this point of time I can say, 'Yes, our marriage is solid. You never can tell, though, about next week.'"

Next week, Laya is scheduled to visit Randell in Australia. I hope she fills in a bit of her time on Australian TV.

There are few more uninhibited or diverting females

around TV. I remember how bright she was on "Meet the Press," when she appeared with her husband on a previous visit.

Randell, who has contracted to make a TV play while he is here, already has met viewers via the "Don Lane Show." He likes TV.

A very rapid talker, a man with a vivid turn of phrase, he said:

"TV is hard work and what an actor misses most is quick justice."

"You get quick justice when you play on stage in front of an audience — justice handed out in the encouragement of applause, the silence of displeasure, or boos."

"You know immediately what they think of you. There is no quick justice from the TV box."

"Movies are different again. Anyone who is good-looking can be a success if he has a good director."

"When I first went to Hollywood, everyone, all the stars and supporting actors, were very nervous. They had to endure a long process of setting up a take, endless rehearsals, a lot of lines to learn, a lot of direction."

"TV is very quick. There is virtually no time to get nervous, no time for doing things over and over."

"The actor is less nervous. And nerves get in the way in front of the TV camera. The tenseness shows. On stage, nerves are good. They tune an actor up, make him

give a good emotional performance."

Randell thinks TV is not as glamorous as it should be.

"I think people would like to see a more glamorous version of life on TV, see the whole process of living become more glamorous, with some of it spilling over into their own lives."

He believes the "death" of the Hollywood star system washed the glamor out of TV. "The stars loved the glamor and the protection they got out of the star system," he said. "No one was allowed to intrude into their magic circle. Today people see them as they are."

Bridges gap

Randell is happy to be doing what he is now, says his favorite role is always his "now" role.

"I love 'There's A Girl In My Soup' because it is now, because it is light, and because it is with it."

"It is a good play. It kind of bridges the gap between young people and old, between, say, 'Private Lives' and 'The Knack.'"

I asked Randell where he put himself, in this context.

"Oh, I want to be with it," he said. "My only secret fear of life is that the time may come when I cease to identify with youth, cease to see how good youth is, cease to accept new things."

"It is a big fear. Some people go on to 90 being with it. I hope I can."

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TOMMY HANLON'S Thought for the Week

Mamma once said to me when I was a child reading about some big Hollywood star having to pay alimony, I asked, "What's alimony?" "Well, my son, some people say alimony is a contraction of 'all his money', while others say it's the high cost of leaving. A former once said it's like buying oats for a dead horse. Actually, it's a sum of money a man pays to support his wife if he decides he doesn't want to live with her any more. Often it leaves two more sad and bitter people on earth."

MOMMA'S MORAL: "A man doesn't know the value of a woman's love until he starts paying her alimony."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



GREAT GO-TOGETHERS: Look at Dri-Glo's smooth "honey" team. All the plains and patterns have been specially designed to go-together perfectly in your bathroom. And the delightful thing is—you'll find that

same "family" look in the complete Dri-Glo range! Blue, pink, lavender, honey or green—choose your favourite colour! Only Dri-Glo make these glowing go-together towels. In stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

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Project '67 looks at

AN ORDERED LIFE



AFTER TEN YEARS many nuns undertake a 30-day retreat at the Order's Retreat House at Leura, in the Blue Mountains, N.S.W., "to study her life and beliefs." Above, a nun works in her cell.

WHY does a girl want to be a nun? Project '67's absorbing documentary "An Ordered Life" attempts to answer this question.

The documentary is the story of the lives and work of the Sisters of Charity in Australia, an Order which arrived in Australia 50 years after the settlement was established, to give help and comfort to women convicts.

The head of the Order, Mother General St. Agnes, is interviewed, and the Mistress of the Novices, as well as other nuns, speaks frankly of their lives.

The spiritual life of the nuns within the Order is seen in detail: novices in bridal white receiving their habits, taking their final vows, in mental prayer, at confession, in their early-morning devotions.

"An Ordered Life" was filmed in the convents and houses of the Order as well as in St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, the Hospice for the Dying, schools, orphanages, jails, and missions.

"An Ordered Life" is notable for the absence of any kind of unhappiness—it is a film of beautiful faces mirroring devotion, laughter, serenity.

—NAN MUSGROVE



HAPPY NOVICES in class in the Novitiate House at Wahroonga, a Sydney suburb. "An Ordered Life" may be seen in Melbourne, GTV9, April 29, 10.30 p.m.; Sydney, TCN9, April 30, 9.50 p.m.; and Perth, TVW7, May 1; Brisbane, TVQ0, May 4; Adelaide, NWS9, on May 7; Launceston, TNT9, on May 8—each at 9.50 p.m.



LEFT: The white veil is the mark of the novice—a learner nun. Novices receive their habit and white veil if after spending six months as a guest within a convent they decide to stay there.

ABOVE: Unbroken prayer is not the daily pattern of the life of the Sisters of Charity—healthy exercise has its place. Here some of the novices are seen as they play a vigorous game of basketball.





Think now. Are you 'cleansing' away your young, good looks?

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ROUND-THE-CLOCK WARDROBE IN ONE PATTERN

● This round-the-clock wardrobe is chosen for the smart budget-wise home dressmaker. The four designs are made from one basic pattern. All have the figure-flattering A-line.

Included in the pattern are two daytime dresses, a sleeveless cocktail dress, and a floor-length formal. When ordering, quote Vogue pattern 1679; sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Price 85c includes postage.

Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

● Sleeveless cocktail dress (below) made in pink wool.



● Floor-length formal made in glittering woollen lurex.



● Chic turtle-neck one-piece made in green angora wool.

● Long-sleeved one-piece (below) made in wool check.



Fashions from
the shops

For SKI-TIME and AFTER



● Long white nylon coat for ski or after has striking red fake-fur lining. Sizes 10 to 16, \$67.99. White stretch pants, \$12.99. (Mark Foy's, King Street, Liverpool Street, Double Bay.)

● Warm-as-toast, lightweight parka (centre back) has hood lined with fake fur. In blue, brown, royal, red, navy, \$18. One-way stretch pants are waterproof. \$12. (Horderns' Mid-City Store.)

● Spare, trim look of navy hipster ski-pants (seated). \$23. They're two-way stretch, belted, and front-buckled, worn with tuck-in wool sweater. \$9. (David Jones, Third Floor Ski Shop.)

● Chic (fake) fur look in black-and-white animal-print parka and hood of waterproof nylon. \$28.99. Proofed stretch pants, \$14.70. (Mark Foy's, King St., Liverpool St., Double Bay.)

● Going to the snow country this year? Then take a look at these gay arrivals on the ski fashion scene. New ski-trappings for the true-blue skier in warm, functional, and weatherwise fabrics are on opposite page. Best bets for a smash entrance in any ski lodge any evening are below. Clothes are at Sydney stores at about prices given.



● Cut a pretty evening figure in fine Italian wool in a muted, all-over floral print. Enliven with different accessories. \$28. (Grace Bros. Showcase Depts. at Bondi and Chatswood.)

● Shimmer after dark in lovely wool-and-lurex jumper suit from Switzerland. Color scheme is red and silver. \$70. (Mark Foy's, King Street, Liverpool Street, Double Bay.)

● Silver lame culotte ensemble (wear tights underneath for warmth). Jacket is rajahish with diamante button trim. Self bra is not shown. \$60. D.J.s, Third Floor Ski Shop.)

● Belted wool hipster skirt, \$11; bundle-up sweater, \$10; textured long socks, \$1.65; goatskin ankle boots, \$13.50; and multi-colored poncho, \$20. (Farmer & Co., Second Floor.)

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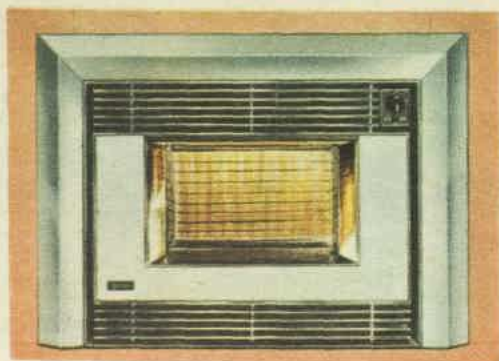
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DRESS SENSE

By BETTY KEEP

● This two-piece suit and sleeveless blouse are my design choice for a lightweight wool suit. The request comes from a young northern reader. Her letter and my reply are published below.



4205.—Suit and blouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 for 31, 32, 34, and 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 4205. Price 70 cents includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Would you assist me with a style and pattern for a suit and blouse for a girl of 17? Nothing too heavy as the winter climate here is mild. I take a size 32-inch bust."

Illustrated above is the design you asked about. The semi-fit jacket has full-length sleeves, a single-breasted fastening, and notched collar. The blouse is sleeveless and has a high, rolled collar. Beside the illustration are further details and how to order.

"I am having two bridesmaids and a matron-of-honor at my wedding. Do all the attendants carry the same flower arrangement?"

Yes, but it is not a strict rule. If the matron-of-honor prefers to have an individual bouquet, it is quite permissible.

"I am being married for the second time and would like my 15-year-old daughter to be my attendant. Would this be correct?"

Yes, it would be quite correct for your daughter to act as your bridal attendant.

"I am to be married in July, and as the wedding is a family one I don't want to be married as a bride. Have you any ideas about the dress, color, fabric, etc.? The wedding is at noon."

A simple A-line dress in white or off-white silk shantung would be my choice. Wear white, round- or square-toed shoes and white kid gloves in wrist-length. You can wear any kind of headpiece from a bow to a short veil or pillbox hat. If you don't want to wear white, wear pink or pastel blue.

"Could you provide me with a pattern for a shift — one that is fairly easy to make?"

Our pattern department includes a design for an easy-to-make shift with neckline variety — oval, high, or V-shaped. You did not mention your size, but the pattern is available in 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. To order, please quote Butterick pattern 4029 and size required. The pattern price, 70c, includes postage. It is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"My brother and I have been invited to a formal evening function and wondered what we should wear. Do I wear any head-covering or gloves?"

A dinner suit for your brother and long or short evening dress for you. It is not necessary to wear any head-covering, but I suggest you wear gloves.

"I'm not sure what colored accessories would be correct to wear with a white wool after-five dress."

Creamy tones of beige look new with white. Think about silver as an alternative. If you decide on silver, gloves should be white.

"I have made a red velvet evening dress and my problem is the correct shade of accessories. Could you please advise me?"

Black is the newest accessory color with red. For a really new look, add red or black nylon stockings.



● ● ● 3 quickly-composed variations on these old family favourites

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(make sweet music with steak, hamburgers, spaghetti!)



Waltz with a hamburger. Do a fandango with a steak. Have a tarantella with spaghetti. Or simply wind up the Edison and let Tomato Suprême do the rest. It can happen so simply because Edgell's new Tomato Suprême has all the ingredients (tomatoes, red and green peppers, onion, celery, exotic herbs and spices) to make sweet music with old family favourites. And as always, Edgell Tomato Suprême comes fresh from an Edgell country garden. Where else?

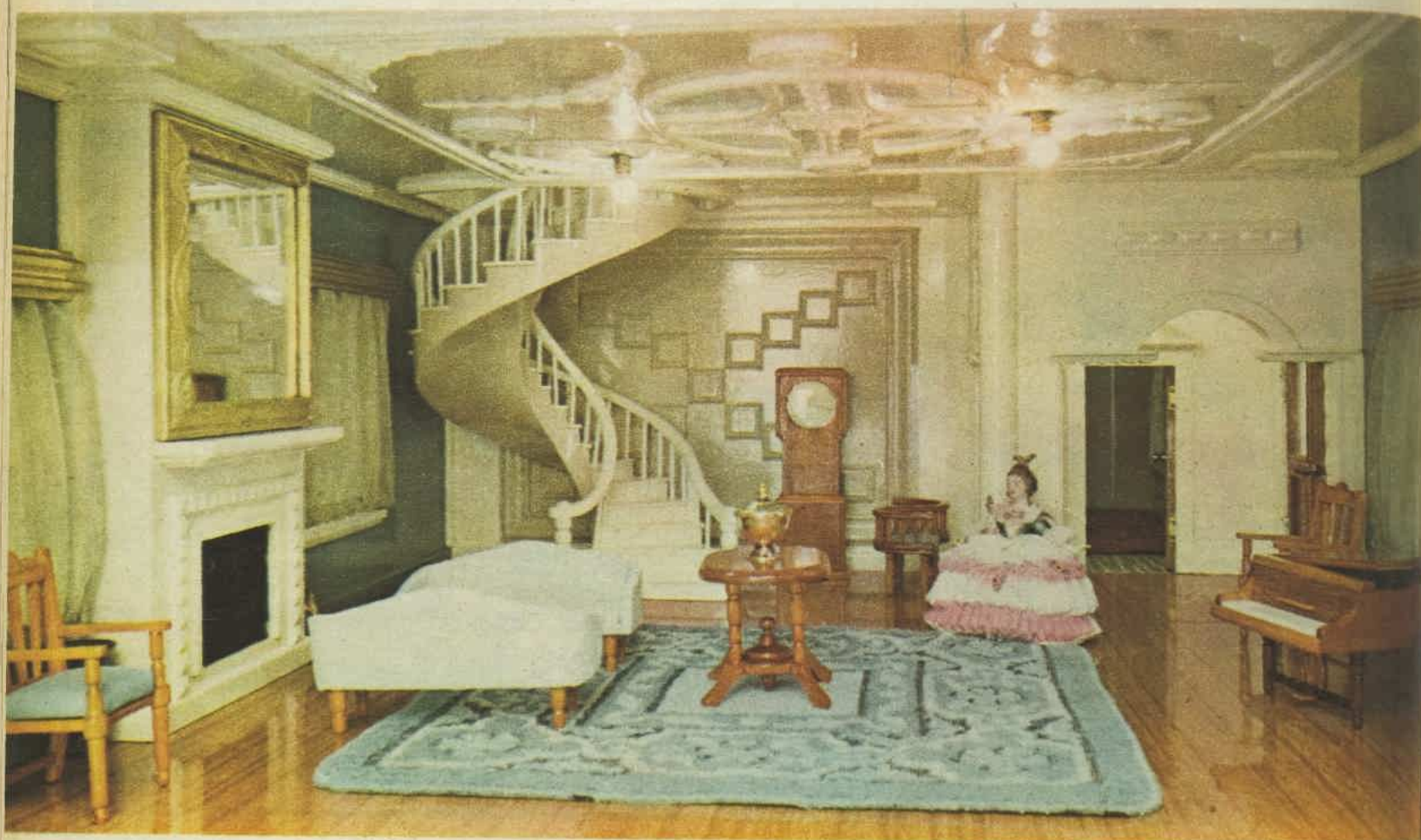
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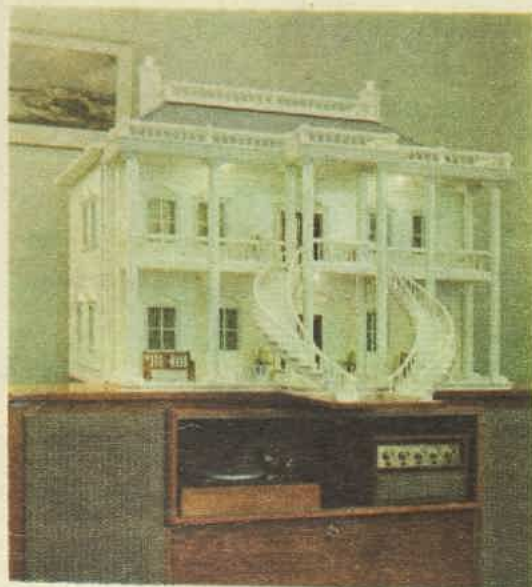
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ROOM STAIRCASE ALONE
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THE DREAM HOUSE IS



DRAWING-ROOM of Mr. R. J. Gough's "Mississippi House." The grandfather clock actually works.



STEREOGRAM was designed specially as base.



DINING-ROOM furniture was designed from period illustrations.

E IN MINIATURE

● Built with the precise attention to detail and the loving care of a true craftsman, this is a model of a Mississippi riverside home of the eighteen-twenties.

MR. R. J. GOUGH, of Bexley, N.S.W., who built the house, is a quiet man, utterly involved in his hobby. He has already spent 18 months of painstaking work on the model, and has yet to complete the furnishings.

This is the second such house he has built; the first (which was such a success that it spurred him to still greater efforts) was rather smaller and less elaborate, and he gave it to a young friend as a doll's house. He also spent many years carving wooden toys, which he gave to enthusiastic young admirers.

To acquire some practical knowledge of building techniques, he spent about three months working at weekends, without pay, on a building site. And from an old friend, a railway-carriage builder, he learnt still more about construction. He has never had a carpentry lesson in his life.

Mr. Gough is a member of both the National Trust and the Mississippi Historical Society. He originally intended to build a model of an Australian house, but decided against it and turned instead to the Mississippi, a region which has always fascinated him—one of his ambitions is to visit the area one March, when many of the old houses are opened to the public.

Plantation home

The house and most of the furnishings were based on illustrations from back copies of the "National Geographic" magazine, which often features houses of this period (the front of the model was copied from a picture of "Evergreen Plantation House," on the bank of the Mississippi).

House and furniture are built to a scale of an inch to a foot, and the front of the building measures 48in. across. Even the back of the house (which we couldn't get behind to photograph) is perfect, with a back door opening into the kitchen and, as well as the normal windows, bay windows to the drawing-room and landing.

As a base for the house, Mr. Gough built a superb stereogram cabinet.

Upstairs in the house are two bedrooms, a bathroom, landing, and music-room. Both music-room and bathroom are in process of being furnished. Downstairs are a kitchen, dining-room, small hall (defined by archways), and large drawing-room.

The white-painted inner staircase was built before anything else. Constructed of about 120 pieces of wood, all shaped and glued together, it took three months to complete.

The furniture is of ash, maple, and pine.

Each tiny piece is perfect. The grandfather clock in the drawing-room actually works (Mr. Gough built the case around a small travelling clock); all glass-fronted



MANSION, in style of the 1820s, has verandas at both ground and first-floor level.

cabinets are glass (or perspex) fronted; all drawers move.

The floors are covered with adhesive paper, simulating wood, tiles, etc., and the extraordinarily realistic carpets are in fact American face towels.

A number of old masters grace the walls—reproductions of famous paintings taken from postcards or magazine illustrations and given heavy gilt frames.

Although those were the days of gas, oil, and candle lighting, the house is wired for electricity to display it to its best advantage. This is the one point on which Mr. Gough deviates from authenticity—miniature candles would be somewhat impractical in a model house. A transformer changes the normal 240-volt current to six volts.

At present Mr. Gough is working on some chandeliers for the drawing-room, constructing a tiered wire frame and hanging it with tiny glass tear-drop beads.

When the house is finished there will be no more like it. Mr. Gough feels that he has expended so much of himself on this model that he would find it impossible to build another. This is his *chef d'oeuvre*.



MAIN BEDROOM. Scale of everything is 1in. to 1ft.

Story by Shan Hailey, pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg

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finest food
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Sunbeam
for
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Manila. "Floating markets"
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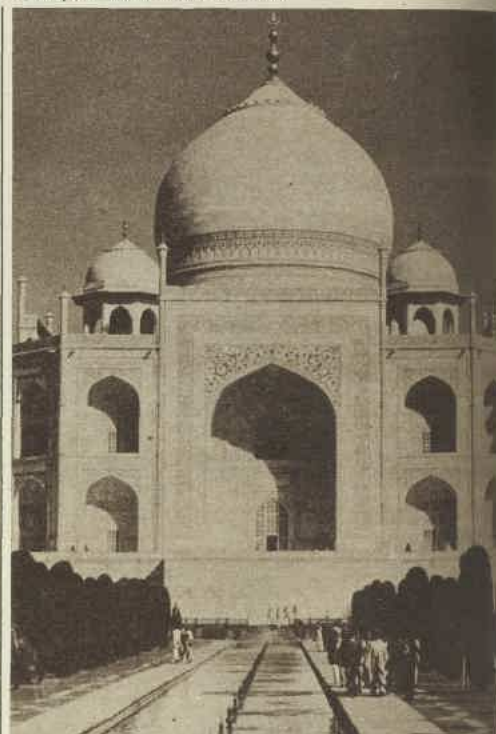


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AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

● A weekly series by Bill Beatty

NEWLY SHORN sheep grazing in the Young, N.S.W., district. A reference is made below to the start of the Australian wool business. Picture by Ron Berg.

APRIL 30

1858 At a Sydney theatre, Allen McKean, of Victoria, walked around a small arena, doing 1000 miles in 1000 hours.

1919 Edward George Honey suggested the two minutes' silence on Armistice Day (November 11). The Melbourne journalist, discharged from the Army through ill health, was saddened that Armistice Day was celebrated as a joyous occasion. He wrote to the London "Evening News" suggesting that a brief silent tribute be paid to the millions of war dead, the maimed, the widows, and the fatherless on the hour of the day the peace treaty was signed. This was brought to the attention of King George V, who issued a proclamation calling for the silent tribute to be paid for the first time that year.

MAY 1

1770 Forby Sutherland, the first British subject to die in Australia, was buried at Kurnell in the presence of Captain Cook.

1826 Death of the bushranger Matthew Brady. Brady was a spirited youth of good education who was transported to Tasmania for forgery. When he turned bushranger he soon earned the nickname "Gentleman Brady," and when he was captured by John Batman petitions poured in to save him from the gallows. Settlers told of his forbearance and women of his kindness. His cell table was loaded with presents. When he stood on the scaffold in Hobart Town men cheered him for his courage, while weeping women grieved for his fate.

1859 Cable from Victoria to Tasmania first used.

MAY 2

1823 Death of Thomas Davey, Lieutenant-Governor of Tasmania.

On his arrival in Tasmania, this roughneck representative of His Majesty George III came ashore in his shirtsleeves, called at the first hotel he came to for a drink, and listened with marked impatience to the citizens' address of welcome and loyalty to the Throne. Although coarse in manners and bereft of dignity, he showed much commonsense in carrying out his duties. He altered any regulations which hampered free settlers, and threw open the Derwent to ordinary shipping. As a result, Hobart became a favorite port of call for merchantmen and whalers, and the country itself a far more profitable place for free settlers to live in. Nevertheless, Davey's personal dissipation led to his being recalled from office. He was given land grants as compensation — 4000 acres in Tasmania and 2000 in the Illawarra district of N.S.W.

1829 Sir Charles Fremantle took formal possession of Western Australia. Sir Charles was a companion of Nelson in most of his great exploits. In 1828, when in command of H.M.S. Challenger, he was ordered to proceed to the Swan River to take formal possession for the British Crown of "all that part of New Holland which is not included in the territory of New South Wales." He planted the Union Jack on the south head of the river, where Fremantle now stands.

1889 Hawkesbury River railway bridge, N.S.W., completed. It was replaced by a new one in 1945.

MAY 3

1792 Australia's first water tank completed. It was built in the vicinity of what is now Hamilton Street, Sydney, and held nearly 8000 gallons of water. (Today, the Warragamba Dam, which supplies Sydney's water, holds over 450 thousand million gallons of water.)

The site of Sydney had been chosen because of its fresh-water supply, "a fine run of fresh water stealing silently through a thick wood." Nearly two years after the landing, the dry summer led Governor Phillip to conserve the dwindling water in the stream, and he ordered the stonemason's gang to cut tanks in the rock on its banks. With the completion of the first tank, two others were cut on the opposite bank of the stream. The three tanks supplied Sydney's water for nearly 40 years.

1841 New Zealand proclaimed a Crown Colony independent of New South Wales.

1842 Moreton Bay (then a penal settlement) declared open to free settlers.

MAY 4

1823 Last entry of the Jenny's log. The whaling ship Hope, cruising in the waters of Australia's Antarctic in 1860, was witness to one of the most amazing coincidences of all time. There was a thunderous crack from the ice barrier several hundred yards away, then, with a great roar, the ice walls parted and out of the frozen heart of the barrier floated a ship. The sails hung in shreds, and on the deck were the crew, frozen white.

The captain of the Hope, despite the terror of his crew at the "ghost ship," boarded her and found the captain still sitting in his cabin, the pen in his hand, and the ship's log open before him. The last entry read: "May 4th, 1823. No food for 71 days. I am the only one left alive." Thirty-seven years before the ship had been locked in the ice barrier.

In another cabin was found the body of the captain's wife. Like all the others, it was in a state of perfect preservation. The ship was the schooner Jenny from Lima, Peru.

1864 Foundation stone of Adelaide Town Hall laid.

1864 Trout introduced into Tasmania. An elaborate reception and a royal salute of guns greeted their arrival! The fish were still in the ovum stage and the ova were conveyed up the river to New Norfolk, and there the enthusiastic residents greeted the arrival with the firing of guns, much to the horror of those in charge of the ova, who feared that the vibrations would destroy the eggs.

MAY 5

1618 The first record of Australian birds. This is contained in a letter written by Haevik van Hillegom of the ship Zeewolf to the Dutch East India Company — a reference to "a few ternlets" which were seen on this date off the coast of what is now Western Australia.

1796 Merino sheep introduced into Australia. While at the Cape of Good Hope, Captain Waterhouse and Lieutenant Kent, who had been sent by Governor Hunter of N.S.W. to purchase cattle and other livestock for the colony, bought between them 26 merinos. These were splendid specimens which originally came from the King of Spain's Escorial stud. Some died on the voyage to Australia, but the survivors were sold. John Macarthur secured three rams and five ewes and kept the strain pure. The addition of eight merinos purchased at a sale of the King's sheep in England, in 1804, founded the famous Camden stud.

MAY 6

1688 Dampier leaves the Cygnet and the buccaneers at Nicobar Island. Dampier sailed for England, which he reached after an absence of 12 years. He had with him a tattooed native "prince" from the Philippines, whom he intended to exhibit, but he was obliged to sell his human exhibit soon after arriving in London.

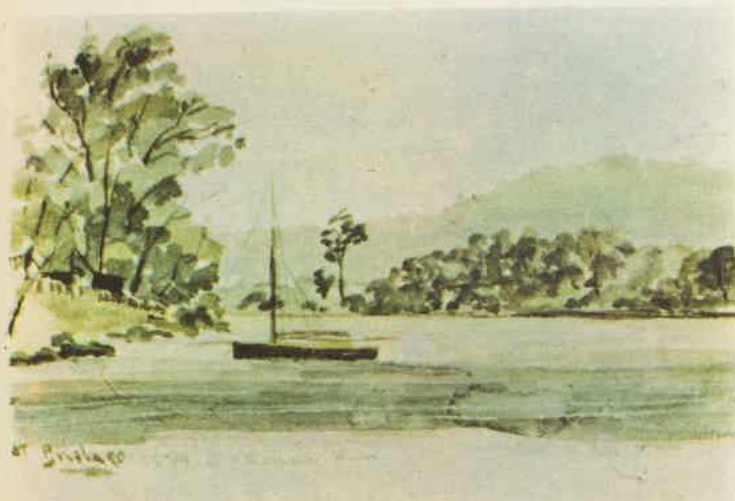
1865 Death of Ben Hall, bushranger. Benjamin Hall was one of the few bushrangers who were driven to a life of crime as a result of persistent victimisation by the police. Hall leased a small property in the Forbes district of N.S.W., and married the daughter of a local squatter. He was hard-working and law-abiding until his wife deserted him, taking their young son with her. This was the turning point in his life of crime.

Finding him in the company of a member of Frank Gardiner's gang, the police fired at him. Hall fled and joined the bushrangers. When Gardiner went to Queensland, Hall took over the leadership of the gang, and for the next three years carried out well-planned and daring raids. Police found him alone in the bush near Forbes and shot him dead.

1875 A huge waterspout appeared in the inland country town of Inverell, N.S.W.



THE ART OF



Boat on the Brisbane River, 1879.



Sketch by Russell of his son, Sandro.

● John Peter Russell (born 1858, died 1930), the Australian painter, worked in France in the heyday of the impressionists. He was a friend of Van Gogh, Monet, Toulouse-Lautrec, Gauguin, and the sculptor Rodin, all of whom admired his work. Russell — called John Peter to distinguish him from the 18th-century English engraver John Russell — is little known today, but a collection of his work is being prepared for a "great retrospective exhibition" to be held in Australia in 1968.

AUGUSTE RODIN, the great French sculptor, wrote to his Australian painter friend John Peter Russell in 1908: "What a pity you have a fortune, Russell, as it has deprived us of many fine exhibitions."

Russell's fortune came from the family iron foundry at Darlinghurst, in Sydney. It allowed him to go off to Europe to become a painter, but it also killed his need for recognition as a great artist.

Had he sold his pictures and exhibited his work, his paintings today might be valued as highly as those of his contemporaries—Van Gogh, Monet, Gauguin.

Few of Russell's pictures have ever been offered for sale. The only exhibition of his paintings, held in 1965, 35 years

after his death, was but a fragment of his output.

Now the truth about Russell's influence on modern painting is emerging, and mounting evidence of his importance as a painter seems certain to give him a place where he belongs — in the ranks of the best French impressionists.

Mr. Donald Finley, a news and information officer at Australia House, London, has had a major role in this recognition of Russell. He has scoured Europe, Britain, and America for Russell's paintings and letters, and been in touch with Russell's family and with descendants of the painter's friends.

In 1965, Mr. Finley arranged in London the first exhibition of Russell's pictures, and late last year presented a paper entitled "John Peter Russell: Australia's

Link With French Impressionism" to the Royal Society of Arts in London.

Russell's influence on the impressionist school was recognised by the impressionists themselves. When he began studying in Paris in 1885, one of his companions at Cormon's atelier near the cemetery of Montmartre was a little man with a wild look and stubbly red beard—Vincent Van Gogh. Toulouse-Lautrec and Fantin Latour would drop in occasionally to the studio.

Russell, who was born in Sydney in 1858, had his enthusiasm for painting sparked by a trip to China, Japan, and the South Seas while in his teens.

He began work at the family iron foundry, which turned out the famous Sydney cast-iron "lace"—the name Russell is still to be seen on some pieces—but when the foundry closed he took his share of the fortune and went to London to study at the Slade School. He was 24.

In 1885 he went to Paris, setting up house and studio with a beautiful Italian dressmaker turned model, Marianna Mattiocco.

At 16, she had been the model for the equestrian statue of Joan of Arc by Fremiet, which stands in the Rue de

years nine more were born, but only six of the 12 survived infancy.

The Russells spent about eight months of the year on Belle-Ile. The clifftops in most seasons were carpeted with heathers and gorse of different colors, and the Russell children in spring and summer played in little valleys filled with flowers—iris, primroses, daisies, and asphodels.

Marianna sent the marvellous island honey in kilo jars to Rodin, who loved it.

She was an excellent cook, and Rodin, after watching her in the kitchen, once said: "I often thought of a goddess making cakes for a banquet on Olympus as she stood there, my dear model, in her white gown with her beautiful bare arms, looking so calm."

During their long years of friendship, Russell and Rodin were often together. Rodin frequently visited the family on Belle-Ile, working in Russell's studio, often with Marianna as his model.

Jeanne Russell, one of the children, once found him cleaving a head of her mother in half with a sharp knife.

When she burst into tears, he comforted her: "Do not be sad," he said. "It does not live. Your mother is difficult to capture, for the rhythm of life in her is intense."

Russell designed and supervised the building of the family house and garden on the island. He moved tons of earth to make a rose garden.

Today, the house has been rebuilt, but towering cedars planted by Russell still shelter the house against Atlantic gales.

The Russell family spent the winters in Paris, where they rented a house. They made journeys from there to Italy, Sicily, Switzerland, and the Riviera.

Phil May, of "The Bulletin," and another painter from Australia, John Longstaff, visited them in Paris. At this time, Russell rejected the idea of returning to Australia. He referred to the inhabitants of his native land as being "at that stage of culture where 30/- would be considered a good price for a portrait."

On Belle-Ile, Russell met Monet, prince of the impressionists, and the two men became friends. At times they painted side by side, though Monet normally hated anyone near him when he painted.

Sometimes they chose identical subjects, and Monet on one occasion wrote that he preferred Russell's pictures to his own.

Some of Russell's paintings of Antibes on the Riviera, closely resemble Monet's.

Russell used more primary colors and fewer greys and blacks than Monet, and was more interested in natural form and less in light than the Frenchman.

Russell once criticised the work of

Continued on page 34



View from the terrace, Monte Cassino, Italy.

From NEIL KELLY, of our London staff

Rivoli, in Paris. There is a copy of the statue outside Melbourne Public Library.

In 1889, she modelled a head for Rodin. Russell commissioned it to be cast in silver, and this head, and the figures of Marianna in Rodin's famous "Gates of Hell," attracted wide attention.

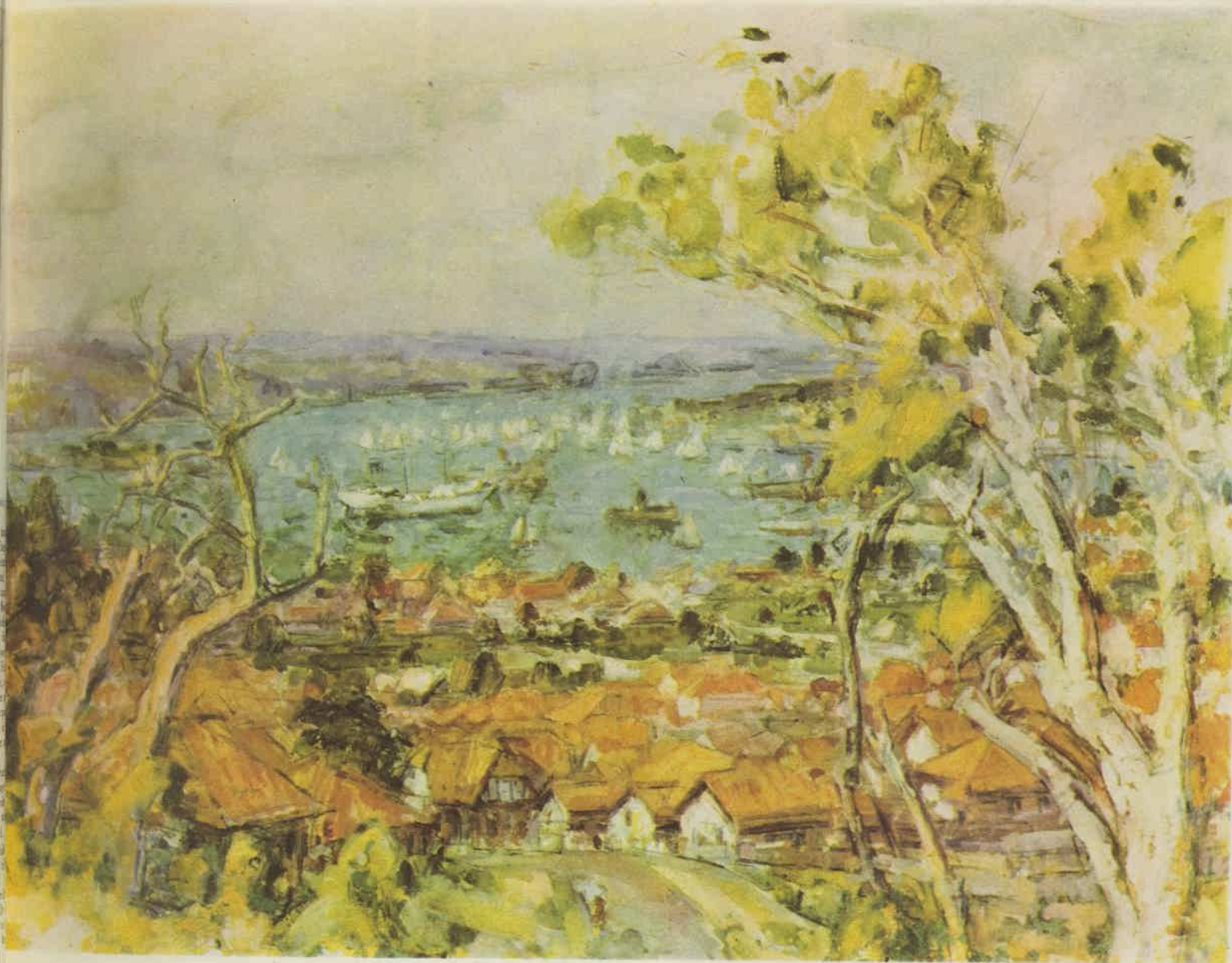
Rodin called her "the most beautiful woman in Paris," but Russell decided to get Marianna away from "the raging wolves of Paris."

He chose Belle-Ile-en-Mer, a wild island off the coast of Brittany, and their next 20 years there were the happiest, personally and artistically, Russell ever knew.

In 1888 he married Marianna in Paris after a protest about their "scandalous domestic situation" from his younger brother, who was on a visit from Sydney.

Three children had been born to Marianna and Russell by then. In the next ten

JOHN PETER RUSSELL



ABOVE: Russell's watercolor of a regatta on Elizabeth Bay, Sydney, was painted after his return to Australia in 1921.



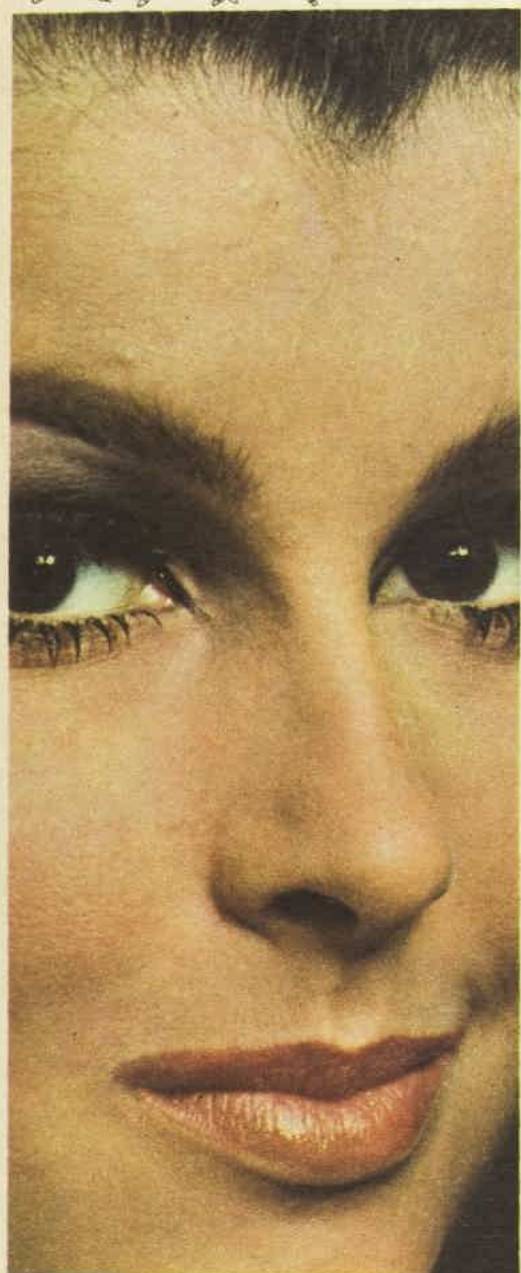
LEFT: Fisherman on the Cliffs at Goulphar, Belle-Ile; painted by Russell in 1890.



RIGHT: Portrait by Russell of his wife, Marianna, who was his model from the time he first went to Paris to paint, in 1885.



be a **lively lovely**



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Judith Aden face test



Lipstick 45c. Blush Creme Rouge 35c.

Superlipstick. Judith Aden flashes into your fashion orbit with all-new lipstick in rave colours. Moisturised to gloss your lips up good. Sassy-smooth to apply. And long-lasting!



Talc 75c. Moisturising beauty lotions 75c.

Be a tip-toe Lively Lovely with Judith Aden skin luxuries. Like silky-soft "Interlude" luxury Talc—a new smoothie with a fresh, frankly flirty fragrance.



Nail Polishes: Acrylon 33c. Pearl 45c.

Naildazzlers with sense as well as shine. Judith Aden Nail Polish protects as it colours. Smooth-flowing texture, new-shape brush for a perfect manicure in minutes.

Judith Aden beauty aids for today's lively lovelies

... switch to new *Judith Aden*



discover expensive quality at zany low prices



Fluid Makeups 69c. Compact 65c. Brush on \$1.50.

The girl with the fabulous face—that's YOU, wearing Judith Aden makeup—facelighter with its own kinky compact brush, marvellous 3-in-1 Fluid Makeups and can't live-without-it Compact.

Hairsprays—Firmset and Supersoft. Two sizes: 69c, 95c.

A 'natural' for today's Lively Lovelies—new Judith Aden Hair Set Spray. Revolutionary crystal-clear formula holds hair non-stop. Vanishes the moment you put a brush to it.

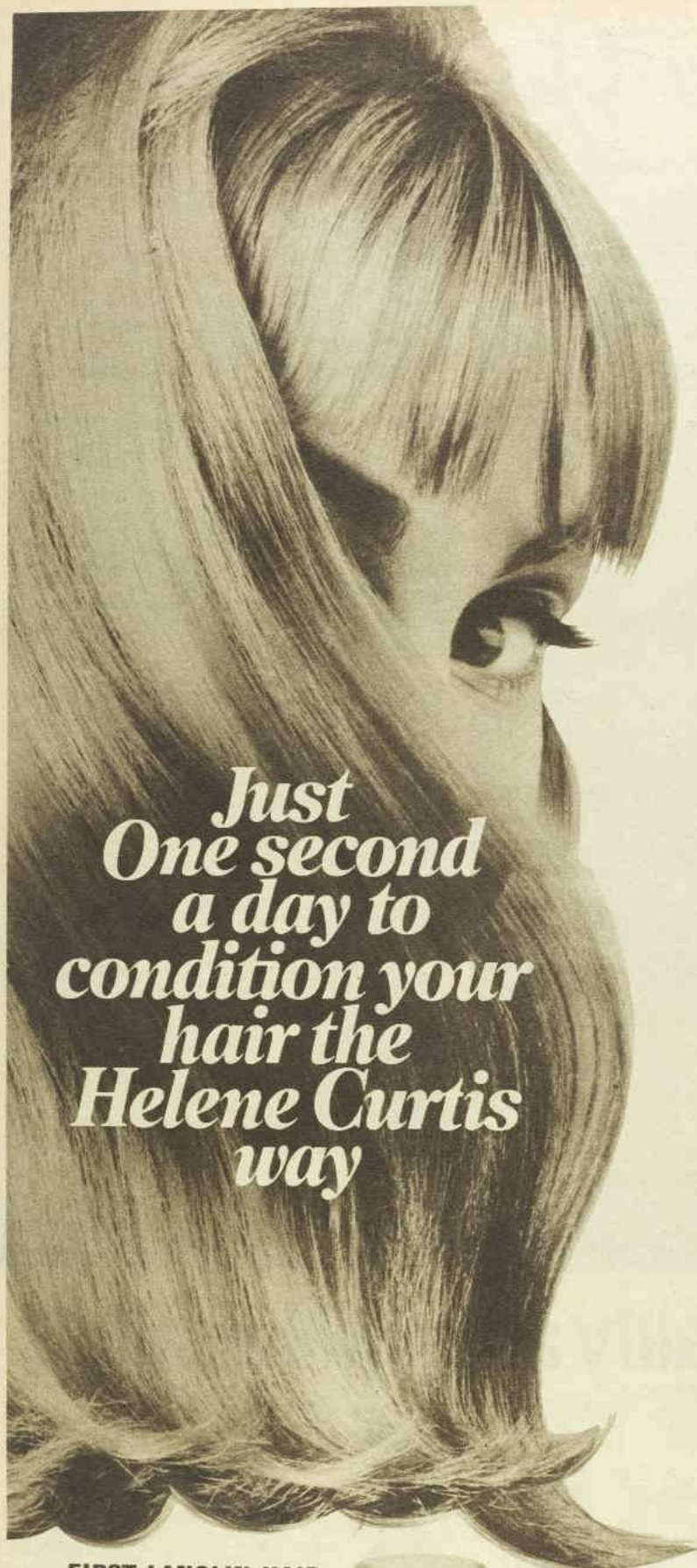
Eyeliner 55c. Mascara \$1.00. Eye Shadow 60c.

Eyemakers that say Pow! Now! Colour 'em up with the zizz of Judith Aden Shadow Stick, quick-as-a-slick Eyeliner and really water-proof Roll-on Mascara.

only at **WOOLWORTHS**

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1967

Page 33



**Just
One second
a day to
condition your
hair the
Helene Curtis
way**

**FIRST LANOLIN HAIR
CONDITIONER
IN AN AEROSOL SPRAY**

Just 1 second (or less),
the time it takes to push the
button once on an aerosol spray.
That's all! Spray new Gay Top
onto your brush before you
brush your hair. New Gay Top
gives instant body, instant
shine, permanent health. Health,
because Gay Top is pure lanolin.

**\$1.25 at chemists, department
stores and Beauty salons.**



**Gay
Top***

THE ART OF JOHN PETER RUSSELL



● These pictures cover 16 years of Russell's life. Top right, Russell at the age of 62, in 1920; left, the artist with canvas and easel in the snow at Gstaad, Switzerland, in 1913; right, aged 71, in Sydney in 1929, the year before his death.



Continued from page 31

Monet and other impressionists in a letter to Van Gogh.

"In nearly all the so-called impressionist work," he wrote, "the form is not studied enough . . . the trees have too much wood in branches for the size of the trunk . . . a lack of construction everywhere."

Some experts believe Russell's technique more closely resembled Van Gogh's. This is particularly obvious in his painting of flowers, trees, and blossom. The two painters exchanged sketches from time to time and discussed painting problems.

At Belle-Ile, Russell was lavish with his hospitality, his advice, and his patronage. The young Matisse visited him there in 1896 and 1897, and Russell gave him advice which shaped Matisse's style.

Russell influenced Gauguin in another way. His tales of the South Seas impressed Gauguin so much that at Russell's house he kept repeating, "I must go there, Russell. I must go there."

At this time Russell made a private collection of impressionist pictures — Van Gogh, Gauguin, Emil Bernard, Guillaumin — which he intended to give to Australia, but they all disappeared after his death.

The collection today would be worth a fortune. Even 70 years ago the money Russell paid to the unknown Van Gogh, Gauguin, and others sustained them through periods of hardship and poverty.

Russell was a big man, and physically impressive. He was a good boxer, and in Paris set up a boxing club for art students. He was a strong swimmer and a skilled sailor. At Belle-Ile he built a racing yacht which he named Waratah.

In 1907 Marianna died in Paris. Russell, almost crazed with grief, took her back to the island for burial, and, it is said, in a fit of grief and loneliness, burned 400 of his oils and watercolors. Rodin

reproached him for destroying "these marvels."

For the next five years Russell wandered around Europe with his daughter, Jeanne. In 1912 he married an American opera singer, Caroline de Witt Merrill.

A son was born. In 1921 Russell sailed with his wife and son home to Sydney. They bought a house at Watson's Bay. A fisherman's hut at the foot of the garden became his studio, and there he painted his last pictures.

He also had yachts and a motor cruiser, and, in 1930, while carrying stone for the new yacht port he was building, Russell collapsed and died. He was 72.

"Your works will live"

His death went almost unnoticed. His importance was little known outside the circle of French artists. Rodin spoke for these in one of his last letters to Russell: "Your works will live, I am certain. One day you will be placed on the same level with our friends Monet, Renoir, and Van Gogh."

There are fewer than 20 of Russell's pictures in Australian galleries. Most are still owned privately, many by relatives.

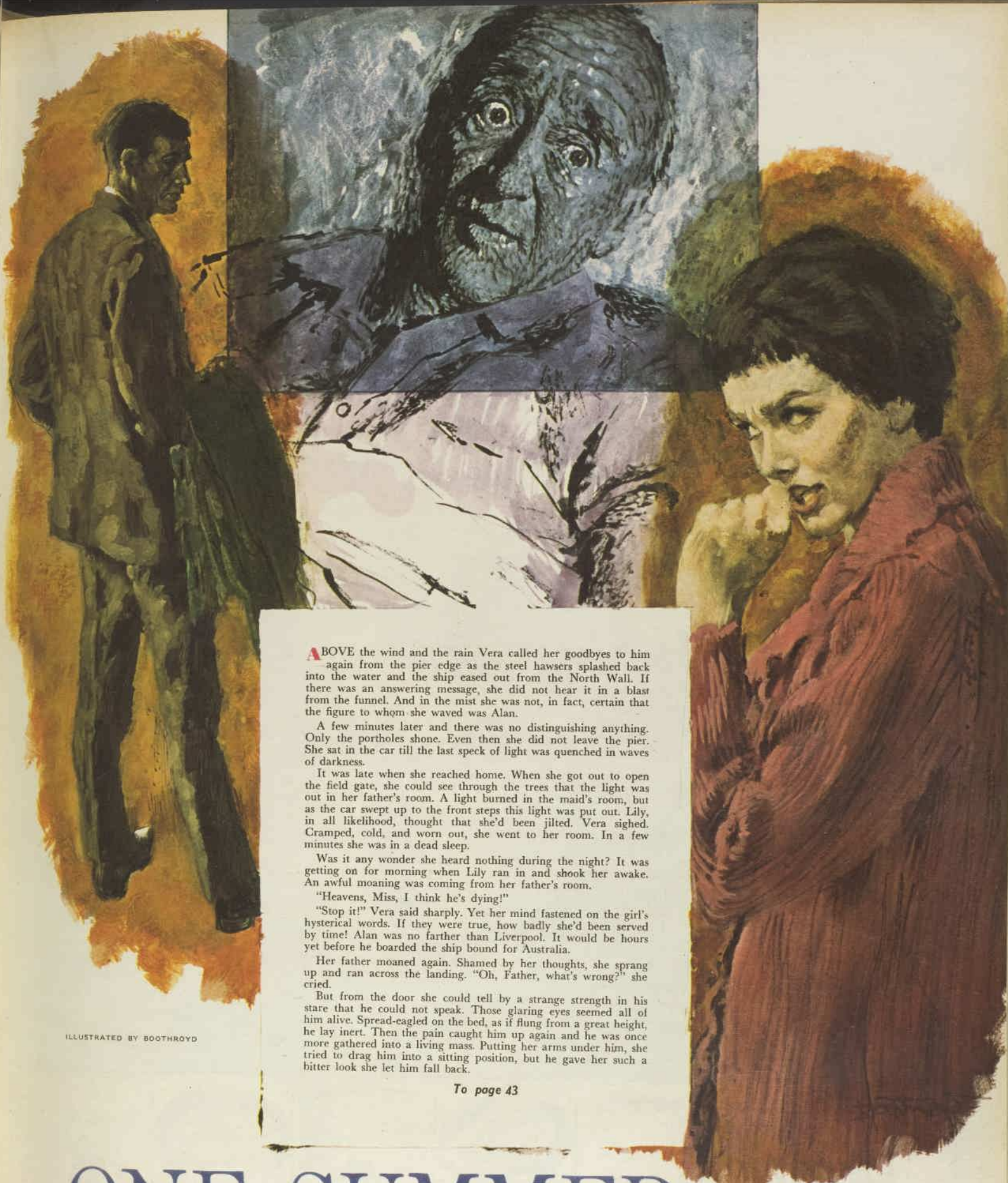
Only 250 Russell paintings have been traced, but Donald Finley, after four years' search, is convinced there are others to be discovered. His aim is to bring more of them to light in time for the great retrospective exhibition of Russell's work to be held in Australia in 1968.

The monetary value of Russell's pictures today is impossible to assess, because none has been offered for sale for 18 years. When the only Russells ever auctioned were sold in Paris in 1948, the lowest price for a single picture was £1000 sterling.

At that time pictures by the impressionists with whom Russell is linked were bringing about £3000. Today they sell for \$60,000 to \$80,000 each.



● When Russell returned to Sydney in 1921 he bought a house at Watson's Bay, and this hut at the bottom of its harborside garden became his studio.



ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

ABOVE the wind and the rain Vera called her goodbyes to him again from the pier edge as the steel hawsers splashed back into the water and the ship eased out from the North Wall. If there was an answering message, she did not hear it in a blast from the funnel. And in the mist she was not, in fact, certain that the figure to whom she waved was Alan.

A few minutes later and there was no distinguishing anything. Only the portholes shone. Even then she did not leave the pier. She sat in the car till the last speck of light was quenched in waves of darkness.

It was late when she reached home. When she got out to open the field gate, she could see through the trees that the light was out in her father's room. A light burned in the maid's room, but as the car swept up to the front steps this light was put out. Lily, in all likelihood, thought that she'd been jilted. Vera sighed. Cramped, cold, and worn out, she went to her room. In a few minutes she was in a dead sleep.

Was it any wonder she heard nothing during the night? It was getting on for morning when Lily ran in and shook her awake. An awful moaning was coming from her father's room.

"Heavens, Miss, I think he's dying!"

"Stop it!" Vera said sharply. Yet her mind fastened on the girl's hysterical words. If they were true, how badly she'd been served by time! Alan was no farther than Liverpool. It would be hours yet before he boarded the ship bound for Australia.

Her father moaned again. Shamed by her thoughts, she sprang up and ran across the landing. "Oh, Father, what's wrong?" she cried.

But from the door she could tell by a strange strength in his stare that he could not speak. Those glaring eyes seemed all of him alive. Spread-eagled on the bed, as if flung from a great height, he lay inert. Then the pain caught him up again and he was once more gathered into a living mass. Putting her arms under him, she tried to drag him into a sitting position, but he gave her such a bitter look she let him fall back.

To page 43

ONE SUMMER

BY MARY LAVIN

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The filial allegiance
her father had demanded
presented an obstacle
much too solid to break

Australian Gouda Dessert

Become cheese minded!

A delightfully different way to finish a good meal is to enjoy Australian Gouda cheese with fruit and nuts. The mild mellow flavour and creamy soft texture of Australian Gouda is superbly complemented by the fresh, tangy flavour of fruit.

It's a novel dessert, prepared in seconds—and makes an attractive addition to the table. Fine for a family meal or that special dinner party. Australian Gouda cheese can be used in many ways. With salads, Australian Gouda adds a most agreeable flavour of its own.

It slices easily for sandwiches and after-school snacks and is an excellent source of essential protein and nutrients necessary for health and well being.



Discover Australian Cheese



AUSTRALIAN
SAMSOE

A firm, close textured cheese with small "eyes" and a rich, mellow flavour. An excellent general table and after dinner cheese. Combines well with dry white and dessert wines.



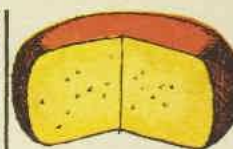
AUSTRALIAN
BLUE VEIN

Semi soft, white, blue veins of mould. Has a rich piquant flavour. Spreads easily on crackers, goes beautifully with "greens". Superb with Claret, Burgundy, Port or Brandy.



AUSTRALIAN
CHEDDAR

Australian natural Cheddar is firm, smooth, light yellow coloured. The mild or sharp Cheddar flavours appeal to all people. Serve with red or white wines, or with Port, Muscat, Madeira or Brandy.



AUSTRALIAN
GOUDA

A smooth firm cheese with a few small eyes. Has a mellow, mild flavour well suited to salads, hot dishes and especially the dessert tray. Serve with dry white wines or Sauternes.



Inserted in the interests of better nutrition by the Australian Dairy Produce Board.

Respect for a funeral

IT is true, N.E.A., that many motorists and pedestrians fail to pay proper respect when funeral corteges pass by. But the behaviour of many mourners in the cars following the hearse frequently calls for the same censure. Some smoke, laugh with one another, and even wave to friends or acquaintances they happen to see. Remember that one good example breeds another!

\$2 to P.G., Cheltenham, N.S.W.

JUST a second or two of silence as the hearse passes can make the mourners' sadness a little less. At my grandmother's funeral we passed many workmen, and of them all, only one removed his hat and stood as we passed. He was an Aboriginal. As a result I now have a great respect for any Aboriginal who is trying to live an equal life with white people, and I would feel honored to help in any way.

\$2 to Mrs. H. (name supplied), Kardella South, Vic.

AS young children we were always taught to stand to attention when a funeral cortege passed. I can remember times at school when, walking in a crocodile, we all stood at attention as a long funeral procession passed by. It is a courtesy that has not been forgotten, and I am teaching it to my own children.

\$2 to Mrs. Lesley Austin, Beaumaris, Vic.

THE behaviour of people who do not pay respect to a passing funeral is inexcusable. However, let's face facts. The funeral procession is a relic of the past. The more sensible way, today adopted by many, is for the hearse to travel alone and the mourners to meet it inside the cemetery grounds. This is certainly more considerate to the next of kin and is better than a slow procession, which adds another hazard to already overcrowded roads.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Walpole, Sandgate, Qld.

I HAVE been impressed with the number of migrants who cease work and, removing their hats, bow their heads as the hearse passes. But, I'm afraid, many of our own countrymen fail to show this respect and, as complained of, actually cut in on the funeral procession.

\$2 to Mrs. T. Shephard, Waitara, N.S.W.

PERHAPS most people living on the route to any cemetery or crematorium where many funerals pass each day have been forced to accept their appearance as part of their normal day, and so have learnt to ignore them. When this is the case, it is not from lack of pity for the mourners or lack of respect for the dead.

\$2 to E. Faulder, Holland Park, Qld.



LETTER BOX

Road hazard

SINCE learning to drive I have been amazed at the number of homes on corner positions which have large trees planted in the corners of their front gardens, thus making the corner completely blind. This is a plea to all owners of new homes on corner blocks to avoid creating this additional road hazard.

\$2 to Mrs. D. H. Trask, Whyalla South, S.A.

Fashion inspiration

I HAVE finally realised the origin of the strange ideas of a certain fashion designer who recently visited Australia. If you cast your mind back about 16 years, when science-fiction comic books were all the rage, you will remember that the women wore tight, short or uneven skirts, and odd-looking helmets. Who would have thought that we would be inveigled into wearing such apparel in 1967?

\$2 to Esther McGree, West Fairfield, N.S.W.

On the lay-by?

TO buy his dad a birthday present, my six-year-old son had proudly saved up the grand total of 45 cents. After ten long minutes of contemplating a window display featuring "everything for the gardener" (including several useful items within his price range), I asked did he see anything he would like to buy. "Well," he said thoughtfully, "Dad hasn't got a motor mower."

\$2 to Mrs. G. H. Bannon, Moorooka, Qld.

Place names

IN her letter Mrs. Elgira Burnie listed the strange names given her brothers and sisters. At least these were good Christian names deriving from other countries, but the following beat them hollow: In the register at Gundagai can be seen a Eurougillia Clarendonia (respectively the names of a parish and a county), and at Maitland in the electoral roll of 50 years ago is a Magna Carta.

\$2 to M.B. (name supplied), Bathurst, N.S.W.

Bald reply

THE reader who after 20 years was told, "You haven't changed a bit," brings to mind a friend's reaction on hearing the same comment under similar circumstances. "It can't be true," he said, "I KNOW I had hair ten years ago."

\$2 to Mrs. B. Warren, Caloundra, Qld.

Memory lane

IT seems a long time ago now, and I wonder how many others remember this, which used to be a favorite with us girls in the WRAAF? "Written with a lonely hand, Sealed with a loving kiss, Many may have written, Many more will write, But no one loves you better Than the one who writes tonight." Brings it back, doesn't it?

\$2 to Mrs. Betty Sillery, Matraville, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

Garbage breakthrough

YOU may be interested to know how I invented the garbage watch.

It is strange to think that this big technical advance was the result of mere absentmindedness. What happened was this:

We have to put the garbage tin outside the gate on Sunday nights and Wednesday nights. And we are allowed to put out only one tin.

That is a sacred rule of the local council. It doesn't matter whether you are a pair of newlyweds, living on love and making a minimum of garbage, or a large family that

churns it out like a factory: you are allowed only one tin.

I usually put our tin outside after dinner. But one Wednesday night I was distracted; something snapped in my brain, and I forgot about the garbage.

I did not even wake up, as I sometimes do, and dash out with the tin at dawn. In short, our tin was not emptied.

Where was I to put all the garbage we would produce in the four days before the next collection?

It was an emergency. By jumping on the stuff in the full tin I made room for a bit more. I put the rest in an old tin from under the house.

My next problem was to get the garbage men to empty two tins. Here I had to use subtlety.

Late on Sunday night, after putting our tin outside, I crept down the street with the extra tin. I left it outside the home of the McDills, who were away on holidays.

The garbage men fell for the cunning ruse.

But it had been a worrying ex-

perience. I was still brooding on it when my cousin Les came to see us.

He was wearing an elaborate new watch that indicated the day of the week and so on.

"It even shows the phases of the moon," he said proudly.

"Amazing what they do with watches now," I said. Though I was thinking: why should you want to know the phases of the moon, unless you're a burglar.

Then suddenly the idea struck me. Why not have a watch that would tell you when to put the garbage tin out?

So I invented the garbage watch. It has a built-in alarm which goes off automatically on Sunday and Wednesday evenings after dinner (or Tuesdays and Fridays if you like).

It will be a boon to suburban humanity.

I won't have to work when I have made a fortune from the garbage watch. However, I hope to keep on writing for THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY as a hobby.

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Margaret Merrill

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It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet. Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences.

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● When Jeremy Petrie takes a bath, his pet cub, Kirsty, makes sure he's clean. Kirsty, whose foster-mother was an alsatian, thinks she's a dog, but licks like a cat. She doesn't like water; puts up with it for Jeremy's sake.

Cub who thinks she's a dog!

● When 19-month-old Jeremy Petrie, son of the Director of Llanerch Park Zoo, in North Wales, goes upstairs for a bath, his pet lion cub, Kirsty, goes with him. Kirsty is an unusual cub—she thinks she's a dog. Ignored at birth by her mother, she was fostered by an alsatian and the pair became firm friends, sharing a kennel at the zoo and the same privileges in Jeremy's home.



● Kirsty's alsatian foster-mother, above, comes to see how Jeremy is treating her protegee. Below, Jeremy uses a large brush to clean Kirsty's sharp teeth.



● Not a flicker of fear as Jeremy sticks a wet hand in his pet's mouth. The cub is Jeremy's junior by 12 months, but is much heavier and very powerful.

● Clare Boothe Luce, former United States Ambassador to Italy, commentator, and author (of "The Women," among other works), has never pulled her verbal punches. Here she reviews a new stand for equality for women by an American group called NOW (National Organisation for Women). While agreeing with the basic principle of equal pay for equal work, she disagrees with some of the group's arguments, and goes one better in saying that in view of past services—often worth many thousands of dollars—rendered as domestics, women seeking divorce should be given . . .

NOT ALIMONY — BUT SEVERANCE PAY

WELL, the girls are at it again, trying to rectify the age-old power balance between themselves and the boys.

A militant group called NOW (National Organisation for Women) has recently been formed to strive for "true equality for all women in America."

This is quite an undertaking. Equality is something woman has never had since Adam and Eve discovered, in the garden of Eden, that when two people ride a horse one has to ride in front.

Since which time Adam has more or less securely occupied the saddle. The bugle call to arouse American womanhood from this subservience to man was recently sounded in Washington by NOW's president, Betty Friedan, author of the best-seller "The Feminine Mystique," and today's most often quoted (and contradicted) authority on the Woman Question.

According to NOW's statement of purpose, "There is no civil-rights movement to speak for women as there has been for Negroes and other victims of discrimination." So NOW pledges itself to work for the liberation of all women who have been forced behind "the silken curtain of prejudice and discrimination."

"Women," says NOW, "are victimised and degraded by a double standard in law and custom."

The organisation promises to aid their efforts to compete, on fair terms, with men in factory and office, professions, churches, political parties, judiciary, labor unions, education, science, medicine, law, diplomacy, and every other area of importance save one — the home.

The home, presumably, is the one place where NOW is willing to see women dominate and men remain subservient.

The immediate target is enforcement of existing national and State laws that prohibit discrimination on the basis of sex. Only a

misogynist would fail to wish NOW every success in this field.

Equal pay for equal work should prevail in any just society.

Nor should any man or woman quarrel with NOW's desire to challenge women, especially university-educated women, to enter or re-enter professions and businesses when their child-bearing years are past.

It is difficult, however, to share NOW's indignation about the so-called overall "inferior" status of women in economic and social life.

For example, NOW points out that while almost 47 percent of American women between 18 and 65 work outside the home, 75 percent of these do "routine" or "menial" work, as saleswomen, clerks, household workers, cleaning women, etc.; that 89 percent of women workers earn under \$U.S.5000 (\$A4500) a year and only about one percent of salaried women earn more than \$10,000 (\$A9000), and that less than one percent of federal judges, four percent of lawyers, seven percent of doctors are women.

Menial work must be done

According to Mrs. Friedan and her associates, these statistics prove that women's status is inferior.

Obviously, if you define whole, vast job categories as routine or menial; and then make the doing of routine or menial work synonymous with social inferiority and social inequality; and if you, furthermore, insist that no woman does such work willingly or happily — then Mrs. Friedan has a case.

Granting the case momentarily, does women's inferior status result entirely from male discrimination and prejudice?

It seems to me that Mrs. Friedan ignores a fact plain to even the most amateur sociologist: A vast amount of menial and routine work must be done daily, or society — and civilisation — would cease to function.

Food must be purchased,

By
**CLARE BOOTHE
LUCE,**

main heir to an estimated \$A89 million estate left by her American publisher husband, Henry Luce, who died recently.



prepared, cooked, and served, dishes and towels washed, stoves cleaned, garbage disposed of. Beds must be made, linen changed, rooms aired, swept, and dusted, walls washed, toilet bowls cleaned, floors scrubbed.

Buttons must be sewn on, pants pressed, clothes washed. Children must be bathed, dressed and undressed, waked and put to bed — and, these days, driven to and from school.

While computers and electric gadgets increase in complexity and subtlety, none so far has been invented that can perform all these and a thousand other routine and menial tasks.

Indeed, the higher the living standards of any society, the more routine work there is to do. If you want carpets on the floor, you have to vacuum them.

If you want to entertain your friends, you have to spend time in the kitchen. If you want your children to be clean and learn good manners, you have to wash and teach them.

Slums are slums precisely because so few of these tasks are being done there. The richer the society, the more "routinists" there are — including clerks, saleswomen, and cleaning women.

All these jobs must be done, either for wages by hired help or for no wages by housewives.

When women refuse to take outside jobs as menials, to work as cooks, laundresses, child nurses, cleaning women — in short, as domestics — every woman is forced to become her own, or her family's, servant. (Perhaps you prefer the nicer word "housewife." I do.)

NOW points with alarm to the fact that fewer and fewer women are entering the professions in youth and persevering through maturity. This is viewed as unassailable evidence of discrimination against women.

It is, rather, evidence that in the present state of affluence women are increasingly able to discriminate against domestic jobs. The consequent shortage of help forces women to do their own housework.

Take, for example, a girl who graduates from college with the intention of becoming a lawyer. She gets a job as a law clerk.

As long as she lives alone and does the minimal housework a single woman requires, she can live on her salary and persevere in her job.

But what happens if she marries and has children? Unless she can find competent household help, at wages she and her husband can afford, she must abandon her career.

The going rate, in New York City, for a poor to middling cook is \$350 (\$A315) a month; a day maid gets up to \$2 (\$A1.80) an hour; a good child's nurse gets to \$350 (\$A315) a month.

Look at it any way you wish, the manifold domestic services performed, around the clock, by one housewife cannot be bought for less than \$10,000 (\$A9000) a year. When a young career woman becomes a wife and mother, she generally must quit her job to become the family domestic.

The stark economic facts of domestic help alone

explain why women are disappearing from the professions and why only talented married women (like Betty Friedan herself) who earn enough to command domestic services can continue in their chosen careers.

(A newspaper interview with Mrs. Friedan disclosed that she has a successful husband, two children, a household helper and a cook — both females. One wonders if Mrs. Friedan feels that she is discriminating against them and exploiting them by not urging them to quit their menial jobs and enter a government training program for computer operators. Goodness, no! Who would then cook the meals for Mrs. Friedan's family while she is freeing her sex from the kitchen and the nursery?)

Career women: "Don't marry"

The price an affluent society has paid for inculcating dissatisfaction in the routinist class and robbing domestic service of dignity by calling it inferior is that today 95 percent of women must do their own housework.

Mrs. Friedan has said that, in her opinion, divorced women should not receive alimony. But whether this is because she believes any able-bodied woman can find a good job at any age, despite discrimination, or whether she feels she should hold out some sop to men is not clear.

I don't think women should ask for alimony, either. In view of past services — often worth many thousands of dollars — rendered as domestics, they should be given severance pay.

There is a formula for women without private means who wish to persist in careers: Don't marry. The second-best formula is: Marry if you must, but don't have children or make a home for your husband — unless he likes housework. Live with him in a hotel or small apartment, and eat your meals out.

I know of no evidence that would lead anyone to believe that more than a frac-

tion of women (or men) would accept this simple formula for more than the first year or two of marriage. And it is precisely because men also know that most women wouldn't accept it that they discriminate against women in job preference and wages.

From long experience, employers know that sooner or later, because of desire, pregnancy, or the economic necessities I have described, their female employees are going to say, "Sorry, I have to quit. My husband and children need my routine and menial services."

Well, that is the way things are with the majority of women today. And I am inclined to believe that not too many of them are as unhappy about it all as Mrs. Friedan is.

On the other hand, women who do bemoan the inferior status of their sex should occasionally remind themselves that there is no equality between the sexes when it comes to the hardest and dirtiest routine job of all — fighting a war.

If women do not have all their civil rights, they nevertheless are not required to suffer mutilation or to lay down their lives. It may be more boring to spend ten years at the kitchen sink than to fly a jet into combat or slog through Vietnam rice paddies, but it is a good deal healthier and—wouldn't you agree — more constructive.

This is not to say that women do not suffer some discrimination, for they do. But it is to say that until household robots capable of changing the baby's nappy and putting the food on the table are invented, the American woman's status is not likely to change.

What could change — and what a good thing it would be — is the present psychological attitude toward the menial work done by women, especially in the home. Praise confers honor and dignity on any worker. Husbands, praise your wives. And marvel at how quickly they stop complaining about discrimination.

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Bird's sore neck was 'long' job!

■ "I once took an extra kink out of the neck of an Australian black swan," said Bridget Pagnamenta, at 24 one of the youngest veterinary surgeons practising in Britain.

Bridget, who qualified from Bristol University nine months ago, after only four years' training, talked about her work when she visited Sydney recently as one of a group of young English business executives and professionals here for a month's study tour of Australia.

They called themselves "Operation Kangaroo."

The swan, owned by the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, near London, actually had a dislocated neck, and Bridget, who works as one of four assistants to a veterinary surgeon in Middlessex, was given the job of tending it.

It was a rather off-beat job for Bridget, whose patients are "usually horses, dogs, cats, and other small pets."

"Operation Kangaroo" was planned by The Royal Commonwealth Society, which organised sponsorship of the young professionals by their various organisations, and had the tour endorsed by both the Australian and the British Governments.

Bridget was sponsored for the tour by the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, and was one of three women members of the group of 22. They ranged in age from 23 to 31 years and represented various professions in the fields of agriculture, architecture, finance and banking, education, industry, medicine, and transport.

"Home visits"

Bridget said the tour had given her a chance to talk with Australian members of her profession, visit veterinary schools and surgeries here, and compare methods and conditions.

One difference she noted was that here animals had to be brought to the surgeries whenever possible, whereas in Britain veterinary surgeons made a lot of "home visits."

"This wastes an awful lot of time," she said, "and we could treat a lot more animals much more efficiently if they were brought to us."

"Australian vets are also better equipped to care for animals during their recovery, many of them having clinics attached to their surgeries. In England the animals are usually sent home for care after an operation."

When had she decided on her profession?

"I always wanted to be a vet. I love animals and

had dozens of pets when I was a child," she said. Her ten-year-old golden labrador and her "all-American" cat (so called because it was the gift of American neighbors) have been reluctantly left with her parents in South Wales while she works.

"Mum and Dad weren't

very keen on the idea of my being a vet, but I was determined — and now that I have qualified they are delighted. My younger sister, who is 12, thinks it is terrific. She is also a great animal-lover and loves to come and help me with my patients."*

NURSE, VET FIND NEW IDEAS



• Sister McTaggart

■ An individual baby unit that cuts down the risk of cross infection in hospitals is one of the new ideas brought back to Australia by Sister Christina McTaggart, of Pymble, N.S.W., who has just completed a six-month world trip observing the latest overseas methods in child care.

"The units, made of a heavy, clear plastic, have cupboards — built-in under the baby's bed — in which all the linen and equipment needed for that baby is stored and used exclusively," Sister McTaggart said.

In Europe, U.S.

"These units are used in hospitals throughout America and many European hospitals either have them in use or on order."

Sister McTaggart spent two months in America and then crossed to Europe to visit maternity and children's hospitals in Switzerland, France, Britain, and Scandinavia.

Her trip was awarded to

her by a baby food company for her work in infant welfare. The company instituted the award in 1965 and each year selects from a different State a nurse who specialises in infant welfare work.

A selection committee formed by nursing associations chooses a winner according to her entry explanation of how she would benefit from a world study trip. The scholarship is worth \$2000, plus a month's accommodation in Switzerland, the home of the company.

Sister McTaggart has devoted nearly 30 years of her

life to the nursing of children, the last nine in charge of nurseries and midwifery in the maternity unit of the Royal North Shore Hospital, Sydney.

On her trip she observed nursing methods for premature, normal, and sick babies.

"On the whole, Australia is up to date in medical care," Sister McTaggart said. "But the equipment in American hospitals is just fantastic, especially disposable equipment, which saves so much labor."

One of the hospitals that greatly impressed Sister McTaggart was the Cook

County Hospital, in Chicago, which handles 20,000 births a year. (Sydney's largest maternity hospital, Crown Street Women's Hospital, handles about 6000 a year.) "Everything is very well regimented there to cope with the enormous numbers," she said.

Drug-babies

One widespread problem in America, which is almost unheard of here, is the narcotic-addicted baby.

"Nurses in America must check every baby for signs of addiction," Sister McTaggart said. "The baby's addic-

tion is inherited from the mother, through the placenta. When born, the baby suffers withdrawal symptoms and has to be given sedation."

A visit of very special interest to Sister McTaggart was that made to a ward — in a hospital in Lucerne, Switzerland — which contained Vietnamese child war-victims.

"These children were terrible cases," she said. "I assumed the Red Cross had arranged their hospitalisation, but I don't know what was to be their ultimate fate — whether they would be returned to Vietnam or adoptions arranged. I think most of them were orphans."

Sister McTaggart was very impressed with the Swiss hospitals. "They are beautifully planned and spotless."

She also spent two weeks at the world headquarters of the prize-giving company in Switzerland, where the company has set up a special nursery to help babies with feeding difficulties, and to try out new baby foods.*

BEING 15 IS NO HANDICAP!

GOLF SUITS HER TO A TEE

• The world of women's golf has found itself a lovable pet . . . and a young champion.

Her name is Corinne Reybroeck (pictured right), a tiny Belgian schoolgirl with a shy smile and a rare natural talent for the game.

Though she has been playing in big-time competitive golf for less than a year, her fame is already growing.

Last year, when she had just turned 15, Corinne lit the headlines when she won the Belgian women's championships.

In top ten

Then, in Mexico City, representing her country in the world women's team championships, she finished tenth among the best players throughout the world.

She is not quite 5ft. tall and weighs a bare 7st., yet little Corinne can drive the ball 240 yards.

Though her fairway future looks rosy, there is no certainty that Corinne will make golf her life.

She is a good student at her school in Mons and she is keen to go on to university.



Baby units cut infection danger

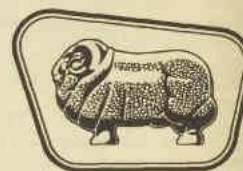
END A LONG WAY OFF

AN unusual book is currently being published in Stuttgart, Germany. You can buy the beginning now — but the end will only be available in about the year 2000! The book is a dictionary of the vocabulary of the famous German poet, scientist, and philosopher Johann Goethe. So far, 72 pages in the "As" section have been printed, with 79 sections to go.



SYNDICATE MEMBER

● He's going
up in
the world
with ***the***
powerful one! ●



Let's GO GOLDEN FLEECE ACTIV-8
...the powerful one!

Oh, why had she gone defiantly to bed without going in to him! He might have been lying awake in the dark, as miserable as herself. "Don't be angry with me, Father!" she cried. As if she were at fault, not him! Then she turned on Lily. "Stop that nonsense," she said, "and go for the doctor."

Lily was frantically running around, filling hot-water bottles and forcing brandy between his lips. She had lights burning everywhere. Even out in the yard a light streamed unnaturally into the fields of dawn. "Oh, Miss, I hate to leave him," she said. "wouldn't you go? You'd be no time going in the car!"

But Vera shook her head. It wasn't to have him die without her that she'd given up Alan. So Lily pedalled off in the greyness and the wet.

Standing back out of range of her father's angry eyes, Vera stared helplessly at him. The first onslaught of pain was over and he lay in a sheet of sweat. Yet it seemed an age until the doctor's car came up the drive, with Lily sitting up importantly beside the old man on the front seat, her bike strapped to the back. Vera ran down to meet them.

"Sounds like a blockage," the old doctor said as he got out of the car. "Don't worry. We'll do all we can!"

Indeed, his presence had helped already, and as they went in to her father he managed a few words. "What's wrong with me, Doctor?" he whispered.

The doctor turned down the bedclothes. "Tell me, have you been dosing yourself?" he demanded.

Vera went limp with relief. So it was that! As long as she could remember, he was always dosing himself. "Cleans you out!" he'd say when she protested, and defiantly he'd pour himself another spoon of the concoction of cascara and treacle that he called blackjack. Turning eagerly, she was about to tell the doctor when a look from her father silenced her.

But Lily spoke up. "I told him he'd blast the insides out of himself, Doctor, but he wouldn't heed me."

The doctor nodded gloomily.

"It was that made him throw up, too!" the girl said.

"When was that?" Vera asked sharply.

"He was always at it." The girl spoke as if she felt doubted. "You can hear him all over the house." She shuddered.

Vera put her hands to her face.

"That's enough!" the doctor said to Lily. He turned to Vera. "I'll give him something to ease him," he said in a low voice, "but I'm afraid it's a blockage all right. We'll have to get him away to Dublin." He patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, we'll do our best," he said kindly, but later, when they were going downstairs, he looked more keenly at her. "You should get some sleep," he said. "You look exhausted. Let the girl sit up with him for what's left of the night."

"Oh, but she must be jaded," Vera said.

"What matter — she's young!" said the doctor.

Through the great high window on the landing they could see the doctor's battered car looming indistinctly in the morning mist, and as they went out on to the glittering granite steps Lily came toward them, half wheeling, half carrying the bicycle. Like the gravel under her feet, her cheeks were freshened and brightened by the damp. The stress of the night had left no mark on her.

"What did I tell you?" the doctor cried, his own eyes brightening. "This one doesn't

ONE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

need any sleep! She's far fitter than you to stay up!"

Intermittently through the past hours, Vera's mind had guiltily travelled after Alan. At one minute, she thought yes, she would write to him. At the next, she thought no. It was like the moments she stood on the dark pier and watched the light of the ship that carried him away from her; it came and went several times in the sea mist before she knew finally that it was engulfed.

Now, in the cold air of dawn, she came to a decision. "I can't lie down, Doctor," she said firmly. "I have an important letter to write."

The doctor looked oddly at her. "Well, we all have our own anodyne," he said, and he got into the car. "I'll call later, when I've got in touch with the hospital. Don't be blaming yourself! He must already have had some discomfort to go taking those doses."

To satisfy him, she nodded her head. But all he knew about was the blackjack and the retching. What about the black moods of the past year, and the black looks, and the

too clever to show it. Instead, he shifted his position. "I knew he was no good," he said.

Sick as he was, she could not stand for that. "You know why he went!" she cried. And she had the satisfaction of seeing his eyes falter.

"I shouldn't have said that," he said humbly enough. "You've been a good daughter to me, Vera — always." Their eyes met then and met with love. "You won't regret it," he said.

And immediately her heart filled up with feeling for him until, as when she was a child, it was deep with love. Reaching out, she put her hand on his, and weakly he raised his other hand, placing it over hers again. It reminded her of a game they used to play when she was a child. "Do you remember, Father? 'Hot hands'?"

He nodded, and tears came to his eyes. But they were happy tears, and after a few minutes his lids closed as if he might sleep. Gently, she drew her hand away.

What miracles of love he had performed when she was

went, and for the next few minutes he held all eyes with the capers he cut.

Then, taking wing again, he was suddenly back on the shore. "Get down on your hunkers," he ordered her, and, bending, he tied her feet together with her own shoelaces. Then he took a piece of rope from his pocket and tied one end around her middle and the other around his own. In the blink of an eye, he was flying over the ice again — only this time it was on her all eyes were centred, as she swayed to and fro behind him, in a kind of splendid redundancy, like a tassel on the end of a gorgeous cord, or the tuft on the tail of a lion.

The next day, the lake cracked like glass and everyone said they could have been killed — both of them. Her father only laughed. "What matter!" he said. "We'd have gone together!"

She stared in amazement. Ordinarily, he was obsessed for her safety. In the evenings, after he'd heard her tables and her catechism, he used to put her through a catechism of his own:

"What would you do if you were chased by a bull?"

"Take off my coat and throw it over his horns."

"If your clothes took fire?"

"Roll on the ground."

"If you were caught in a thunderstorm?"

"Lie flat."

"If you got lost?"

"Stand still in one spot."

His litany, however, could not make provision for everything. Once, she nearly broke her neck. She was climbing on the roof of a shed when her foot slipped. Except that he was in the yard and quick enough to reach out and catch her, she would have been killed. It was the first time she saw him fly into a rage. Marching her ahead of him into the house and up the stairs to the landing, he once more opened the leather chest.

This time he took out a small revolver wrapped in a length of black calico. "Do you see this?" he asked. "Well, if anything happened to you, do you want to know what I'd do?" He put the barrel to his head and pulled the trigger. The sound of the empty clack was the most terrifying sound she had ever heard.

But he'd gone too far. He had shown her more than her value; he had shown her where it lay — in his own eyes. From that hour, her confidence diminished. Shy and distant always, she became more so. And when she was of an age to go to dances, she got very few invitations. Even then, her father was full of eagerness to escort her himself. "It's a good thing your old father can still kick up his heels," he'd say.

But one day she found him appraising her. "You'd have been better-looking if you'd taken after your mother," he said. "But don't mind. You may be better off in the long run. I'd never have got anywhere if I hadn't learned to stand alone!"

It was the first time he had ever mentioned her mother, and she was so surprised she didn't at once take in the fact that he was speaking of her single state as if it were final. She was only twenty-three or twenty-four at the time. And he made similar remarks over the years. "What will you do when I'm taken from you?" he asked shortly after her thirtieth birthday, but they laughed at the thought of a thing so remote.

To page 44

Slide clips are for papers.

Cotton Buds are for ears.



These flexible Johnson's Cotton Buds clean ears. They do it conveniently, and they do it safely—because the stem is flexible and the cotton cannot come off. (And at 25 cents for 50 and 45 cents for 100, they also do it economically.)

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Science Shrinks and Relieves Painful Haemorrhoids without surgery

New Formula, "Preparation H," shrinks, relieves stops itch—even in most stubborn cases—not just temporary relief!

ASK YOUR CHEMIST

NEW YORK, N.Y. (Special). At last, science has found a new healing substance with astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and to relieve pain—without surgery. In one case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations. The pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months! In fact, results were so thorough that, even months later, sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "piles have ceased to be

a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

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THE MAGAZINE OF BRIGHTER READING 15c

Everybody's

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 26

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, blue, green.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, blue, green.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.

* An upsetting, edgy week. Best day is May 1, and that's wedged in between unfriendly stars. Your thinking could be haywire and lead to marital spats and travel mishaps.

* Although it's your phase of get-up-and-go-go, there are rocks and rough water ahead. Be careful what you write or say—it could lead to lovers' quarrels—and keep a firm grip on finance.

* You'll need all your adaptability to cope with difficult influences. The 29th and 1st are the most useful days, but finance, romance, marriage come under fire. Be careful finance-wise, 30th.

* If you plan to launch a new project, postpone it until next week. Avoid marriage misunderstandings and be careful traveling at the weekend. The 1st is the best day of a bad bunch.

* That organising and planning ability of yours will come in good stead. It's a troubled time, especially in the September 9-14 bracket. Mistaking could mean travel risks. Adverse for signing contracts.

* Private concerns could get muddled and there could be surprise moves for some, especially in the September 9-14 bracket. Stick to routine and don't get financially involved with friends.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, rose, navy.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Tues.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, red, gold.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, yellow.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

* You'll be walking a tightrope this week. Your ruling star tangles with some crotchety planets and it adds up to upset. Status, career, private and public relations are affected.

* Your tendency to no compromise could result in adverse litigation. Be careful what you sign, write, or say. There could be strife at home and with friends. Hasten slowly. 1st is best day.

* Tread water—the tide is against you. Much emotional brouhaha is shown—Cupid is crusty. There's a jolt to status and career, a clash with a friend. Also allergic to new ventures.

* Morning of the 1st is a good time for lottery luck—rest of week is hostile. There could be matrimonial discord, trouble with new ideas, and although usually a thinker, you could go off target.

* Cupid is in an unpredictable mood—some could fall in love at first sight and as quickly fall out again. There could be partings. Postpone engagements until next week. Friends could annoy you.

* Except for 1st—which is favorable—the stars are allergic to marriage matters. Finance, too, is under unfriendly planets—don't get involved dollar-wise with friends. Better stars next week.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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Monique Lorraine, formerly with Hermes and Balenciaga in Paris, now living in Melbourne.

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He threw back his head. "Nature takes care of everything!" he cried. "Let's hope you'll have me as long as you need me."

Ironically, it was that year she met Alan. They met in a public library in Dublin. She'd already seen him a few times when one day they arrived together at the library door shortly before it was opened. "I've seen you before," he said. "I always notice people who are alone. I find myself wondering if, like myself, they dislike their fellow-men." She laughed, but he reproved her. "I'm serious," he said. "I hate the common herd."

After that, whenever they met they exchanged a few words, and if they were leaving at the same time he saw her to her car. Once or twice when she hadn't the car, he walked to the bus with her. He was a solicitor, attached to an office in Dublin. He was interested to learn that she lived in the country. "I should have known," he said. "It accounts for a certain distinction about you."

It seemed a great compliment. Another day, he said something still more preposterously flattering. "If I were not so set against marriage," he said, "you're the girl I'd marry."

IT was like a declaration! Her happiness was so blinding she hardly cared that when she told her father, his response was — to say the least of it — tepid. "Wait till you meet him, Father," she said.

The meeting was a failure. Her father even made bones about giving her the car to meet the bus at Ross Cross. He turned on her savagely when she asked for the keys. "Why hasn't he got a car of his own?" he said. "He must be a poor kind of solicitor!"

"There's no need of a car in a city practice, Father," she said, trying to bolster things up.

Her father looked up at the sky. "Can't he walk, then?" he asked. "It's a nice fine day. Is there something the matter with him?" But he threw the car keys to her.

"Be nice to him, Father. For my sake!" she pleaded before she drove away.

And when they arrived back, he was civil enough. The trouble was that Alan didn't take to him! And her father saw that. "I can see why you needed the car," he muttered. "He's a delicate-looking article."

"Oh, what a cruel thing to say!" she cried. "About a stranger, too!"

His eyes bored into her. "If you take my advice, you'll keep him that way. I'd pity the woman that'll marry him. He'll die young and leave her with a houseful of brats."

"Don't worry, Father," she said bitterly. "After today, I don't expect I'll see him again."

But she did — more often. Alan came down again and again, doggedly ignoring her father's rudeness. "Don't think I'm thick-skinned, though, Vera," he said one afternoon, "but I will not let him — or anyone — interfere in my life." It was another of the oblique remarks that she took to presage happiness.

But obliquity was catching. Her father, too, seemed to become obscure. He spoke again about her mother. "If she hadn't married me, she might be alive today!" he said morosely.

He'd never told her the cause of her mother's death, but she knew it had happened shortly after her own birth and was probably con-

nected with it. Aware of a strong undertow in the conversation, she picked her words with care. "She made her own choice, didn't she?"

"Don't talk like a fool," he said.

At that she lost her temper. "Oh, what's the matter, Father?" she cried. "Do you want to stop me marrying?"

He evaded her eyes. "I don't see any signs of that happening," he said. "That fellow is no more bent on marriage than I am!"

"Is it Alan?" His words stupefied her.

"Has he asked you to marry him?" he demanded.

She stared. If never explicit of proposal, all Alan's words had seemed to hold promise. They could not have been uttered by any man who did not feel himself deeply committed! Yet on them, in one instant, a huge doubt was cast.

"Well?" her father insisted. "Has he?"

"I don't see why I should tell you," she said, trembling to think of the anger her words would provoke. "It's my own business." When he said nothing at all and she was at last compelled to look at him, however, she saw with a shock that the rage in his eyes was a rage of pity.

And suddenly she realised his dilemma. For the first time he'd come up against something he could not get for her — something that, if it was to be got at all, could be got only by herself. "Don't worry, Father," she said. "I'll work out all right in the end. You'll see."

From that day there was a change in his attitude. "Is that fellow worried about money, do you think?" he asked once. "I never see his name in the papers. He mustn't do much court work. Of course," he said meditatively, "small court cases don't pay well — it's sales and leaseholds that pay. Conveyances! That's what the big solicitors make their money on."

It was almost comical to see the interest he began to take in the legal column of the newspapers. "How much commission do you think he'd get on the sale of a good farm — say, a farm about this size?" he asked one day.

Unnerved by his questions, she answered coldly. "Why? Are you going to sell?"

"No," he said, "but I might buy. And if I did I could give that fellow the carriage of sale!"

Her heart softened. Oh, Father, you don't want any more responsibility at your age!

"Land is a safe investment at any time," he said soberly.

"Tell me," he said affably to Alan the next time they saw him, "are you any judge of land? There's an outfarm at Ross Cross that I was thinking of buying."

"But haven't you enough land, sir?" Alan said, and it seemed to Vera that he looked questioningly at them both.

Her father noticed nothing. "It's not a big farm, mind you," he said. "It's only forty acres. It mightn't be worth your while having anything to do with it."

"Oh, well, one must creep before one walks," Alan said quietly. "I'll be glad to act for you, sir." He'd got the point! "Well said!" her father cried, slapping his thigh in delight. His good humor was doubled. "Come down one day next week and we'll walk the land." Behind Alan's back he winked at Vera.

When the day came for them to look at the land, though, her father was moody and irritable. "This fellow

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can't have much to do if he can waste a whole day coming down here," he said as they drove to the bus.

"He's coming down on business, isn't he?" she cried hotly.

"He'd want to be hard up to call this business! It's not much wonder he hasn't a car!"

She let the taunt pass, because she had just been thinking that if Alan did have a car they could live down here and be near her father. Would that be at the back of her father's mind, too? Then she saw the bus coming down the hill. "Here it is!" she cried, tumbling out of the car. She could see Alan standing out on the step, and she ran to meet him.

But Alan was not looking at her. "Where's your father?" he asked.

She turned around. Her father was still sitting in the car — black and silent, looking twice his bulk. "There's something wrong!" she cried, and she ran back. Meeting the bus was a pastime with her father. Always early, he'd prance up and down the road, fairly dancing with impatience, denouncing the bus for being late! At no time else did one get such a sense of his leashed energy.

"Oh, hurry, Alan!" she cried. But before they reached him he'd got stiffly out. And on the road he looked more normal, except that there was something unpleasant in the way he dispensed with a greeting. He trudged up the side road till they came to a lane, into which he turned without a word.

Looking doubtfully at each other, Vera and Alan followed. The lane was long. As they walked, Alan chatted casually about the weather and the countryside. Her father's black mood appeared to be lifting. Then, as they were about to climb over the locked gate that led into the farm, his face darkened again and he pointed to Alan's feet. "What kind of shoes are those for going through fields?" he demanded.

Alan said nothing. He

ONE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

just got over the gate and plunged into the long grass in his fine shoes.

After a short pause, her father, too, got over the gate. But on the other side he immediately turned up the collar of his coat and shoved his hands into his pockets as if to imply that he had little interest in what was going on. When they were scarcely halfway across the field, he came to a stand. "Well? What do you think of it?" he asked, turning to Alan.

"I haven't seen enough of it to form any opinion," Alan said coldly.

He began to walk on, but her father didn't stir. "I have!" he said. "It doesn't take me long to make up my mind!"

"What are we to understand by that?" Alan asked. "That it's good? Or that it's bad?"

"There's no such thing as bad land hereabouts," her father said. "There are other things to be considered, though," he added.

MISERABLY.

Vera looked from one of them to the other. She could not bear the strain of waiting for Alan to speak. "There's no house on it, for one thing!" she said, not caring if she blundered.

Both men stared at her — her father with a glance that applauded, Alan with one she could not read. "Does that matter?" Alan asked. It was to her father he spoke, not her. "What is the need for a house on an outfarm?" His voice was so disengaged that Vera shivered.

Her father turned on his heel and walked away.

An appalling feeling of humiliation came over Vera. She would have stumbled after her father if Alan had not laid his hand on her arm. "Let me handle this, Vera," he said crisply. "I told you I must do things in my own way, not in his." But the expression on his face as he looked after her father was one of compassion. "I'm sorry for him," he said. "I know how he feels." He turned back to her. "But there are times when a man must put himself first. Will I be able to make you see that, though?"

She was too worried to extract any sweetness from what his question implied. "We must be kind to him, Alan," she said.

He nodded. "I suppose there's no use in us all being unhappy," he said.

Her father had reached the gate and climbed over it. "Is he going to go off without us?" she cried.

"Let him if he likes," Alan said. "We can walk. Sooner or later, we'll have to talk things out!"

"Oh, later then—later!" she said, and she ran after her father, but the coarse grass entangled her feet like seaweed and impeded her at every step.

The drive home was accomplished in heavy silence. And at the house things were no better. Her father seemed unable to stay in the same room with them. He kept going in and out. And when Lily put a meal on the table, he stood up from it three or four times and went out without explanation or apology. His absence was as oppressive as his presence.

Vera could not keep her mind on anything Alan said. "I'd better go back on an early bus, I think," Alan said at last, and miserably she agreed it might be best.

"I'll drive you to the Cross," she said.

"Don't bother, Vera," he said. "I'd prefer to walk. It's

a lovely evening anyway. Why don't you come with me? Take your bike. I'll wheel it along, and you cycle back."

It was only March and early in the month, but the daffodils were out on either side of the drive. As they walked by them, the massed flower heads shone like a lake of light. "Who planted them?" Alan asked idly.

"My mother — I think," said Vera.

Alan turned. "You think?" "He never mentions her, you know. Someone else told me."

They walked on. "It must be strange to know nothing about her. Do you imagine they got on well?"

Vera shrugged. But they both stopped and looked back.

"She must have had a great feeling for flowers, anyway," Alan said. "I never saw so many daffodils."

"Oh, I dare say they've spread a lot since they were put down," Vera said. Her mind was not on them, but Alan still stood looking at them meditatively. They'd spread into the pastures, indeed, where many of them were trampled and broken by the cattle, and far off, in the very middle of the field, there were a few stragglers. Like convent girls in a convent park, these stragglers wandered two by two.

"I suppose you love this place," he said.

"Wouldn't anyone?" she cried.

"I suppose so," he said reluctantly. Then, just as they came to the big gates, he exclaimed, "Now, there's a marvellous sight! Look!" He pointed westward to where, clear of the trees, the sky burned like a sea of flame. "Do you know what I like about that? I like it because it's the same world over. It belongs to everyone — and to no one!"

But she wasn't listening. "Oh, did you see?" she cried. As they stared upward, a late-returning bird had flown between them and the sky, and for an instant, pierced by the flaming rays, all but its core was burned away, utterly consumed.

He'd seen it. "Wasn't it extraordinary?" he said. "Like a glass bird. You could see right through it. Wings, feathers—all gone."

"All but its heart," Vera said softly.

For a minute, he only stared at her. "Oh, Vera," he said then, and, bending, he kissed her. "I wanted to do that ever since we were out in the fields. And I wanted to say something, only I felt your father was listening, even when he was out of the room. Listening to our thoughts! He doesn't want any more land—I know what he had in mind!"

But when her face reddened, he caught her to him. "I'm not blaming him, Vera. But I can't stand him meddling. If we are to get married, it must be on my terms and no one else's." He paused. "Not even yours! It's bad enough that I can't do without you!"

"Oh, Alan!" she cried. The grudging way he said it did not take one whit from her joy.

But he was intent on making his meaning clear. "Some men want to marry," he said. "They're only waiting to meet the right woman. But there are others—like me—who hate the thought of it. They are forced into it by meeting a woman they cannot live without."

"Do you really feel that way about me, Alan?" she asked timidly.

"Yes," he said. "But I can't

share you. It's me or him. Oh, Vera, can't you see our situation? You've let him become so engrossed in you that his whole life has gone. Not that I care about him! But I can't stand by and see you consumed, too."

"Oh, Alan, you're exaggerating," she said. But she didn't know whom she was defending, herself or her father. "What can I do?" she asked helplessly.

"You can come away with me," he said peremptorily. "In fact, that's what we've got to do—for a few years, anyway."

"You know I can't do that!" she cried. "And where would we go?"

His face darkened. "I knew that would be your attitude. Well, let me tell you something. I am going, anyway, to Australia—with or without you."

For a minute her mind blurred. "When?"

"This summer!" "Well, we can't discuss it now," Her voice was weary.

"Why not?" She felt cornered. "There are so many things to be considered," she said vaguely.

"The trouble with you is that you've lost all sense of your identity," he said. "Both of you. Do you know what I think? If it weren't for you hanging around his neck all the time, he might have married again. He might do so yet if you'd get out of the way! There's more to life than seeing one generation into the world or another out of it! I bet if you let him he'd be married within a year. Oh, Vera! Can't you see that without you he might begin to live again?"

It was such an entirely new prospect that opened before her, her head reeled. "What if he got ill?"

"That man? He's as fit as an ox. He might see us both down yet!" Then, as they heard the sound of the bus, he took her arm and shook her. "Think it over," he said.

Oh, how quick upon his heels the irony of that last conversation was brought home! "As fit as an ox." The words were hardly bearable now, Alan should not be left in ignorance of what had happened—it would not be fair to her father. It was, however, several days before Vera got a chance to write her letter. And when at last she began it, the top of the page bore the address of a Dublin hospital.

Dear Alan:

I write to tell you that my father is ill. Oh, Alan, he is very, very ill — so bad, indeed, that I might have written to tell you, knowing you would be sad for him, apart from any consideration of how his illness might affect us. It was on the very night you sailed the pain first struck him. I feel sure that, like me, you will think that very strange. And I hope you will think that fact a sufficient reason for my writing. Anyway, I cannot believe that you meant us to drop completely out of each other's existence. Do you realise that I do not even know in what part of Australia you intend to settle? And that if I do not post this letter in time to reach you at Gibraltar or Aden, I may quite literally lose sight of you for ever?

To return to Father, it now appears that he must have been ailing for some time — all winter, perhaps. I can't help an ache at my heart when I think that if we had had more patience matters might now be very different for us. Not that I am blaming you, dear, or thinking that you should not have gone, for although there can be no mistaking that Father's ailment is fatal, nevertheless his illness

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NO MESSY FINGERS WITH BLUO

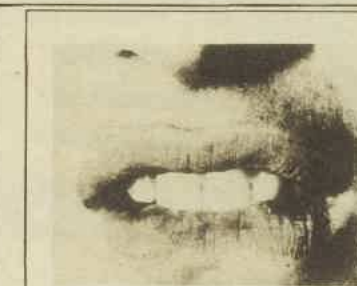
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Out-of-form yesterday ...



Top of form today.

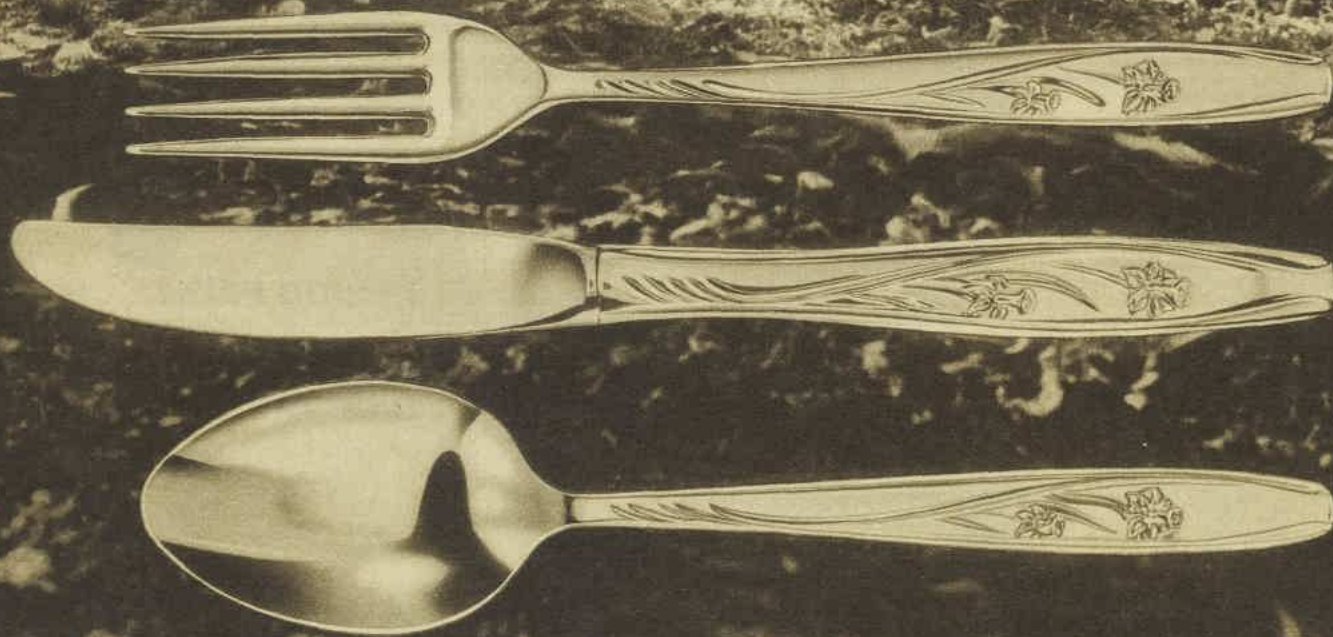
Barbara was first in the under nine sprint today. "But yesterday," says Barbara's mother, "she wouldn't eat any dinner and was so crabby. Good thing I remembered Laxettes. She's as bright as a button today." When children are irritable, off their food, headache — suspect hidden constipation. It's usually Mother Nature's job to keep children regular. But when Nature forgets, remember Laxettes, the chocolate laxative. Laxettes restore regularity overnight. Gently. Safely. Surely. Laxettes tonight, and tomorrow they're right.

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ONE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

may be long and painfully drawn out. Poor, poor Father. I suppose in a way my reaction to your going has been altered by these new circumstances.

Perhaps now you can see there was something to be said for my remaining behind. In spite of all the happiness I have forfeited, I am glad — oh, so glad — that I, too, am not at this moment thousands of miles away. You will hardly believe me, Alan, but, all things considered, I can almost say I am happy. Our parting no longer seems so senseless as it did the night you left.

I am, of course, doing everything I can for him, but the fact is that very little can be done. He is to have a small exploratory operation, but the disease may well be too advanced for much to be done. At his age, an operation is always a risk, but the doctors see no reason for thinking he will not get through it. His heart, they say, is as strong as the heart of a young man.

I SHOULD tell you that I do not really expect a reply, although I am nearly miserable enough to crave any crumb of comfort! Quite frankly, at times I cannot believe you are really gone. I will leave it to you, dear.

Vera. P.S. I did not stick down the envelope when I realised in how short a time I would have the surgeon's opinion. Things are as I feared. It is now only a question of time. However, there is a further operation advised, not so much in the hope of prolonging his life as of making what is left of it more comfortable. I have given my consent. After that, we will be going home — by ambulance, of course. You can imagine how I hate breaking that news to him.

We will have to bring back a nurse, too — which is another thing he will resent. But I will do my best to get a pleasant and agreeable girl. Thank God I am here. But oh, Alan, it would give me some solace to think that at last you may see my point? Perhaps I will expect a line from you after all — just a line. And although I don't suppose your letter will in any way alter anything in our situation, I cannot for all that hide the eagerness with which I will look for it.

V. The second operation was successful only in that the patient got over it. The pain was bought off, but at the price of new discomfort. "I didn't realise he'd be so helpless," Vera said to the nurse as they waited for the ambulance that was to take them home. "He'll hate being carried down on a stretcher."

"He's a lucky man it's not in his coffin," the nurse said practically.

Vera stared at her. She had not, in the end, been able to pick and choose her nurse. She had to take the first one that came to hand. Indeed,

she had hardly glanced at her in the hospital, and even when they got into the ambulance she was only aware of how much room the creature took up; she was the big, hefty sort, who sat firmly planted down, with her feet apart. Her face wasn't bad, although her skin was thick and the big brown eyes seemed lacking in expression. But there was one point in her favor — the sick man had taken to her.

"What is your first name, Nurse?" he asked.

And when she said it was Rita, he started to call her that. It was extremely distasteful to Vera.

The ambulance had to go slow, and the journey seemed as if it would never end. "Is it far more?" the nurse kept asking. And once, when they went over a hump in the road, she snapped at Vera, "You shouldn't have moved him!"

"We're nearly there, Nurse," Vera said, ignoring the criticism.

The nurse shrugged. "I wouldn't answer for him if there's another jolt like that!"

"Mind would he hear you!" Vera whispered, and at the next lurch she said fiercely, "I'd rather die on the way home than in a hospital, anyway!" Over the patient's head, their eyes met hostilely.

When at last they got home, however, and Lily came flying down the steps, all warmth and goodwill, the nurse brightened considerably.

"Upsy-daisy!" Lily cried, as the stretcher listed and tilted on its way up the stairs. And what might have been an ordeal was made to seem almost a lark.

"She'd make a great ward maid," Rita said, looking after her when the patient was finally settled in his bed. "Had she any previous experience of nursing, I wonder?"

"None whatever!" Vera cried, disclaiming the compliment to Lily as if it had been paid to her, and, feeling that the occasion asked for an answering zest, she called after Lily, who was going down to make a cup of tea, "Put two extra cups on the tray, Lily! We'll all have some."

But the nurse hurried out. "Put mine on a separate tray, please," she countermanded. And she turned to Vera, "Our regulations strictly forbid us to eat in the sickroom. I'd advise you not to do so, either."

Vera reddened with annoyance. "Just one cup extra, so, Lily," she said.

The sad thing was that her father didn't seem to appreciate her attention. "Where is she having hers?" he asked. "Oughtn't you to keep her company?"

"I don't think she cares particularly for my company," Vera said.

But he misunderstood her. "Oh, she will. She will!" he said. "Give her time."

Irritated beyond words, Vera gulped down her tea and went out again to where, on the landing, the nurse was standing with her cup in her

hand, leaning down over the banisters. She was staring at the old prints on the wall. The house had made some impression, Vera was glad to see. "They're Malton prints," she said proudly. She let her own glance travel with pleasure around the white medallioned walls and the wide stone staircase that poured down between the iron banisters like a mountain cataract.

The nurse's voice broke in on her. "A bit of a rookery, isn't it?" she said. And she turned and looked out of the landing window at the flat fields. "It must be bleak in bad weather. Lonely, too, I'd say. Or are you used to it?"

Bleak! Lonely! Did that mean the creature might not stay? Vera stared out of the window. The tangled shrubs stripped of leaves were twisted with strands of barbed brair. A stranger might think it a prison.

"Oh, it doesn't matter to me," the nurse said. "I'm only here for a while, but how do you stick it?" A faint curiosity showed for the first time in her eyes. "I don't suppose you'll stay on here, will you — afterward, I mean?" she said, and she nodded toward the door of the sickroom.

Vera said nothing. Then she became aware of a deep resentment. Why should this woman assume that but for her father she would be alone in the world? On a reckless impulse, she faced around. "I may be going out to Australia," she flashed. The next minute she would have given anything to take back those words. It didn't make her feel any better that the nurse made nothing out of her lie.

"You've people out there, I suppose?" she said. "I've people out there myself. They're always writing and asking me out. I might go sometime, too, but I'd never settle down there." Her expression changed. "I have other plans!"

Vera stared. There was a kind of smirk in the woman's eyes. A fellow — that was it! Involuntarily, she glanced at the nurse's left hand.

But Rita laughed and spread out her bare hands. "We're not allowed to wear jewellery on duty!" She laughed. "A ring above all! Bad for the morale of the patients! Oh, you may not think it," she said, as Vera raised her eyebrows, "but it's a fact. You'd be surprised how it depresses them." She nodded toward the sickroom. "At any age!"

"How ridiculous!" Vera said. Yet almost at once Alan's words came to her mind. Oh, but when those words were said her father was well. And, anyway, sick or well, was it likely that a big lump like this would strike a spark in her father? "I think you overestimate my father's capacities," she said. "And now, if you'll excuse me, there are a few things I have to discuss with him — confidentially."

The nurse drew herself up. "He's not able for much," she said warningly. But at that moment Lily's voice came up from below in a snatch of song. "I'll tell you what!" Rita said more humanly, and

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REMEMBER WHAT FATHER SAID



Noah Johnston, with his wife and their two young children, sat quietly on the veranda.

NOAH slumped wearily on the shovel.

Could the sun grow hotter? He squinted up at the terrifying yellow; as he moved, the strings below his knees tightened on his legs. He scratched without thinking. Market tomorrow. Not much to take. Lord, send some rain. Not a sprinkle, a downpour. Noah kicked the parched red soil. Rich enough, but so dry.

He moved to the sparse shade under the big gum and thought of the last market. Seven shillings. And a city man talking about eight hours' work a day or something. Where were the people who believed in good, hard work and respect for the Lord? His father knew. Out from the Old Country during the Rush. Worked hard and prayed hard. Never found any gold. A bit late, perhaps. But he left good, clean land.

Noah crumbled soil in his fingers. Well, back to it — they won't grow on their own. He moved to the part-tilled row.

When it was too dark to see the weeds, Noah shouldered his coat and his shovel and trudged wearily to the shack, his feet raising little pinky-brown puffs of dust, almost invisible in the failing light. The lamplight showed faintly yellow through the cracked wall and window joints.

Carefully he washed his encrusted face and hands. He strained off the old boots and rinsed his aching feet. Then he used the pint of precious liquid to rinse and clean the shovel.

"Let us pray." Dinner over, Noah Johnston, his wife, and their two small children sat on the veranda.

"We humbly thank thee, Lord, for the mercies of our life, our health, and our happiness . . ." He looked up from his father's handwritten prayer-book and continued with a rush . . . "and please, Lord, I don't like complainin', but some rain would be awful nice."

He lowered his head and eyes, surprised at his own forwardness. His eye caught the children, poorly dressed but clean. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," his father always said. He shut the book, and they got ready for bed. "Early to bed . . ." his father always said. Besides, the lamp oil had to be bought in town. "Look after the pennies . . ." his father used to say.

Noah heaved the handcart, half full of sickly vegetables, and set out as the first red broke in the east. He had never noticed the lack of a horse — this was his lot, and thank you, Lord, for fresh air and good earth. As he plodded and

shoved the miles to town, he watched the day develop — surprised, as he saw clouds growing on the horizon. Thank you, Lord. Just let them stay.

He wasn't like the others in the market, not brash and flashy. Quietly he stood by his cart, and just as quietly the customers passed. At sunset he wearily gathered the rest of the vegetables into a corner of the cart. A cabbage and a couple of pitiful carrots. No good to sell, but "waste not, want not," his father used to say.

Pushing this time, he set out on the long, dark, lonely trek home. Six shillings and a bag of flour. He glanced up. The sky hung black and heavy, and the first heavy plop landed at his feet.

As his stiff legs marched the miles, the rain grew steadily heavier. No trickle here, thought Noah, as he took off his old shirt and allowed the water to wash over his grateful body. A mile later, the sun gone, he felt chill. The shirt went on to his sticky back, then the coat. And still it poured.

He started looking for the light, but he could barely see the front of the cart through the spears of water. The track was running now, and Noah was slowed, putting his feet up and down nearly in the same place. He tried to remember if he had put enough wood in. This sudden cold was no good for the children. The thought of the fire cheered him on.

He should see the light any minute now. Still, he was going slower than usual. The steam of his breath mixed with the rivulets of his face, and the water leaked through his hat into his eyes. He decided to leave the cart and pick it up in the morning. No one out here would touch it. He struggled into the blackness.

Her eyes were red and damp. The parson shook her hand and turned away slowly. The scrubbed but scruffy urchins at her side tugged at her skirts.

"Aw, come on, Mummy, let's go home."

"Now, Noah, remember what your father used to say — 'patience is a virtue'; we'll be going soon."

The three wandered slowly away from the slab church after the funeral, their feet raising little pinky-brown puffs of dust in the failing light. He used to say every cloud had a silver lining, too, she thought, and a solitary tear rolled down her weathered cheek.

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By CLINTON OLNEY

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



by TIM

'What a pity she bites her nails'

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she caught up the tray. "I'll take this down and give that girl instructions about the meals. I'm dying for a smoke." For a big girl, she went down the stairs at a good lick! She was probably younger than she looked.

When Vera went in to her father he looked up. "Oh, is it you?" he said, obviously disappointed.

"Yes, it's me," she said flatly. "Are you comfortable, Father? Will I fix your pillows?"

"No!" Impatiently, he put out his hand. "Leave them! She'll do them. She has a knack."

"Well, I should hope so! It's part of her training. I don't think we should leave everything to her, all the same," she said. "Is there nothing you'd like me to do?"

He was lying back, looking up at the ceiling, but he glanced around the room. "You could get her a chair," he said. He frowned at the hard bentwood chair beside his bed. "She ought to have

a big armchair. Where did you put her, anyway?"

"Up beside Lily," she said dully. "Isn't it dark up there under the roof?" He didn't actually frown, but she could see he was dissatisfied. And then he said something outrageous. "Why didn't you give her your room?"

"I gave her the room Lily had got ready for her," she said tartly, but under his stare she weakened. "It would have been an awful job to move out all my things."

"You'd have time to do it now while she's downstairs," he said, so casual it was almost sly.

But from below at that moment came the sound of laughter. "I think it would be a great mistake to move her away from Lily," she said. "They seem to be getting on famously."

ONE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47

"She'd be nearer to me if she was in your room."

"You seem to forget, Father, that what would be an advantage to you might not be one to her. She's not a night nurse, you know. To convenience her during the day seems quite unnecessary. We are paying her, after all! But she was sorry she'd mentioned money. "Please let me fix your pillows, Father?" she said.

He waved her hand away again. "Leave them," he said. And he looked up at her cunningly. "That's part of what we're paying her for, isn't it? How much is her salary, anyway?"

Oh, why had she brought up the subject! "That's my worry, Father," she said. Before he went into the hospital, he had arranged for her to have a power of attorney. Once or twice, he questioned her as to how she

was managing, but only in a vague way, and gradually she had taken full responsibility. As his sole heir anyway, she felt it was virtually her own money she was spending. "Her wages are not much, really they're not," she lied. "And she's well worth every penny we pay her, isn't she?" She forced out the words.

It was sad to see how readily he lent himself to her deception. "We're very lucky to get a girl like her," he said. "What's keeping her, I wonder."

"She'll be up in a minute, I'm sure, Father," she said, but she couldn't resist giving him a dig. "I don't think we should grudge her any time she spends below. It's lonely here, you know, and neither you nor I have much to offer her!"

"That's true," he said, but lukewarmly. Then he spoke with a burst of his old energy. "What are you waiting for? Why don't you get that chair?" He closed his eyes. "I'll try and get some sleep," he said. "I want to save my strength all I can."

Save it for what? For that nurse, she supposed. Dejectedly, she left him. And when, as she went out on to the landing, there was another peal of laughter from below, the tears came into her eyes. All at once it seemed to Vera that in her own home there was no place for her. She was not wanted upstairs or down. And then the kitchen door opened and she heard footsteps in the hall below. Hastily, she dried her eyes as Rita came to the foot of the stairs.

"Oh, there you are," the nurse said.

Was it imagination, or did the nurse look up at her with a more lively interest? But then, the nurse looked more interesting to Vera — less lumpy and heavy. Her big brown eyes, like berries that had ripened, were warmer, softer. And as she came up the stairs two at a time, she was smiling. Halfway up, she stopped. Her hands were behind her back. "Which

hand will you have?" she called out gaily.

A letter!

"Lily forgot to give this to you in all the fuss," she said. "A little bird told me you were expecting it." So they had been talking about her! But not disparagingly.

Filled with joy, Vera took the letter. "Thank you," she said it so earnestly that Rita laughed.

"You'd think I wrote it," she said. "Off with you now and read it."

Vera was warmed by her friendliness. But when she went into her room and sat down on her bed, her heart went chill with apprehension. Supposing he was angry with her for having written! That his letter might not be a reply to hers at all simply did not occur to her — not until she was halfway down the first page.

Dear Vera:

I won't try to tell you how I felt when the boat sailed. But it isn't to blame you that I write. Far from it, Vera. And I know that if you were here with me now I could imagine no greater happiness, because apart altogether from my own feelings of emptiness and desolation the voyage itself promises to be very enjoyable. We left London

At this point she stopped. And as she realized he hadn't got her letter her hands began to tremble. He, too, could not endure a total severance! Her eyes flew back to the close-written page.

I must tell you a funny thing. Today on the promenade deck I saw a young woman seemingly — like myself — alone. And, oh, Vera, she was so like you! — it was uncanny, really. For a moment I was mad enough to think it was you — that you'd thrown your scraps to the winds and followed me. As if you would! Truly, though, Vera, the likeness in profile anyway was remarkable. When she turned around

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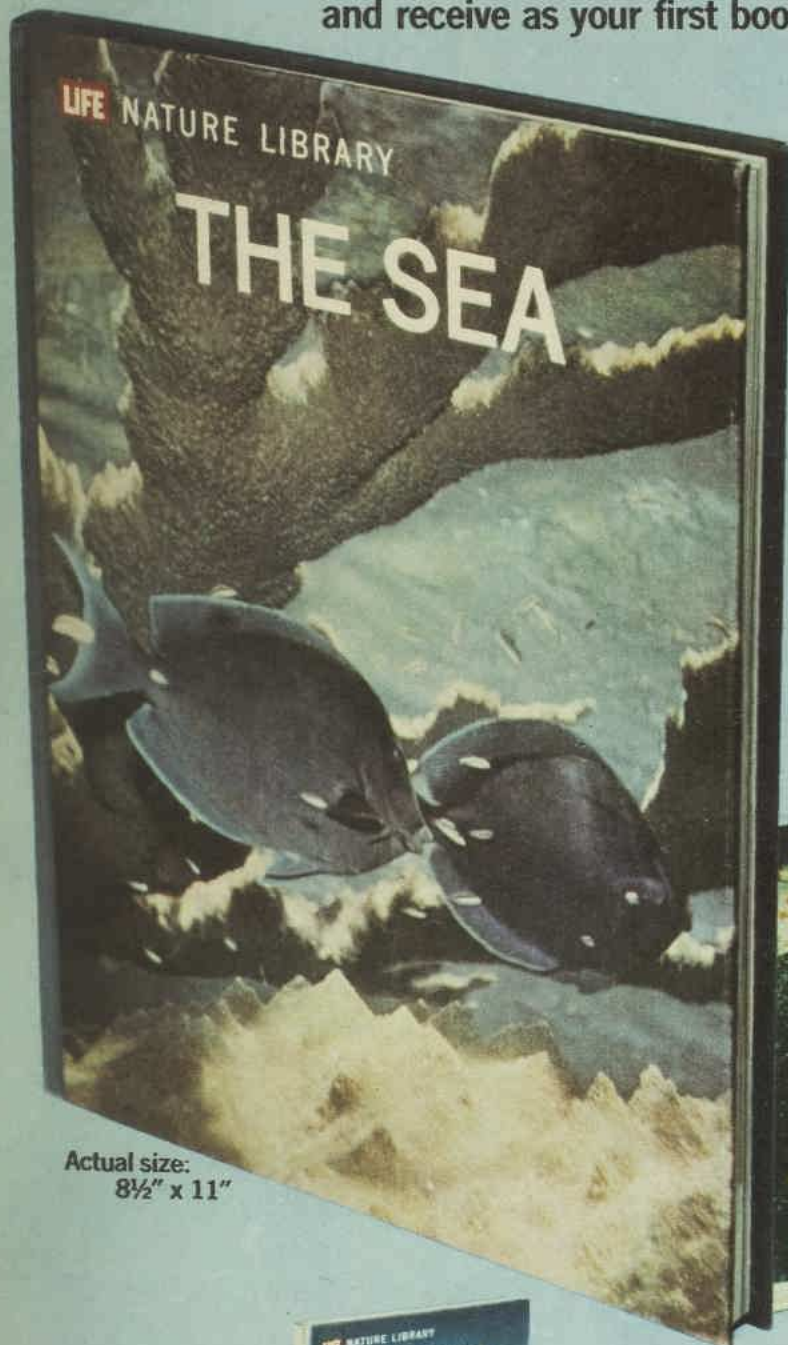
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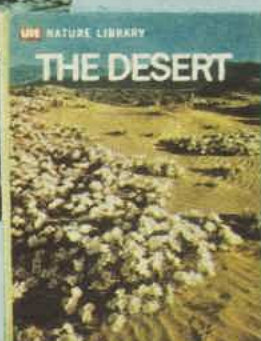
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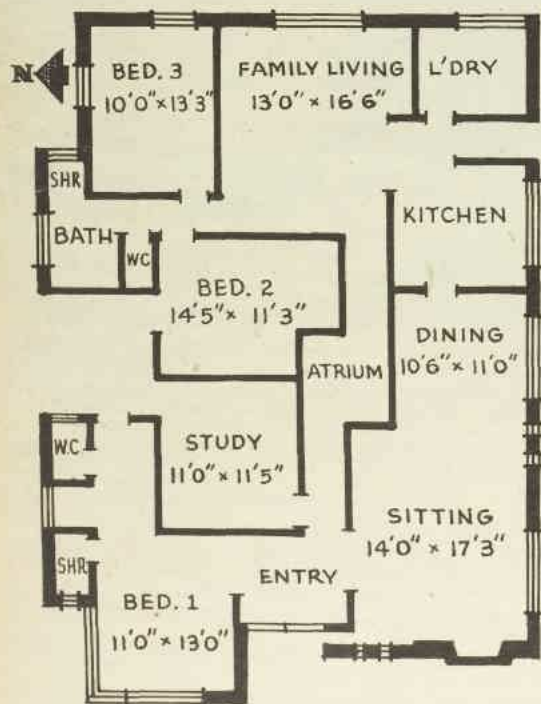
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A family house that looks ahead

KITCHEN (above) looks out into family room, with breakfast bar in between. The tall cupboards, at left, conceal sewing machine, wide work benches, and storage pockets.

BEDROOM (below) for three-year-old Andrew and Christopher, born last February. Opposite is two-year-old Bronwyn's room and between them a bathroom for the three children.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - No. 1967



HOUSE of the WEEK

EXTERIOR VIEW (above) of Mr. and Mrs. John Mason's house at Highett, Vic., shows unusual gabled roof and cathedral windows underneath it. Back door is at left of carport.

MASTER builder Mr. John Mason and his wife have designed their new house at Highett, Vic., round life with a growing family.

Although he is not a qualified architect, Mr. Mason drew up the plans and supervised the building of the 20-square brick house, which features an unusual gabled ceiling and cathedral windows.

Rooms are grouped so those used for entertaining are on one side of the house, and the bedrooms are on the other.

The back of the house is the domain of the three Mason children. Their two bedrooms are separated by a bathroom (which has a night-light over the door) and have access to a sunny patio. Nearby is the family room which forms an indoor play area.

Adjacent to the family room are the kitchen and laundry, so Mrs. Mason can keep an eye on the children while she is working. Leading off the kitchen is the dining area and sitting-room.

"When the children grow up they will have an almost self-contained flat with its own entrance at the back of the house for entertaining their friends," said Mrs. Mason.

The interesting gabled ceiling — designed to give a feeling of space and height — is covered at its central point by a perspex dome, an area which the Masons call the atrium "because it reminds us of the courts in the centre of ancient Roman houses."

They plan to use this as a feature area for paintings and indoor plants.

Huge floor-to-ceiling cupboards in the family room hold linen (on slatted shelves for airing) and also a large pram, when it is not in use.

One cupboard contains a sewing machine and, with its wide work benches and pockets on the doors to hold patterns, cottons, and materials, becomes a compact sewing area.

"It's marvellous," said Mrs. Mason. "If visitors call when I'm sewing, I just close the doors on the mess. And there's a lock, so the equipment is safe from the children."

Story by Beverley Cooper

Pictures by Brian Ferguson



SITTING-ROOM (above) shows interior effect of the cathedral windows and gabled ceiling, designed to give a feeling of space and height. Doors partition off dining area in foreground.

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

I could see, of course, she was much rounder in the face than you, although there was still something about her eyes and the shape of her forehead and even the way she wore her hair that almost broke my heart.

You should have seen the look she gave me, though, when she caught me staring at her. I suppose I should have done the civilised thing and explained myself to her. I'll have to do so if I meet her again, which is likely enough, I suppose. The passenger list is small for a ship of this tonnage.

Do you know that we travelled at 17 knots yesterday and 18 knots today? But these bulletins can mean little to you! Why do I tell you about them, you may ask. Ah, but then why am I writing this letter at all? I can hear you saying I have not the courage of my convictions. And you are right. Our decision to make a clean break was the only sane one. But do not blame me too much. I promise I will try hard not to

ONE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

transgress again. Let us regard this as another farewell. Goodbye and God bless you. Give my respects to your father. I hope he is well.

Alan.

She put down the letter. Two farewells! As if one was not bad enough. Well! By now he would have got her letter. She'd have another communication from him soon — a cablegram, perhaps. And for the rest of the voyage he need not feel so bereft. How well she knew the poignancy of the moment when that strange woman reminded him of her. She herself a dozen times had fancied some hurrying stranger in the streets to be him, only to find that, close up, there would be no vestige of likeness, and what seemed a concession of memory would turn out to be an ugly trick of the eye.

But oh, if that woman had

in fact been her! For a long time she sat on her bed thinking of him, but although there was a chance that now she might, after all, be joining him out there in Australia some day, her sadness was not lessened. A forfeit had been paid — that voyage out with him.

But what was going on outside on the landing? For some time she had been aware of noises — pushings and shovings — and now the two girls were running down the stairs, giggling. She opened her door. The door of the sickroom was open, and she could see her father lying on his side, facing the wall. At her step he turned around. "Where were you?" he asked crossly. "They had to do everything themselves!"

Then she saw that the big wardrobe in which his clothes had been kept was gone, and in its place was a moth-eaten

red plush armchair that used to be in Lily's room. The pictures had been taken down, too.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked, thawing a bit because he was himself so pleased.

"It's nice and airy certainly, Father," she said cautiously. Did he not see that it was the appurtenances of life that had been taken away? The bareness of the room depressed her.

"She's going to take up the carpet tomorrow," he said, "and Lily's going to scrub the floor. It'll be cool for the summer."

Involuntarily she glanced out of the window. An east wind had driven across the land all week and blackened the early blossoms. "Summer is still a long way off, I'm afraid," she said, and in her voice there must have been a latent bitterness, because he looked at her sharply.

He reached out and caught her hand. "Do you ever hear from him?" he asked.

"Is it Alan?" she asked stupidly. The name had not been uttered by either of them since the day he'd insinuated that she'd been let down. She hesitated. "I had a letter some time ago, Father," she said.

"I knew you would," he said quietly. "He'll want you to go out to him one of these days. That will be the next thing!"

TO her astonishment, she saw that the expression on his face was one of satisfaction.

"Mark my words," he said. "You'll be going out there some day." He meant when he'd be dead? But how nicely he'd settled things in his own regard. "What do you think yourself?" he asked, and his eyes were fixed on her insistently.

She ought to be glad that he was not a prey to remorse — that his mind was at ease about her. But she could only shrug. "Who knows!" she said, and turned away.

"That's right," he said, lost in his complacency. "There's no knowing what is in store for us."

The bareness of the room was depressing, and she made an excuse to leave him.

If life had ebbed from the sickroom, however, the rest of the house teemed with it. Lily and Rita had only to be together down in the kitchen for five minutes and the din was deafening. Rita was so different from what Vera had first taken her to be. She was so cheerful and so gay! As time went on, she gave a hand with everything—peeling potatoes, scraping vegetables, drying up dishes. Prodigious of herself in all directions, she helped Vera, too, mending torn linen, darning, and even doing a bit of dress-making on the side.

Her effect on Lily was extraordinary. The girl went about her work in a whirl, giddily doing chores for everyone. One day, she washed the doctor's car when he was upstairs!

It was with the patient, though, that Rita had her greatest success. Vera blushed to remember the suspicions she had had on the first day. It was true that Rita flirted with him, but this was soon understood by all of them to be a kind of charity. It helped him to keep up appearances in spite of his steady deterioration. To Vera's amazement, Rita brought out a foppishness in him of which she herself had never imagined him capable, though she sometimes wondered if he might not be voluntarily lending himself to the blandishments, playing a part in a kind of ritual. There was about the sickroom at times the blended gaiety and gloom of carnival.

One day, a strange thought crossed Vera's mind. She had tried in the past, without success, to imagine what it would be like to be married to Alan. Now, listening to the happy babble in the house and seeing day run into day, purposeful and busy, she began to think that if she were married and had children, this perhaps, was what her life would be like. To lovers, love might seem an isolated place, shutting them in and shutting out the world, but channelled marriage would it not quickly become a populous place from which in time another generation would have to seek an escape?

Vera smiled at her thoughts. Her life for the moment was certainly a good substitute for marriage! In spite of the shadow of death, the house was very happy. She herself was so happy that she was hardly surprised one afternoon when there was a knock on the door and she opened it to the postman. The letter. It had come.

Like the last, this letter was long. It was not written on ship's paper, however, but bore the letterhead of a hotel in Gibraltar. And this time Vera knew immediately that it was not a reply to her. Before she had read a line some of the good went out of it for her.

Dear Vera:

As you can see, I am writing this in the Grand Hotel, Gibraltar; on the veranda, as a matter of fact. I am engaged on one of the excursions arranged by the ship's officers, and as it happens I have had an unexpected wait. But I am running on—I must explain myself a bit further.

I really should have begun by telling you my reason for writing a second time. I'm sure you did not expect a letter, although this morning when I saw the mailbags on the deck it crossed my own mind that there might have been one from you—oh, just a word of goodwill, Vera, nothing more, but I would have appreciated it. At it happened, we did not get our mail.

Can you imagine, the launch that took us ashore was the same one that brought the passenger mail aboard a few minutes earlier! So that, as we were carried away, we had the frustration of seeing the sacks being dragged into the purser's office for sorting.

The letter rambled on and on. Oh, it was too much! Then, at the bottom of a page, a few words leaped out at her:

... and so it may yet be that, in spite of everything, it will be to you that I will owe my life's happiness. And that, Vera, is why I write to you in such haste. I want to give you a hint of what I dare presume may be in store for me. And I want you to know how much I hope that for you, too, the same happiness is in store, of which the happiness we had together may have been only a foreshadowing.

Bewildered, she turned back. Then, beside herself, she skipped through the first pages.

You will remember how we often spoke of destiny? It certainly does seem now that there was, after all, a strange concatenation of events in my life. Not only did I, in a way, initially undertake this voyage because of you, and most certainly because of you at the time I did, but it was a likeness to you that first drew my attention to Mary. That is her name: Mary Seward, the girl I told you about in my other letter. It is for her I'm waiting here in the hotel at this moment.

When I ran into her on deck the day after my last letter to you, and we got into chat, I cannot tell you how

Special people brush with



the special toothbrush



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Johnson & Johnson

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● Victorian china

ENCLOSED is a picture of a pottery jug (right) which has been in my mother's family for a long time. It bears an attractive raised pattern and is marked on the bottom (mark sketched but not published). If you can tell us anything about

the history of this jug we would be very interested. — Miss D. Clemence, Ballarat, Vic.

The Victorian pottery jug was made in Staffordshire. It bears the standard registration mark, which indicates that the design was recorded (to prevent design

piracy) on January 4, 1855. This is merely the date of registration and is not necessarily the year in which the jug was made. If the design was popular, then the potter continued to reproduce the jug. Your jug dates from 1855 up to about 1860.



● Staffordshire jug

I LOVE my little jug and bowl, even if they're not genuine "anything" at all, because they are so exquisite and joyous. The jug is about 3in. high in glazed milky white with gold marking on handle and rim, and pitted with small black flaws which I have seen illustrated in early examples of Chelsea ware. I can find no marking on the unglazed base. The lip of the jug forms a face and a seated child is playing a trumpet while a boy and girl dance. The bowl has children at play with bat and ball. I have seen a piece of china said to be genuine Bow china which reminds me strongly of this. — Mrs. A. Scanlan, New Plymouth, N.Z.

Your small bowl and jug are neither Chelsea (circa 1743 to 1769) nor Bow (1745 to 1775). They are fine examples of English Staffordshire and were made during the second quarter of the nineteenth century. Unless I inspected them personally I could not attribute them to a particular potter. The decorative motifs are nineteenth century in character; in fact, a style which was particularly fashionable during the Victorian era.



● Italian clock

CAN you please give me information about my pendulum clock and matching vases? The face of the clock is blue and gold with gold hands and is surrounded with china. It is marked "Ginori" and has the numbers "279-753." — G.B.W., Scottsdale, Tas.

Your Italian Majolica pottery clock set was made about 1880.

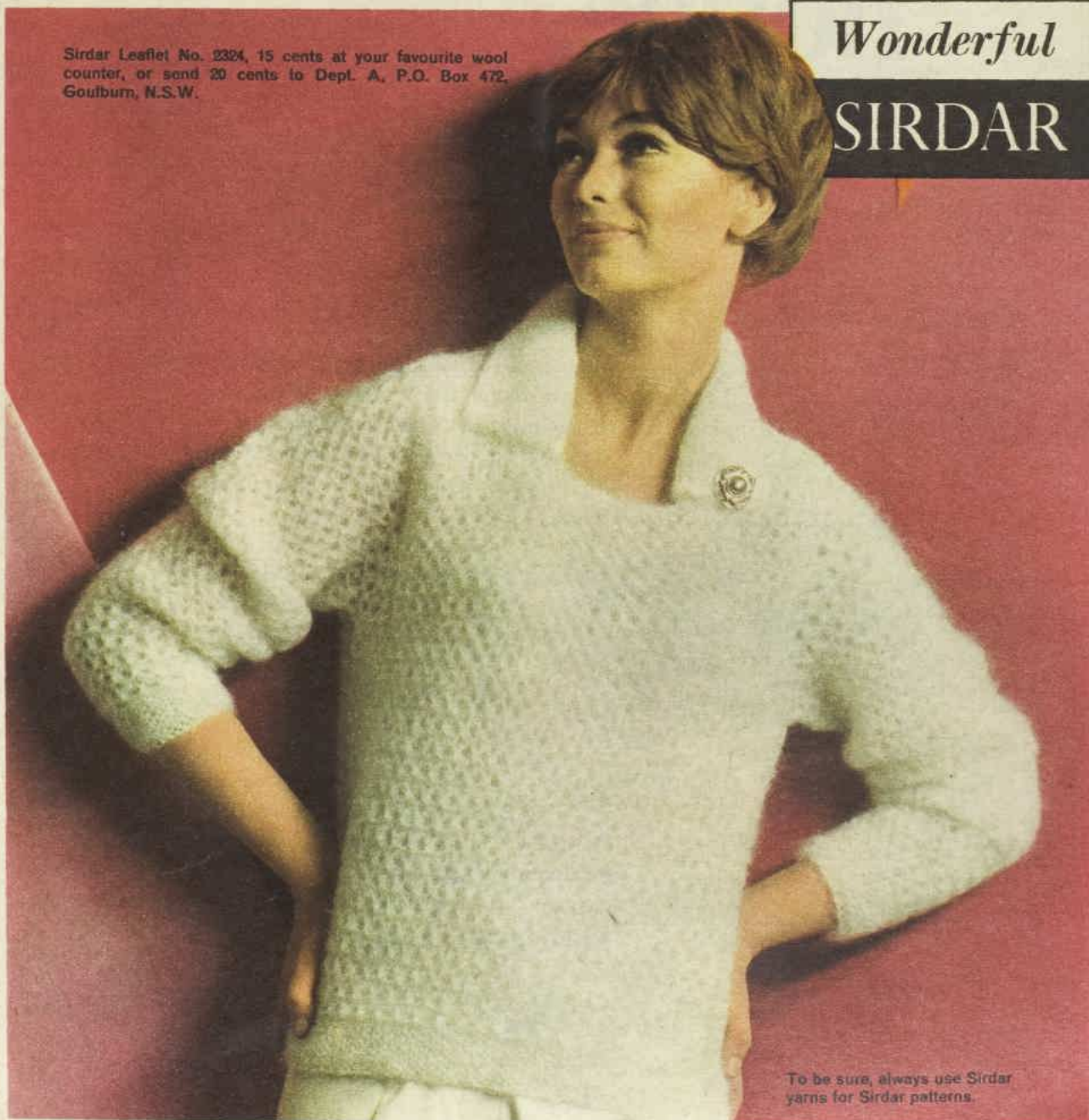
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“
...it says
cooking margarine
but don't take any
notice.”

MRS. JONES

As soon as you buy it, forget you bought a margarine boldly labelled “Cooking Margarine” on the outside. Eta Super Spread Cooking Margarine belongs on the table right next to the breadboard. So please taste it and make up your own mind. So why label it “cooking



Sold in cube pack in some areas.

margarine”? It's that quota thing. We can't label it t**** margarine. The quota system won't let us. But we can make a superb margarine to team with bread in the nicest way. We must label it “cooking margarine.” The rest is up to you, if you like it please spread

the word. Eta Super Spread Cooking

Margarine is about 38 cents a lb. It's packed in a gold box with a red name tag. It's an all-Australian margarine and it's made by Marrickville.

Spread the word.

much I was struck by several small resemblances between you. In no time at all I was telling her about you. I found her so understanding. It was the beginning of our friendship. And now it seems that there is to be more in it for us than mere friendship. How strange to think you and I knew each other for so long, and Mary and I have just flown into each other's lives while both of us, as she put it rather beautifully, were "on the wing."

When things are settled, I will write to you again. And if I am not mistaken, Mary will want to write to you, too. She told me last night how very conscious she was of the part you played in our lives. She said she would like to thank you. In spite of the distance that divides us, it is my hope that you two will be friends.

But I must stop. I see her coming. We will have to hurry, as we must be back on the ship at 10.45 p.m. In haste, but with affectionate remembrance,

Alan.

AFFECTIONATE remembrance! It was like a line on a mortuary card. As for that sentimental rubbish from the other woman, that hurt most of all.

Oh, it was so humiliating! And what would Lily and Rita think? Vera sprang to her feet. But as she stood staring down at the miserable pages, her heart froze at a sound from her father's room. "Oh, heavens, what is that?" she said out loud. Headlong, she ran on to the landing. Although low, those sounds had filled the house, and ahead of her Rita and Lily had raced up the stairs and were with her father. Rita was bending over the bed, and Lily was on her knees, mopp-



Soften those Forehead Lines

Cherish the smooth serenity of your forehead by firmly coaxing a film of vitalizing night cream into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements. Now placing the hands on the centre of the forehead with fingers interlocked, pull the fingers apart, so that the Ulan vitalizing night cream is smoothed across the forehead to ease away any vertical lines.

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VACULOID

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - May 3, 1967

ONE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

ping up the floor. "What is the matter?" Vera cried.

Her father was almost entirely out of the bed, leaning forward in a position so grotesque that, combined with the way they were holding him, it made it seem as if he were trying to swim or to fly. He was retching violently. And as the black bile poured out of him it seemed that by its force he, too, was splayed out over the side of the bed.

"Vera!" he gasped as their eyes met. Do you see now for what it was that I saved my strength, those eyes seemed to ask.

As suddenly as it started,

The letter? A thousand years could have passed since she'd read it. Alan and his bride-to-be had shrunk to specks on a very far horizon. Even the pain they'd inflicted had been deadened. "Not really," she said quickly.

But Rita's eyes probed her through and through. "A little misunderstanding, I expect!" she said lightly. She went out.

Vera moved over to the bed. Her father was conscious again. She bent and kissed his forehead. Wasn't he all she had in the world now? She had a great longing to unburden herself to him, to



the retching stopped. And where before he seemed to have been flung forward, now he seemed to be flung back, his gaze transfixed.

Rita, as white as a sheet, straightened up. Her face was wet with sweat. "Another minute and he would have been gone! He shouldn't have been left alone."

"Is he dying?" Vera cried hysterically, trying to push past her to get to the bed. "Oh, not at all; he's all right now," Rita said impatiently. "We got to him in time."

Vera was shaking. "What does it mean?" she cried.

Rita swung around. "I'll tell you what it means," she said callously. "It means that you'll have to get a night nurse right away! Where would we be if this happened during the night? He could have choked!"

Vera's face reddened. "Wouldn't I have heard him?" she cried.

"You didn't hear him in broad daylight, did you?" Rita said. She wiped her hair back from her face. "A nice kettle of fish that would have been — for me, I mean. We should have had one from the start, I suppose, but I was sparing you."

"There was no need for that!" The tears came into Vera's eyes. When had she been giggling?

Rita had the grace to be ashamed at least. "It's not that I'd mind getting up at night," she said. "But if I lost my sleep too often I'd be of no use to you or to him. Goodwill isn't enough in nursing," she added awkwardly.

"I understand, Nurse," Vera said. It took an effort to be polite.

"I hope you do," Rita looked more contrite every minute. "I want to give him an injection," she said. "I'll have to go upstairs to my room for a new needle. Will you stay with him while I prepare it?" As she went out of the room, she looked back.

"There wasn't bad news in your letter, was there?" she asked.

tell him about her heart-break.

But Rita was back. "Well! A nice fright you gave us!" she said briskly as she came in the door. "Why didn't you call someone? Shame on you!" Across the bed, she winked at Vera. Then, bending down, she smiled into the sick man's eyes and her voice was soft and cajoling. "I'm only joking," she said. "It was our fault. We shouldn't have left you alone. But it won't happen again. We can promise you that! We're going to get someone to sit up with you and keep you company, even at night. Won't that be nice?"

When he looked taken aback, she gave him a playful nudge. "We'd have had one long ago, only we couldn't find anyone fetching enough for you!"

For a moment, her father seemed to hesitate, and then, playing his part, he tried to smile. "How about a blonde this time?" he whispered.

"Come, now. I can't have talk like that," Rita said. "I'll be getting jealous."

"Oh, you'll always be my first love, Nurse," he said, but it made Vera sad to hear that he had given Rita back her formal title.

It wasn't easy to get another nurse, with the summer coming on. After several trips to the phone in the village post office with no success, Rita said desperately, "I wonder if we ought to try for a nurse attendant. All we need really is someone to sit with him at night. And I know one who's free — a very reliable person. We were on a case together before. She's an old dear."

"Oh, she's old?" Vera was doubtful at once.

"She's fairly old," Rita said, "there's no denying it. But she's very efficient. She's had enough experience, goodness knows!" And here it seemed she could not help laughing. Vera felt she might have been less unfeeling.

Next day, however, when the old nurse stepped out of the taxi at the door, Vera's own first impulse was to laugh. She looked a million

years old. How would her father take this? It took them five minutes to get her up the steps, and once inside she didn't seem to have a glimmer about direction; several times they found her going the wrong way along a corridor, or looking for the patient's room on the wrong landing.

It was nearly eleven that first night before they'd got her ready for her duties of the night. She'd be almost as much trouble as the patient, Vera thought uneasily as she said good night to her. She herself was having a cup of cocoa in the kitchen with Rita and Lily before they, too, went to bed. "How can she be competent to mind a sick man at this rate?" she asked.

Rita looked both serious and sympathetic. "Don't let that worry you," she said. "Your father likes her! And that's the important thing, isn't it?"

It was true that the sick man did seem to like the old woman. Was it, perhaps, that the efforts of gallantry had been a strain? Did he welcome the peace the old creature brought with her? There was certainly a new quiet in the sickroom. He often dozed when the two of them were together. Going into the room once, it crossed Vera's mind that the old woman, too — no less than her patient — was waiting for her last end.

Her few words were uttered in so soft a voice they could not be heard outside the door, and when she moved around the room she made no sound in the old felt slippers she wore. As time passed, it even seemed that the whole house was becoming muted.

Rita and Lily were gay as ever, but, freer now to leave the house, they worked off their excess vitality in bicycle rides and an occasional dance in the village. And once or twice when they had been out late, the old lady made Rita lie in next morning. "I can rest as well in a chair as a bed," she said placidly. And, indeed, the big plush armchair was as big as a bed for her small, shrunken body. "Anyway, I'll soon have enough sleep," she said once, and it was impossible to tell whether she spoke humorously or otherwise.

"She sleeps on her feet, I think," Lily said. "Like a bird on a branch."

"All the same, I don't want to trade on her goodwill," Rita said.

And yet it was inevitable that they did — all of them, even Vera. One day, she let Rita persuade her to go for a spin on the bike with her. "You're in the house too much," Rita said. "You need to get out in the air."

"Take sandwiches with you," Lily urged. "Make a day of it."

It was not yet the real summer, but this was a day such as seldom comes even in summer. The sun shone down as they rode along between the hedges, already thickening with leaf and bud, and they laughed and talked as happily as if they were one as young and care-free as the other. Rita took her hands off the handlebars and pedalled along whistling like a messenger boy. They stopped for lunch on a long, treeless stretch of road where the banks were high but softly mounded and the ditches shallow and dry. Throwing down her bike, Rita clambered up on the bank and sat down.

"Are you sure the grass isn't damp?" Vera asked, feeling it.

"Are you mad!" Rita cried. "It hasn't rained for days!"

But they had no sooner settled themselves and taken out their packages of food



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chiropody sponge

To page 56

than rain splashed on the greaseproof paper. By the time they had got to their feet, it was pouring. "Oh, where will we shelter?" Vera cried, looking up and down the treeless road.

"Come along!" Rita cried, jumping up on her bicycle. "It's hardly worth our while sheltering at all." Already they were soaking.

"Look, there's a clump of trees ahead," Vera said, but a few moments later, when they reached it, Rita didn't stop.

"Let's keep going," she said. "We can change our clothes when we get back. I love the rain." Throwing back her head, she held her face up to it. Just then, the sky was split with lightning.

"Oh, my heavens! Did you see that?" Vera cried. Her words were drowned in a long peal of thunder.

"Oh, it's miles away," Rita said indifferently, although a second peal had volleyed over their heads.

"We can't go on!" Vera cried.

BUT there seemed to be a devil in Rita. "Why not?" she called back, and her voice was almost buried under the cataracts of sound.

To be heard, Vera had to draw abreast of her. "It's terribly dangerous!" she shouted. "Especially on a bike! Steel attracts lightning."

"Nonsense! We're safer on the bikes than anywhere! Aren't the tyres rubber?"

In any case, the clump of trees was far behind. Keeping abreast, they careered along, while to either side of them the darkening countryside was lashed with light. Shrinking down over the handlebars, Vera didn't dare to raise her head, but Rita, standing on the pedals, rose up and down with them and stared out over the transfused landscape. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"I'm scared!" Vera screamed.

Rita threw her a scathing glance. "Stay, then," she said. "I'm going on. Anyway, I've got to get back to my patient. A nice thing it would be if he hopped the twig while I was skulking in a ditch!"

In her fright, Vera's foot slipped off the pedal and she almost fell. "You didn't really mean that?" she cried.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't take me up on every word I utter," Rita yelled crossly. "It's just that you never can tell with any case!"

As if her father was only a "case" to her! "Oh, let's get back quick!" Vera cried, and with a new spurt she shot ahead. Up to then, obscurely she'd felt that the blades of light as they scythed across the tops of the hedges would not dip to find her if she crouched low enough over the handlebars. But now she, too, stood up on the pedals and pressed them down with all her might. She, too, stared out over the fields; in that eerie light they were as

strange as the fields of the moon.

Trees and bushes even on the farthest rim of the sky were suddenly brought so close their branches switched her eyeballs. Near and far were one. Then around a bend in the road the white gable of a cottage came in sight. It seemed to rear up out of nowhere. And up its walls went their shadows, hers and Rita's, riding like furies. "Look at us, Rita!" she cried. "We're like death riders in a circus!"

Then there was another flash, and a second cottage rose up out of the earth. The walls this time were rosy pink, but to Vera it seemed that they were in flames. The whole world was in flames. Even Rita was startled. "My heavens, that gave me a fright!" she cried, acknowledging with a grimace that perhaps, after all, death could have been riding with them.

When they got back at last, they could see Lily's white face pressed to the window, and as they flung down their bikes she threw open the door for them and ran back, not daring to stand in the doorway.

"How's my father?" Vera cried.

Lily grinned. "He slept through it!" she said. "The old girl, too. I might as well have been all alone. I was scared stiff. And look! I got stung by a wasp!" She held up her arm. It was red and swollen. "And what do you suppose! There's a nest of them under the kitchen window—in the grass. I nearly stood in it!" She laughed.

Rita was the one who was cross. "You'll have to do something about that!" she said sharply to Vera. "There's your father to think of! If we managed to get him out in the sun for a few hours, it would be a nice thing to have him stung to death!"

Bewildered, Vera looked at her. How could she have him dying one minute and out in the sun the next!

Vera went upstairs. Her father was still asleep. So after she changed her clothes, she ran down again. Rita and Lily were sitting at the kitchen table. They exchanged a very odd glance, but Rita immediately drew her into the conversation. "I was just saying to Lily here that those thunderstorms are usually a sign of good weather—summer storms."

"But it's only May," Vera said instinctively.

"Nearly June!" Rita said.

"And those wasps!" Lily cried. "They're a sign of summer." But she looked guilty. "Of course, this fine weather could be just a flash in the pan."

Rita gave her a quelling glance. "This could well be all the good weather we'll get. I've made that mistake too often—spent May and June watching out for the good weather and July and August finding out it was over."

They were thinking of their holidays! Vera's face must

have given her consternation away to them.

"Of course, I'd never take my holidays in the middle of a case," Rita said quickly. "That is, not if the end was in sight. There is this to be considered, though. If I were to take my holiday now, while you father's condition is fairly stable, I'd be back when you really need me."

"At the end, you mean?" Vera said quietly.

"Oh, the end could be easy enough," Rita said airily. "But he might go into a coma. You might like to have me here then! All things considered, I really think I ought to go while the going is good. And the great thing is that you won't need anyone to replace me. I sounded out the old girl and she said that if you put a cot in your father's room she could easily manage singlehanded. It isn't everyone would do it, mind you. Oh, wasn't it a godsend it was her we got! She's as good as two people rolled into one!"

So it was already settled. Vera's heart sank. How false had been her feeling of solidarity with them. These girls had their private lives, which at all costs they would safeguard from interference.

Yet when the day came for Rita to leave, her concern was genuine. "Do you think you'll be all right without me?" she asked anxiously for about the twentieth time. There was a car calling for her, and they were standing on the steps waiting to see her off.

"Her fellow," Lily whispered to Vera.

But Rita was uneasy and restless. "The wasp's nest!" she cried. "We forgot it! Oh, perhaps I oughtn't to go at all! Not that I really think your father will ever stir out of doors again, but there's the old girl to consider! What if she got stung?" She wrung her hands.

"Don't worry," Vera said placatingly. "I'll attend to it at once—tomorrow!"

"But how? That's the whole point. It may not be as easy as you think."

"What about tar?" Lily cried. "We could pour it into the nest!"

Rita shook her head. "Too hard to handle. You have to hear it. It's very dangerous. But you could set fire to it, perhaps, with petrol."

"Not petrol so near the house!" Vera cried. "The whole place could go!"

Rita bit her lip in vexation, but all at once her face lit up. "Wait!" she cried. "Have you a gun? You could fire a shot into it—at close range! But can you handle a gun?"

"I'm sure I could manage," Vera said.

"Well, then, there's no more to worry about." Leaning forward, Rita strained to see the road through the trees. "Here he is," she said as she saw a car. "I told him I'd meet him at the gate," and, catching up her bag, she gave them both a quick kiss and ran down the steps. "Goodbye," she called back. "Goodbye."

Looking after her, Vera felt curiously bereft. She looked at Lily.

"Well, that's that!" Lily said, and she turned and went back into the house.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

SO YOU'VE JUST HAD ANOTHER DAUGHTER, THAT MAKES THREE GIRLS.



I SUPPOSE WHEN THEY GROW UP THEY'LL HEN PECK YOU? OH NO.



THAT'S MY WIFE'S JOB!!!



By RUDD

The little conifers

• Dwarf conifers—domed, prostrate, fancy-shaped—make delightful specimen or contrast plants.

By ALLAN SEALE

NOT all conifers are pine trees or cypress with symmetrical form. Lesser known dwarf conifers have interesting foliage and great variety of form—prostrate, mat-like junipers, cryptomerias shaped like compact domes or quaint pagodas, classical European spruce in miniature, making fascinating specimen plants for containers or rockeries, decorative ground cover or plants for miniature landscapes.

Most are hardy. They like a loamy soil, with coarse sand or fine gravel added, so it drains freely and doesn't pack hard around the roots. A mulch of gravel, metal scree, or crushed brick will stop soil splashing over the lower foliage, keep the surface open, and set off the plants.

These conifers grow in full or part sunlight, but most golden-foliaged forms need at least half the day's sun to color well.

When planning with miniature conifers, group them as for a large-scale garden. For example, balance a tall, conical form with squat, dome-shaped varieties grouped casually out from its base. Two or three interesting domed types could stand guarding a prostrate form.

As shape is an important factor, types are grouped here accordingly. Heights indicated would be reached in about seven years, under reasonable growing conditions, but some may take 15 years.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 108

DOMESHAPED, fern-like foliage.

Chamaecyparis obtusa nana—one of the finest dwarfs, twisted fans of dark green, moss-like foliage; wider than height. Good for squat container; 2ft.

C. obtusa nana aurea—slow growing, but taller than above; larger, slightly pendulous fan; bronze to golden-green.

C. obtusa nana picta—similar to above; dark green, silver-flecked foliage.

C. obtusa nana kosterii—similar to the others; apple-green foliage; 2ft.

Chamaecyparis obtusa nana gracilis—slow-growing, rounded; rich, deep green foliage; 5ft.

C. obtusa nana spiralis—similar to above; contorted branches; 3ft.

C. obtusa nana pygmaea—tiers of bronze-green fans.

Thuja occidentalis rhinogold—popular globe shaped conifer; soft, fine, golden young foliage; bronze in autumn; 4ft.

Thuja orientalis nana aurea—dwarf golden variety; attractive in rockery or container; bronze in autumn; 4ft.

Thuja minima glauca—blue-green dwarf globe; bronze-green in winter.

Cryptomerias have long branchlets, densely spiralled with fine, scale-like foliage similar to Norfolk pine.

Cryptomeria japonica nana—dense, spreading globe of deep, bright green; paler tassels of new growth; 4ft.

C. japonica vilmoriniana—dwarf, dense globe. Winter foliage bronze, new growth green; 2ft.

PROSTRATE CONIFERS

Juniper procumbens (Japanese mountain juniper)—forms dense mat blue-green foliage; 1ft.

J. communis aurea—spreading type; dense, fine foliage, grey-green in summer, slaty-purple in winter, golden-bronze new growth; hardy; needs exposed position for best color; 2ft. high, twice as wide.

J. communis, var. depressa aurea—as above, with larger foliage.

J. scopulorumrepens—prostrate, grey-green; follows contours of site; 3ft.

J. conferta—makes delightful, dense mat of silky, golden-green tassels; 10in.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 109

Naturally, you plant for a quick effect, and conifers that outgrow their space can be moved safely during winter.

Unfortunately, few yet have simple names. Here are some:

SPREADING, UMBRELLA-LIKE

Abies balsamea, var. hudsonia—all the character of a mature tree in perfect miniature; flattened, needle-like older foliage is dark green, giving contrast to brighter, young growth; 2ft.

DOME-SHAPED, FINE FOLIAGE

(*Chamaecyparis* means "false cypress"; many were once listed as *Retinospora*. *Pisifera* means "fine foliage.")

Chamaecyparis pisifera nana—ruffled, dark grey, compact foliage; bronze green in winter, trunk usually divided; hardy, attractive; 2ft.

C. pisifera nana parsiori—brighter green than the above; growth a little quicker; 3ft.

C. pisifera nana parsiori aurea—a golden form, and variegated; green, gold, cream foliage.

C. pisifera plumosa compressa—a compact form; tiny, dense foliage of moss-like appearance; 20in.

C. pisifera plumosa rogersii—dense, fine growth in tiny crests or undulations; silvery grey-green toward base, tipped creamy gold, holds color all year. An attractive bonsai plant; 2ft.

C. pisifera squarrosa intermedia—silvery blue juvenile foliage, later in longer and coarser and sometimes trimmed off; 3ft.

J. sabina vulgaris (sometimes listed under "Sabina")—feathery, deep green foliage, fanning horizontally; quick-growing; 2-4ft., up to 6ft. across.

J. sabina douglasii—slightly more upright than above; slate-colored in winter.

J. pfitzeriana—spreads in V-like formation; 4ft. high, twice as wide.

J. pfitzeriana aurea—golden-green; 3ft.

J. pfitzeriana aurea variegata—rich green foliage, splashed gold; feathery.

Podocarpus alpinus—dark, glossy green foliage, semi-prostrate; 3ft.

UPRIGHT GROWTH

Picea glauca albertiana conic—miniature, slow-growing spruce; conical; dense grey-green foliage; 4-5ft.

Chamaecyparis lawsoniana aurea dense—gold, rounded cone; 18in.

C. lawsoniana minima—deep green; broad base, tapering to pyramid; 3ft.

C. lawsoniana aurea—slower growing, golden-green version of above; 2ft.

C. obtusa nana aurea—fan-shaped, gold-tipped foliage; 6ft.

C. obtusa tetragona aurea—dark green in irregular bracts; tipped gold; 6ft.

Chamaecyparis lawsoniana fletcherii—grey-green, conical; suits shade; 6ft.

C. pisifera filifera—graceful, pendulous, cord-like foliage; 3ft.

C. pisifera filifera aurea—slightly larger than above; long, fine, pendulous golden foliage; insignificant early, but develops into beautiful conifer.

C. pisifera plumosa cyano, viridis—beautiful silver-blue feathery pyramid; best in semi-shade; recently introduced; rare in Australia. Height unknown.

Cryptomeria bandai-sugi—length of foliage varies, giving pagoda-like shape.

Juniper procera (africana)—dense blue-green, cone; good for tub; 8ft.

J. communis (hibernica nana)—slow growing, slender; 8ft.

J. squamata—blue-green, irregular, open, upright branches; 6ft.

Thuja occidentalis luca—fan-shaped, golden-green foliage.

Taxus baccata fastigata (yew)—glossy, deep green; and *T. fastigata aurea*—glossy, golden green foliage; both like a little lime; 8 to 9ft.

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Contrasts in conifers



● This beautiful dome of green, giving contour and color-fail to bright rockery flowers, is the conifer *Thuya recurva rhinegold*, photographed by staff photographer Ron Berg. Pictures below taken at the nursery of F. D. Catt Pty. Ltd., at Carlingford, N.S.W.

RIGHT: Top centre is *Chamaecyparis tetragona aurea*; lower foreground, *Thuya occidentalis rhinegold*, and, just above it, a tiny *Picea albertiana*. Small, dark conifer at top right is *Cryptomeria japonica pygmaea*.



BELOW: Tall *Cupressus sempervirens stricta* (Swane's golden); prostrate *Juniperus conferta*; oval *Thuya orientalis nana aurea*.



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DRANEX — Cleans drains quickly.



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There's a proven HI SPEED product for all these household jobs!

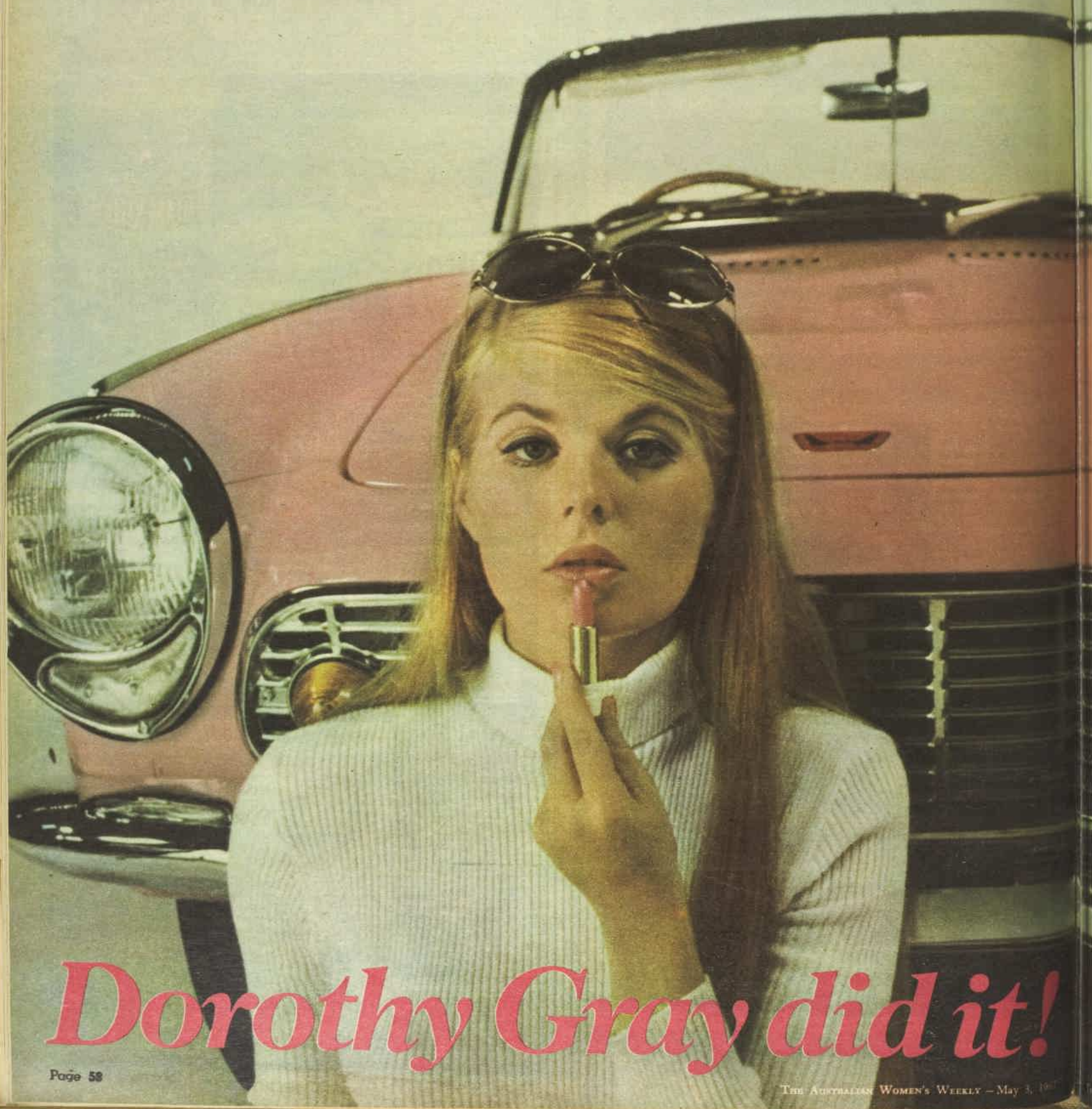
- HI SPEED dissolves baked-on grease fast... really fast.
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*Wear a Honda to match
win a 1967 Honda convertible to match
Dorothy Gray's fabulous new
revved-up lipstick shades*



Dorothy Gray did it!

your lipstick!

Put on your brights with Dorothy Gray's new high-gear lip colours — Racy Pink, Rip Roarer and Defroster. (Defroster pours on melting beige lights when you wear it alone, or as a convertible top to another lip colour.)

Dorothy Gray's lipsticks, available in both super-moisturised Satura and mid-creamy Fashion Finish, \$1.15, and Dorothy Gray's Nail Enamels, \$1.15



3 HONDAS to be WON!

plus 100 Deluxe Dorothy Gray complete Beauty cases valued at \$25 and 500 specially selected Dorothy Gray gift-packs.

Pick the Dorothy Gray colour you'd like for your Honda now! Dorothy Gray's new revved-up colours or ANY Dorothy Gray lip colours. Then mail in your entry, plus the sticker from the cap of the Dorothy Gray lipstick you choose. There's no limit to the number of entries you send, but each one must be with its own Dorothy Gray lipstick sticker.

Get your Dorothy Gray lipstick now from your chemist's or department store's Dorothy Gray counter. Then fill in this form. It's easy! No slogans to write. Just number in your order of preference the comments listed about Dorothy Gray lipsticks, help us select a name for a new Dorothy Gray nail enamel colour, then stick on the special label from ANY Dorothy Gray Lipstick. That's absolutely all!

ENTRY FORM

First step

Number, in your own order of preference, the things you most prefer about your Dorothy Gray lipstick.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Exciting colours | <input type="checkbox"/> Creamy texture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Smooth and easy to apply | <input type="checkbox"/> Attractive cases |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Long lasting | <input type="checkbox"/> Stays on well |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pleasant perfume | <input type="checkbox"/> Moisturised—Doesn't dry lips |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Doesn't change colour | |

Second step

This wild new nail enamel is Dorothy Gray's latest colour. See it at your Dorothy Gray counter when you buy your lipstick. We'd like you to help us find it a name. My suggested name for this new Dorothy Gray nail enamel is _____

Last step

Here's the sticker from my new Dorothy Gray lipstick, which I bought at _____

Pharmacy Name _____

I would like my Honda S800 Convertible painted to match: _____

Write your Dorothy Gray Lipstick colour here. _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____



Conditions of entry

1. Entry forms must be posted to Dorothy Gray Pty. Limited, Post Office Box 303, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.
2. Contest closes on 23rd June, 1967, and all entries must be postmarked not later than this date.
3. There is no limit to the number of entries which can be sent, but each entry must be in a separate envelope and must be accompanied by a Dorothy Gray label from the lipstick cap of a Dorothy Gray lipstick. (Not required from any State where this would contravene State Law.)
4. Entries must include the full name and address of the entrant.
5. Chance plays no part in determining the winner and each entry will be examined on its merits by a qualified panel of judges. To qualify, entries must include the correct answer to the order of preferences of the listed statements. From the entries that qualify the winners will be determined on the basis of originality, aptness and neatness in naming the nail enamel colour and completing the entry form.
6. All entries received become the property of Dorothy Gray Pty. Limited and none will be returned.
7. Winners will be notified by registered mail at the conclusion of the contest. A complete list of winners will be published in the Daily Telegraph on 10th July, 1967.
8. Employees of Dorothy Gray Pty. Limited, their advertising agencies and relatives of both, are ineligible to enter.
9. Judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.

Had the sun gone? Had the birds stopped singing? It was hardly possible that one person's absence could make itself felt so immediately. Yet before the week ended the house was like a tomb. Certainly the kitchen became one. The leaves of the trees had thickened and the shrubs grown dense, and although the upper rooms were above the level of their shade, the lower part of the house was sometimes as dark by day as if evening had prematurely fallen.

One afternoon when Vera went down to make a pot of tea it gave her a shock to see two birds that were chasing each other dash in one window and out the other, as if, indeed, the house was a deserted place.

And then, one afternoon, while Vera was upstairs mending a

sheet, the silence of the house was shattered. Voices. Like a twitter of birds, only louder and more inconsequential. Unmistakably, she heard Rita's laugh. Throwing the sheet aside, she ran down the stairs.

"Oh, there you are!" Rita cried gaily. She ran forward and kissed Vera. "I was just telling Lily here that I got bored in Dublin and I hopped on a bike and came over to see how you were getting on! Talk of a busman's holiday! But how are you? And how," she added quickly, as an afterthought, "is your father? I must go up and see him before I leave. Not that I can stay long," she said, glancing at her watch. Then she laughed.

ONE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

"What I'm dying to know is how you're getting on with her nibs?"

"Oh, she's been very good and very kind," Vera said sincerely.

Lily, too, was full of praise. But she giggled. "She's a howl, really," she said. "I never stopped laughing since you left!"

Vera looked at her with astonishment. When had all this hilarity taken place?

"Oh, I didn't let on to you," Lily said, "but she was going to leave several times, only I got around her to stay. There was one time she had her bags all packed, ready for off. She thought she was in a madhouse!" Lily was splutter-

ing with laughter, and Rita joined in. "It was that day, you remember"—she turned to Vera—"she was just having a cup of tea when you walked in with the master's gun in your hand!"

"Oh, Lily!" Rita squealed. "Don't tell me!"

"Wait!" Lily begged. "I've been dying to tell someone. I thought it was the closed season!" the poor old thing said. "Oh," says you, "I'm only going out in the garden to shoot a few wasps!"

"Oh, no!" Rita screamed. Laughing, the two girls sank on to the kitchen chairs, their feet sprawled out in front of them.

"To think I never noticed a thing!" Vera said so sadly that Rita was sobered.

"Ah, you were too anxious about your father," she said kindly.

"You didn't tell me how he felt. Ought I to go up to him, or might it only disturb him?"

A week earlier, there would have been no question, but all of a sudden Vera had misgivings. "Would you like me to tell him you're here and see what he says?" she said, after a minute. And without waiting for an answer, she slipped upstairs.

In the sickroom, the windows were thrown up, and the whole room was filled with a myriad of small sweet summer sounds—the hum of insects and the songs of birds. As Vera went softly in, there was a whirr of wings as the swallows under the eaves swooped back and forth from their nests. The old nurse and her patient were both awake, but although they were not speaking, Vera felt as if she were intruding. It was as if they were communicating in some way beyond her understanding.

How could she ever have been so mistaken as to think that life had ebbed from this room? Dying, too, was a part of life. For a minute, she stood unobserved in the doorway. When she heard footsteps on the stairs, she stepped back quickly, closing the door.

BUT not before Rita had seen into the room. "Oh, what a change there is in him!" she whispered. Gently, she put her hand on Vera's arm. "It looks to me as if he's near the end." But, seeing Vera start, she spoke sternly. "You're lucky, you know—the end is going to be very easy." Then, drawing Vera toward the stairs, she went down a few steps. "It's funny the way things work out, isn't it? We only thought of that old woman as a stopgap, and now it looks as if heaven sent her to you. I don't think you'll need me back at all," she said firmly.

"Oh, Rita!" Vera cried. "We couldn't do without you!"

But Rita shook her head. "It's not my business, I suppose," she said, "and I don't know how you're fixed with regard to money, but there's never any sense in throwing it away."

"The money doesn't matter," Vera said in a flat voice.

Rita looked censoriously at her. "You'd be surprised what a financial drain it can be," she said. "A death in the family, I mean. And coming after a long illness!" She threw up her hands. "When it's all over, there's an avalanche of bills. I've seen people crushed by them. Yes, crushed."

"Oh, Rita," Vera cried, putting out her hands, "I can't bear to think of the house without you! And what will Lily do?"

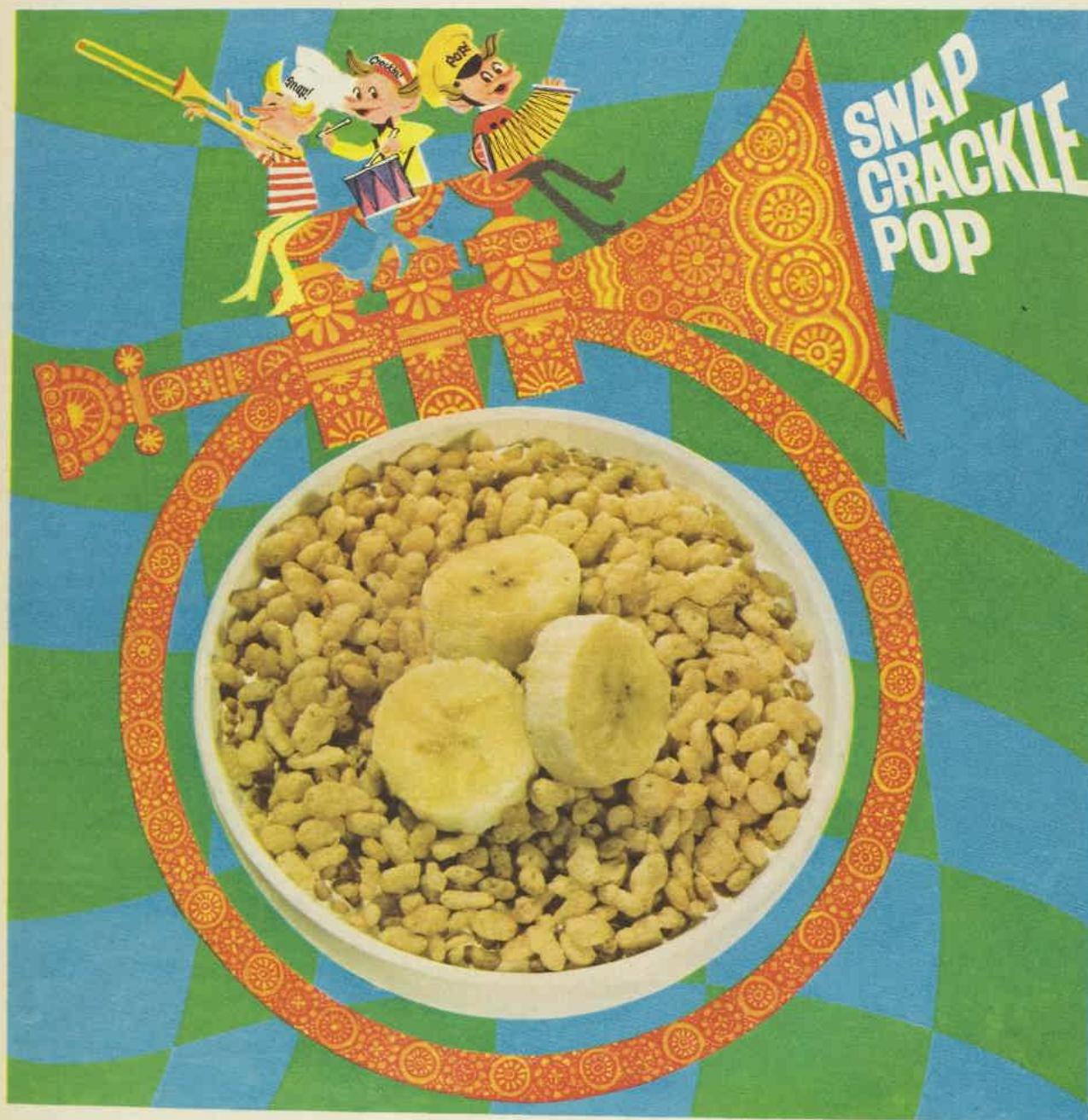
"A pity about Lily!" Rita said. "She'll be getting married on you one of these days. She can live on the thought of it! And as for you—won't you be going out to Australia?"

To page 61

OUR TRANSFER



MEXICAN motif in orange and blue is from Iron-On Transfer No. 1005. Order from our Needlework Dept., Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 15c plus 4c postage.



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Every Snap! Crackle! Pop!® you hear, is a grain of nourishing rice bursting with hearty goodness and fun and crisp, delicious flavour!



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Page 60

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—May 3, 1967

ONE SUMMER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

It was a long time since Alan had been referred to, and Vera had begun to think Rita and Lily both suspected that there was something wrong.

But Rita's face was guileless. "It's a pity," she said. "It's not—heaven forgive me—that I grudge your father his last days, but it seems a pity that the summer is passing. Ah, well, it's only one summer."

Vera looked at her. She was so strong and young. One summer more or less would indeed matter little to her. Unable to bear her secret any longer, she said in a low voice, "I may not be going out at all."

But Rita missed her meaning. "Oh, is he coming back?" she asked. "I can well believe it. I know lots of people who didn't like it out there. Still, it's a pity you didn't have the trip!" She yawned. "Oh, I'm jaded," she said. "I was at a dance last night. Late hours kill me." Then she looked at her watch. "I'd better be off," she said.

In the days that followed it became clear to Vera that her father was dying at last. His small world was shrinking smaller still. In the beginning of his illness, when there was a noise downstairs or in the yard he'd sometimes ask them not to slam doors or let things fall, but after a time when there was a noise he'd only look startled and his eyes would dilate as if with fear. It was as if the world outside the bedroom had become a foreign, a forgotten, world. Now sudden sounds in the sickroom gave him a start. His world had narrowed down to the bed on which he lay, and his face seemed to wear a habitual look of surprise.

At first, Vera thought it was that he could not believe the pass to which he had been brought, but slowly she came to realise that it was the old life of health and normality in which he could not believe. When a light went on, he was startled. When a chair was moved, he started. When Lily brought his tray, he was startled, and yet again when she bent to take it from him. And once when Vera herself went into his room he seemed to find her presence so startling she had to protest.

"Where did you think I was, Father?" she cried. Was it possible that deep down he did not trust in the finality of her break with Alan? Did he imagine she had deserted him, after all? In that moment she made up her mind to tell him the truth. And so one day

her and her dead mother — and yet it was valid, she supposed. A silence fell as they pondered their separate aspects of the same thought.

"Vera, do you think there's any meeting in the next life?" he asked suddenly.

Taken aback, she said, "I don't know, Father." Not for years had she given the matter thought.

"Because I don't," he said vehemently. "When they dig the black hole and put you down in it, that's the end of you."

"Oh, no!" Her heart cried out against the thought of his facing into that nothingness and that nowhere. "Of course, there's a

hereafter!" she cried. "Otherwise, what would be the meaning of love?"

Weak tears came into his eyes. "Do you really believe that, Vera?" he said.

Partly lying and, like himself, partly wanting to believe, she nodded.

He closed his eyes. "It would make up for everything!" he said, almost under his breath. Then he opened his eyes wide. "Just to see her! Just to see her!"

Vera's own eyes widened. "Who are you talking about?"

"Your mother," he said, and he looked surprised. "Who else!"

(Copyright)



snuggle
down in a
cosy Bond's
nightgown
...tonight

Forget about the cold outside. Enjoy cosy comfort all night in a pretty Bond's Brushed Nylon or Interlock nightgown. Forget about tedious washing and ironing too. Bond's nightgowns are anti-fuss. Dry quickly. Interlock needs just the touch of an iron. Bond's top value nighties wear longer. Buy a Bond's nightie for someone, for you, for tonight.

LEFT: Style 91384 Brushed nylon short nightie. Pink positive, aqua, blue. SSW-OS. \$5.99
RIGHT: Style 11351 Soft, cosy long interlock nightie, pink or sky. SW-XOS. From \$5.50
8324

BOND'S

FROM THE BIBLE

● Be kind and tender-hearted to one another, and forgive one another, as God has forgiven you in Christ.

— Ephesians 4: 32.
(Today's English Version)

when she was sitting with him while the old nurse was taking a doze, she said quietly, "There's something I never told you, Father, about Alan. He's gone out of my life for good."

Weak as he was, he was able to hide his immediate reaction. Then he turned and looked at her. "What matter!" he said dully.

Stung, she was about to move away, when she was struck by the depths of pity in his eyes. It was not the rage of pity of long ago; it was a pity that embraced them both. And he did not need to explain it. She knew what it was — what matter anything when all comes to this in the end!

Then he took her hand. "What does your mother's loss matter now to me?" he said sadly. "And someday it will be the same with you."

It seemed a strange and unreal analogy — this analogy between

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



The first anniversary.

WEDDING

● Whether it's your first or your fiftieth, a wedding anniversary calls for a celebration. It may be just a special dinner you prepare for your husband and yourself; or it may be a party to which you invite friends. You'll find, in this four-page section, ideas for wonderful food to serve on this happy occasion.

Menus for Two

MENU 1

Oysters Au Gratin
Sauteed Chicken Breasts
Buttered Spinach
Fruit with Ginger Cream

OYSTERS AU GRATIN

12 oysters on half shell $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream $\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted butter

Loosen each oyster in its half shell. Spoon 2 teaspoons cream, 2 teaspoons grated cheese, and 1 teaspoon melted butter over each oyster. Place them under hot grill for a short time until cheese is melted. Serve immediately.

SAUTEED CHICKEN BREASTS

3oz. butter 1 finely chopped onion
2 chicken breasts 1 chopped green pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup peeled, chopped 1-3rd cup dry white wine
tomatoes (fresh or 1 cup water
canned) 1 teaspoon flour
 salt and pepper

Heat the butter in frying-pan, add the chicken breasts, saute until golden on all sides. Transfer to casserole. Fry the onion and chopped pepper in remaining butter until onion is transparent; spoon over chicken. Add remaining ingredients, bake uncovered in moderate oven 1 hour, basting occasionally, and turning joints halfway through cooking time.

FRUIT WITH GINGER CREAM

green grapes papaw
mango slices pineapple

GINGER CREAM

$\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream 1 tablespoon preserved
1 dessertspoon rum ginger with syrup

Peel and dice papaw (about $\frac{1}{2}$ a small papaw can be used). Combine with fresh or canned pineapple pieces, fresh or canned mango pieces and green grapes. Arrange in serving glasses. If using canned fruit, pour over a little of the syrup, or a little sweet white wine. Whip cream, combine with rum, chopped ginger and syrup. Spoon over fruit. Sprinkle with little grated chocolate, if desired.

MENU 2

Seafood Cocktail
Fillet Steak with Wine Sauce
Saute Potatoes
Buttered Peas with Lettuce
Strawberry Pancakes

SEAFOOD COCKTAIL

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream 1 teaspoon worcestershire
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup tomato sauce sauce
1 teaspoon vinegar salt, pepper
1 dessertspoon lemon juice shelled prawns, lobster or
 crab

Whip cream, combine with all remaining ingredients



except prawns. If desired, a little thick mayonnaise can also be blended in; chill sauce. Arrange prawns in base of small serving dishes or glasses, spoon sauce over.

FILLET STEAK WITH WINE SAUCE

2 fillet steaks (thickly cut) salt and pepper
SAUCE
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter 1 small finely chopped
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon plain flour onion
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon meat extract $\frac{1}{2}$ cup red wine
blended with 1 table- few drops vinegar
spoon hot water salt and pepper
 1 dessertspoon cream

Sauce: Heat butter in small saucepan, add chopped onion, saute until golden; stir in flour off the heat, then add meat extract and water mixture, wine, vinegar, and seasoning. Return to heat, bring to the boil, stirring. Simmer until liquid has reduced by about half, then stir in cream and cook gently few moments longer. Taste and adjust seasoning if necessary.

Meanwhile, grill or pan-fry steaks; season them; turn and cook other side. Transfer to warm serving dish, pour over sauce, serve immediately.

BUTTERED PEAS WITH LETTUCE

3 lettuce leaves salt
1 medium packet frozen $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon sugar
peas butter
Wash and shred lettuce leaves. Cook in boiling, salted

FRUIT WITH GINGER CREAM: An easy dessert of rich tropical fruit topped with whipped cream flavored with ginger and rum. See recipe at left.

water with peas, salt, and sugar. When tender, drain. Return peas and lettuce to the rinsed-out pan, toss in butter.

STRAWBERRY PANCAKES

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup plain flour 2 tablespoons brandy
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk 1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon oil oil for frying
 $\frac{1}{2}$ beaten egg $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla little icing sugar
12 large strawberries

Sift flour into bowl, make well in centre. Blend milk, oil, beaten egg, and vanilla. Pour gradually into the hollow, stirring constantly, blending in flour from sides of bowl.

Wash and hull strawberries. Cut each one in half, place in another bowl. Sprinkle over the brandy and sugar, mix gently. Leave to marinate.

Heat little oil in frying-pan, pour off any excess. Pour in sufficient batter to coat base of pan thinly. Cook until golden on underside, turn and cook second side; keep warm. Repeat with remaining batter.

Whip cream stiffly, fold into strawberry mixture. Spread some of this filling in a line across four pancakes; roll up. Sprinkle with icing sugar.

ANNIVERSARIES

● RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



CHOCOLATE STRAWBERRY CUPS: Chocolate cases are filled with brandied strawberries, decorated with cream. See recipe in Menu 1 for Six, this page.

Menus for Six

MENU 1

Pork and Liver Pate

Veal Escalopes with Mushrooms

Vichy Carrots, Parsleyed New Potatoes

Chocolate Strawberry Cups

PORK AND LIVER PATE

1lb. belly pork
1lb. lean veal
1lb. liver
1 cup dry white wine
2 tablespoons brandy
1 clove crushed garlic
6 black peppercorns
1/2 teaspoon ground mace or
pinch nutmeg
1lb. streaky bacon
1 teaspoon salt

Mince pork, veal, and liver, blend together. Add half the streaky bacon cut into dice and remaining ingredients (except uncut bacon). Mix thoroughly, leave to stand 1 or 2 hours. Turn mixture into 2-pint earthenware or heat-proof dish. Cut remaining bacon into thin strips, removing

rind; arrange across top of pate. Place dish in baking dish containing hot water and bake, uncovered, in slow oven 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours. When mixture begins to come away from sides of dish it is cooked. Leave to cool thoroughly. Serve with triangles of warm toast.

VEAL ESCALOPES WITH MUSHROOMS

2 to 3oz. butter
6 very thin veal escalopes
salt and pepper
3 tablespoons brandy
3 tablespoons dry white wine
2oz. extra butter
1/2lb. sliced mushrooms
1/2 cup cream

Heat butter in large frying-pan. Flatten escalopes with flat of knife, saute in butter until tender, seasoning them and turning once. Pour over warmed brandy, ignite. Remove escalopes from pan, keep warm. Add wine, stir over fairly good heat to incorporate the crusty bits from pan.

Heat extra butter in another saucepan, add sliced mushrooms, cook slowly until just tender; season. Add to frying-pan with cream. Adjust seasoning, stir over gentle heat; simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Return escalopes to pan, warm through in the sauce. Serve immediately.

Note: If escalopes are small, allow two per serving instead of one, as in the recipe above.

Please note: Level spoon measurements and the 8 liquid oz. cup measure are used in our recipes.



The fiftieth anniversary.

THE TRADITIONAL GIFT

● Tradition calls for gifts of a specific kind on certain wedding anniversaries. Below are the gift types for the different anniversary years.

First: Paper.	Thirteenth: Lace.
Second: Cotton.	Fourteenth: Ivory.
Third: Leather.	Fifteenth: Crystal.
Fourth: Linen.	Twentieth: China.
Fifth: Wood.	Twenty-fifth: Silver.
Sixth: Iron.	Thirtieth: Pearl.
Seventh: Wool.	Thirty-fifth: Jade.
Eighth: Bronze.	Fortieth: Ruby.
Ninth: Pottery.	Forty-fifth: Sapphire.
Tenth: Tin.	Fiftieth: Gold.
Eleventh: Steel.	Fifty-fifth: Emerald.
Twelfth: Silk.	Sixtieth: Diamond.

PARSLEYED NEW POTATOES

Scrub small new potatoes, cook in salted water until tender. Drain and peel. Return to saucepan with about 1oz. butter; shake pan gently until butter melts and coats potatoes. Sprinkle finely chopped parsley over, toss gently.

VICHY CARROTS

2lb. young carrots
1 teaspoon sugar
salt and pepper
2oz. butter
water

Scrape the carrots and cut into 1/2 in. slices. Place in saucepan with the sugar, seasoning, and butter, just cover with cold water. Bring to the boil, then boil quite rapidly until water has evaporated and carrots are tender and lightly coated in butter. Turn into serving dish.

CHOCOLATE STRAWBERRY CUPS

CHOCOLATE CUPS

2oz. solid white vegetable shortening
1 cup drinking chocolate

FILLING

strawberries
brandy
whipped cream

Note: Paper patty cases are now available in 3 in. diameter size. One of these, prepared and filled as below, is sufficient for one serving. If using small paper cases for the chocolate cups, allow 2 per serving.

The quantity of chocolate mixture given above will make three 3 in. chocolate cups. To make 6, it is better to make two separate batches of mixture rather than double the quantities to make one batch. The mixture sets fairly quickly and is difficult to reheat; it may set before you have finished coating the 6 paper cases.

To Make Cups: Melt shortening over very low heat; cool slightly. Add drinking chocolate, mix until smooth. When mixture begins just to thicken, spread as evenly as possible over bases and sides of 3 paper cases. Repeat recipe and coating process to make 3 more cups. Refrigerate the 6 cups until set. Do not place in freezer, because this may make the chocolate crack.

Filling: Carefully tear paper away from set chocolate. Wash and dry strawberries. Fill chocolate cups with strawberries, allowing a few to come above top of cup. Spoon over 1 to 2 teaspoons of brandy. Finish cups by piping on edging of whipped cream.

Continued overleaf

MENU 2 (for six)

Braised Celery Vinaigrette
Marinated Leg of Pork
Zucchini with Tomatoes,
Roast Potatoes
Apricot Ice-Cream

BRAISED CELERY VINAIGRETTE

1 head celery
 2 sprigs parsley
 1 small sliced onion
 1 small sliced carrot
 salt and pepper
 boiling chicken stock
 2 tablespoons vinegar
 1 crushed clove garlic
 6 tablespoons olive or salad oil
 chopped parsley
 Wash celery, cut into sticks, removing leaves. Cut sticks into 3in. lengths. Place them in sauce-

pan, add parsley sprigs, onion, carrot, salt, and sufficient stock just to cover. Simmer very slowly, covered, until tender; drain, place in shallow dish, allow to cool. Blend vinegar and garlic, add oil and seasoning to taste. Pour over cooled celery, chill. Serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

MARINATED LEG OF PORK

2½ cups dry white wine
 salt and pepper
 3 sliced carrots

2 finely chopped onions
 2 crushed cloves garlic
 ¼ teaspoon dried thyme
 ¼ teaspoon dried sage
 1 bayleaf
 1 boned, rolled leg pork
 2oz. butter
 1½ cups chicken stock

In a non-metal dish place wine, salt, pepper, carrots, onion, garlic, and herbs. Add leg of pork, leave to marinate overnight, turning occasionally. Next day remove meat, wipe dry. Heat butter in large saucepan, saute pork until golden on all sides. Place pork

in heatproof casserole, pour over marinade. Cook, uncovered, in slow oven 2 hours, when the liquid will have reduced; baste from time to time. Pour over stock, cover, and continue cooking in slow oven until pork is tender. Place pork on warm serving dish. Strain the cooking liquid, reheat, and serve with pork.

ZUCCHINI WITH TOMATOES

2lb. zucchini
 3 tomatoes
 2oz. butter
 salt and pepper

Wash zucchini, removing stalk end. Cut into ¼in. slices diagonally. Peel and chop tomatoes. Heat butter in large frying-pan, add zucchini and tomatoes, cook over gentle heat about 15 minutes, turning vegetables once. Season to taste.

APRICOT ICE-CREAM

2 cups water
 1 cup sugar
 1 can apricot nectar
 juice 1 lemon
 ¼ pint cream

Place sugar in saucepan with water. Stir over gentle heat until sugar has dissolved, then bring to boil, and boil 5 minutes. Allow to cool slightly, pour on to apricot nectar and lemon juice. Transfer cooled mixture to refrigerator trays, place in freezer. When mixture begins to harden round edges, stir vigorously with fork. Return to basin, fold in whipped cream. Spoon back into refrigerator trays, refreeze, and continue stirring occasionally until mixture has hardened completely. If desired, top with canned apricot halves and swirl of whipped cream.

Menus for 10-12

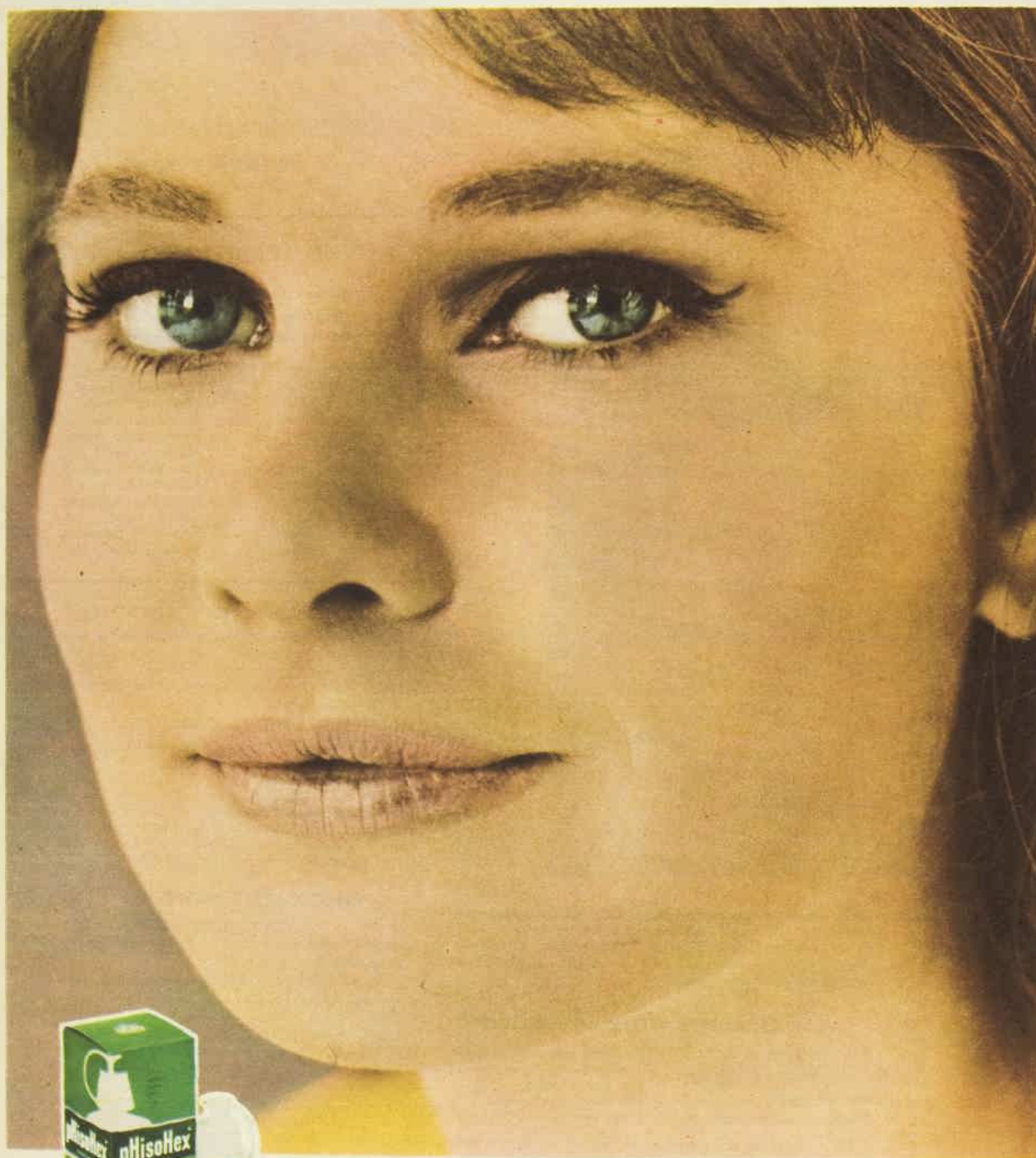
MENU 1

Beef Braised in Wine
Creamed Potatoes with Chives
Green Beans
Chocolate Tortoni

BEEF BRAISED IN WINE

7-8lb. boned and rolled rib roast
 seasoned flour
 3oz. butter
 2 large chopped onions
 4 chopped shallots
 1 diced carrot
 1 clove crushed garlic
 3 cups dry red wine
 6 black peppercorns
 1 bayleaf
 ¼ teaspoon dried marjoram
 ¼ teaspoon dried thyme
 2 tablespoons brandy

Coat meat with seasoned flour. Heat butter in large saucepan or flameproof casserole, brown meat all sides; remove, add vegetables, saute until golden. Return meat to pan with wine, herbs, and seasonings. Pour over warmed brandy, ignite. Cover, bake in moderate oven 2 to 2½ hours or until meat is tender, adding more wine or a little water if necessary. Place meat on heated serving dish, keep warm. Strain the sauce, adjust seasoning if necessary, remove excess fat; thicken slightly, if desired. Serve with sliced roast meat.



SELF-CONFIDENCE — AND AN ACNE-FREE COMPLEXION

If you are not satisfied with your skin—if you have acne or blemishes—try washing with pHisoHex. It helps. pHisoHex helps because it is a special liquid cleanser that thoroughly removes all dirt, grease and grime. It contains no harmful alkali. But it does contain a powerful antibacterial germ fighter, hexachlorophene, which can keep tiny blemishes from developing into unsightly pimples. Wash with pHisoHex 3 or 4 times every day to help clear your skin of acne—and then to help it stay clear. Use pHorac Cream, too, to help heal and cover pimples. Winthrop Laboratories, Ermington, N.S.W.

pHisoHex
 containing 3% hexachlorophene
 (pronounced Fy-so-hex)
 ALSO AVAILABLE IN NEW ZEALAND

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

FROZEN CHOCOLATE TORTONI

1 cup macaroon crumbs
2 cups cream
4 tablespoons sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla
2 egg-whites
extra 4 tablespoons sugar
6oz. semi-sweet chocolate
1 tablespoon butter

Chill 2 bowls and rotary beater; make sure cream is well chilled. Using chilled bowl and beater, whip cream into medium consistency. Beat in vanilla and 4 tablespoons sugar. Fold in finely crushed macaroon crumbs. Beat egg-white, gradually beat in extra sugar; continue beating until rounded peaks form. Fold into whipped cream mixture, turn into refrigerator trays, freeze until mixture is firm about 1½ in. from sides (about 2 hours).

Melt chopped chocolate and butter in top of double saucepan.

Turn frozen mixture into chilled bowl. Beat until smooth but not melted. Gradually pour slightly cooled melted chocolate in thin stream into cream mixture, stirring constantly and rapidly. (The chocolate forms firm pieces as it is blended into the cold mixture.) Immediately pour mixture into lightly oiled mould or refrigerator trays; return to freezing compartment, freeze until firm.

MENU 2

Chicken Curry

Boiled Rice, Sambals

Baked Papaw and Orange Cream

CHICKEN CURRY

3 steamed chickens (about 3½ lb. each)
1 cup desiccated coconut
2oz. butter
3 finely chopped onions
8 crushed cardamom seeds
6 cloves
3in. stick cinnamon
2 tablespoons curry powder
1lb. peeled and chopped tomatoes
3 crushed cloves garlic
2 cups chicken stock
salt
1 dessertspoon lemon juice

Cover coconut with the boiling stock, stand 20 minutes. Cut meat from chickens, discarding skin. Strain the stock, squeezing as much moisture from coconut as possible; discard coconut.

Heat butter in large saucepan, add onions, spices (tied in piece of muslin), and curry powder; cook over gentle heat until onions are tender, stirring occasionally. Add chicken pieces, stir over heat about 3 minutes, then add tomatoes, garlic, and stock. Bring to the boil, cover, and simmer about 30 minutes. Season with salt, stir in lemon juice.

Serve with boiled rice and an assortment of sambals or side dishes. Poppadums can also be handed round.

Poppadums (can be bought, packaged, from large food stores): Fry poppadums, one at a time, in hot fat about 1 in. deep. Drop one in, hold it down with spatula or it will curl up; cook few seconds before turning and cooking second side. Drain on absorbent paper.

Banana slices in coconut: Peel bananas and cut into slices, toss in little lemon juice, coat with desiccated coconut. Because bananas tend to turn brown, the later they are sliced, the better.

Other side dishes for Chicken

Curry can be:

Peeled, sliced tomatoes
thin rings of raw onion
mango chutney
quartered hard-boiled eggs
diced cucumber
raisins
salted peanuts
pineapple chunks
lemon wedges
chopped or sliced cucumber
toasted coconut
chopped green chilli
crystallised ginger.

BAKED PAPAW AND ORANGE CREAM

1 papaw
2 cups cream
2 cups milk
1 teaspoon vanilla
6 eggs
pinch salt
½ cup sugar
1 orange
extra papaw

Peel papaw, cut fruit into slices. Arrange them in base of oiled, 8in. cake tin. Alternatively,

arrange papaw in greased individual moulds.

Scald milk and cream. Using rotary beater, gently beat eggs, salt, and sugar until well combined; gradually blend in scalded milk mixture, which has been allowed to cool slightly; strain. Add grated rind and juice of orange, vanilla. Mix well, spoon carefully into prepared tin. Stand in baking dish containing hot water, bake in moderately slow oven 1 to 1½ hours, or until blade of knife inserted in centre comes out clean. If small moulds are

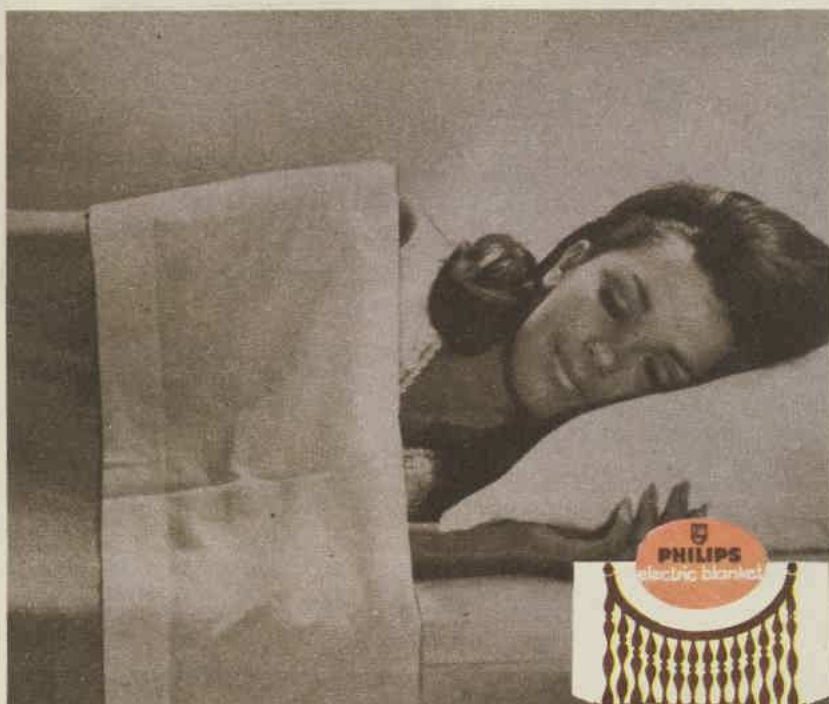
used, test custard after 25 minutes' cooking time. Remove dish from water, cool, then refrigerate.

Serve with extra slices of fresh papaw.

WINES TO SERVE

Champagne, of course, is the right drink for any celebration. Or try one of the new rose (pronounced rose-ay) wines, with delicate color, delightful taste.

PHILIPS make it... the gift she'd choose herself for Mother's Day.



She'd choose a

Philips Electric Blanket Philips make it exactly the warmth she wants all night through with wonderful Slumbermatic control, no matter how the room temperature changes. And nothing matches the luxury of pure Onkaparinga lambswool. Pre-shrunk, washable, mothproof. All sizes.



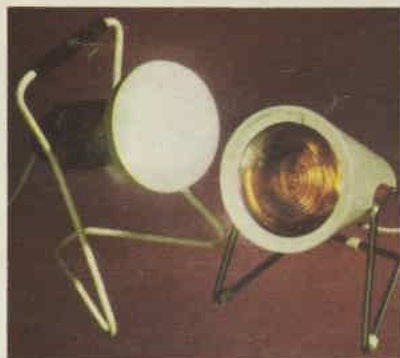
She'd choose a

Philips Lightweight Vacuum Cleaner Philips make it so perfectly balanced, tough, strong and big-hearted, yet it weighs only 6½ lbs. Tackles all household cleaning—with a complete range of attachments.



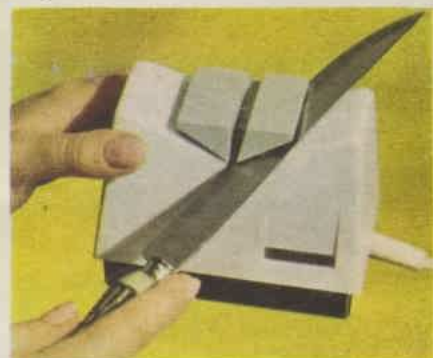
She'd choose her own personal

Philips Beauty Set Philips make it with five exclusive beauty aids. Two superb shaving heads—for underarm and leg beauty care—three separate massage attachments. The perfect personal gift.



She'd choose a

Philips Health Lamp (Right) Infraphil infra-red lamp. Gets deep down to relieve pain. Medically approved. (Left) Ultraphil sun lamp for a healthy tan all year. Builds resistance to colds, too.



She'd choose a

Philips Sharpie Philips make it so easy to give a superb cutting edge to every blade in her kitchen. Scissors too. So sturdy and dependable.



Shop where they show you

PHILIPS



King-Sized Sandwich

for weekend appetites!

Make it the real thing with honest-to-goodness KRAFT Cheddar Slices

THIS weekend, give them the "King-Sized Sandwich" for a light meal or a hearty snack and they won't leave a crumb. Because every bite of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese has the fresh taste the whole family goes for.

And they thrive on it! After all, it takes 8 pints of creamy milk to make every pound of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese — that's why you can rely on its purity and nourishment.

KING-SIZED SANDWICH

Spread a buttered slice of rye bread with KRAFT Salad Dressing. Cover with lettuce, slices of tomato and a KRAFT Cheddar Slice. Top with another slice of bread... they couldn't eat a more nourishing meal if you spent an hour cooking it!

Four more good lunch ideas...

- 1 Toast spread with prepared mustard and topped with grilled pineapple, KRAFT Cheddar and bacon.
- 2 Vienna bread, spread with KRAFT Salad Dressing, topped with sliced hard-boiled egg, gherkin and KRAFT Cheddar.
- 3 A portion of French bread stick filled with lettuce and alternate slices of KRAFT Cheddar, tomato and pork sausage.
- 4 Cracker biscuits with lettuce, sliced cucumber and KRAFT Cheddar.



for good food and good food ideas
*Trade Mark 40134



It takes 8 pints of fresh, creamy milk to make every pound of KRAFT Cheddar Cheese



Readers' hints

• These hints from readers win \$2 each.

A WHITE pillowcase makes a neat cover for a baby's bassinet or pram; it stays secure and does not need straightening continually. — Mrs. B. Horwood, 58 Chapman St., Sunshine, Vic.

Keep a stain-removal chart pasted to the inside of laundry cupboard door. It is at hand when needed, saves rummaging through books and papers, as I used to do. — Mrs. L. Earnshaw, 21 North Banff Rd., Floreat Park, W.A.

Keep burnt-out electric-light bulbs and hang them on fruit trees; they glitter and tinkle and keep the birds away. Hang a row of these scarecrow globes over the strawberry bed, too — Miss Alice C. Burt, Fingal, Tas.

PRIZE RECIPE

AN unusual recipe for a fish dish baked in red wine wins our \$10 prize this week.

BREAM BAKED IN WINE

4 bream (approx. ½ lb. each)
piece lemon
1 cup soft breadcrumbs
½ teaspoon salt
pinch cayenne pepper
1 dessertspoon chopped parsley
1 dessertspoon diced red pepper
1 egg, separated
1 dessertspoon melted butter
juice ½ lemon
seasoned flour
½ cup burgundy or claret
½ clove garlic
4 lemon slices
extra butter

Wash, scale, and clean fish (do not remove heads). Rub inside with cut lemon.

In basin, mix breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, parsley, and red pepper, bind with beaten egg-yolk, lemon juice, and melted butter. Place the stuffing inside fish, secure opening with skewer. Coat stuffed fish with slightly beaten egg-white, then seasoned flour. Place in oven-proof dish, pour over wine, sprinkle on the crushed garlic. Top each fish with a lemon slice and dab of butter. Cover, bake in moderate oven approx. 20 min.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. J. McCallum, 9 Warrington St., Paddington, Qld.

RUSSIAN PASTRIES

4oz. pkt. cream cheese
4oz. softened butter or substitute
1 cup self-raising flour
pinch salt
½ cup chopped cooked prunes
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup sugar
½ cup chopped walnuts
2 tablespoons prune juice

Soften cream cheese and mix with butter or substitute. Mix in sifted flour and salt, form into a ball and chill 3 to 4 hours.

For filling, combine prunes with remaining ingredients, mix.

Divide chilled dough in two, return one half to refrigerator. On lightly floured board roll other half to rectangle 12in. x 9in., cut into 3in. squares and place a small spoonful of filling in centre of each square. Moisten edges, fold into triangles, seal edges with fork. Repeat with other half of dough. Place on ungreased paper on oven tray, bake in a moderately hot oven approx. 12 min.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. R. R. Stewart, 7 Woodward Ave., Strathfield, N.S.W.

Win a Nestlé's \$2000 education endowment for your baby

THIS IS YOUR OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Fill in with numbers, 1 to 5, to indicate the order in which varieties of Nestlé's Strained and Junior Baby Foods are best liked by Australian Babies.

STRAINED VARIETIES (number 1—5)

☐ Lamb & Vegetables ☐ Chicken Broth ☐ Pears ☐ Beef & Vegetables ☐ Egg Custard

JUNIOR VARIETIES (number 1—5)

☐ Apples ☐ Lamb Brains & Vegetables ☐ Chicken Dinner ☐ Egg Custard & Rice ☐ Ham & Vegetables

RULES FOR CONTESTANTS

- (a) Send as many entries as you like, each must be on separate entry form or sheet of paper.
 (b) Entries must be accompanied by a Nestlé's Baby Food label, except where this contravenes State Law.
 (c) Neatest correct or nearest correct entries will win the 1,035 prizes. The judge's decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into.
 (d) Nestlé's employees and their families and Nestlé's advertising agencies' employees and their families are not eligible.

Entries close 5 p.m. on 27th May, 1967.
 Winners will be notified by mail and winners' names will be published in morning newspapers on Saturday, 8th July, 1967.

(PRINT IN BLOCK CAPITALS)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

YOUR BABY'S NAME _____ AGE _____

Entries should be mailed to: NESTLÉ'S, c/- Box 425 G.P.O., Darlinghurst, Sydney, N.S.W.

WW

Fill out this entry form tonight. It's so simple. Five first prizes and 50 second prizes to be won. You know what he eats and what he likes, so just draw on your knowledge as a mother and you could win one of **five** \$2,000 education endowments, including \$100 worth of educational books, one of **thirty** second prizes of \$100 savings bank accounts, or one of **one thousand** \$2 bank accounts.



Nestlé's

SPECIALISTS IN INFANT FEEDING

NLS 3392/66A/VA





● Vali Audet (left) and Vera Winter, who make clothes for singing stars Dinah Lee and Janice Slater.

● Silver spacesuit is one of Dinah's many outfits designed and made by Vera and Vali. Featuring wide-belled trousers, the lame suit is ideal for television shows when she wants to look really "different."



For teenagers

'Wardrobe mistresses' to top-pop girls

IN constant search for up-to-the-minute gear, singers Dinah Lee and Janice Slater have "discovered" two Sydney teenagers, who design and make the stars' clothes.

The girls, Vera Winter, 19, of Bondi, and Vali Audet, 18, of Double Bay, have made the stars' stage and everyday clothes for about the past nine months.

"All the gear is gas," said Dinah, staging an impromptu dance in her new purple taffeta trouser suit. "I'm wild about everything they make for me."

Designing clothes for pop stars, plus a couple of models, has become a hectic hobby for the girls, who work full-time for a Sydney clothing manufacturer.

Vera, who has already completed a dress-designing course at East Sydney Technical College, is head designer, cutter, and pattern maker for the small but busy company, and Vali, who is still a student, is assistant designer and sample hand.

"At the factory our clothes are repeated hundreds of times and we love making 'specials' for a change," said Vera. "It gives us a chance to use gimmicks and detail — something you can't do in mass production."

While Vera designs and cuts the individual outfits, Vali sews them up and often adds her own ideas.

"Actually, everyone seems to have a hand in it," Vali said. "When Dinah comes to the factory there's always a riot, with everyone shouting suggestions."

"Singers must have exclusive clothes and can get away with much more extreme outfits than the average girl," said Vera. "But they like to stick to their images."

"While Janice likes simple, feminine, and sophisticated clothes, Dinah goes for the more 'way-out' gear. She's just mad about clothes."

In fact, the girls never know when Dinah is going to burst into the factory with "I want something mad for a show—tomorrow!"

"We're lucky that we can have the factory to work in, and we stay back many nights running up the 'specials,'" Vera said. "Simple shifts only take about an hour, but the problem is to find that hour to spare."

While Janice has only had about half-a-

dozen outfits made by Vera and Vali, Dinah averages one a week.

"But she often wants three or four in one week and that can be hectic," Vera said.

Dinah's huge wardrobe includes about a dozen trouser suits in butcher stripes, ticking, striped canvas, and drills—"She was one of the first to wear the wide bell-bottom slacks," said Vera—a couple of organza evening dresses, and about a dozen cotton mini-shifts (usually hand-printed fabrics with little puff sleeves) for her off-stage wardrobe.

Her favorite outfit (at the moment) is a purple moire taffeta trouser suit, with a long tunic top which can be worn as a mini-dress.

Janice — whose favorites include a long black velvet dolly dress and a black crepe singlet with a floating chiffon jacket — also has a couple of two-in-one slacks suits.

"CLOTHES MUST LAST"

Her latest outfit is an orange Thai silk printed tunic top, which she can wear over chocolate slacks or as a mini evening dress.

"I don't know which clothes I like best — I just adore them all," said Janice. "With six nights a week at a discotheque, I need clothes that last, and these really seem to. They are always finished off beautifully."

As well as for Dinah and Janice, the girls have made dresses for singer Teena Simmons and Sydney models, including Jackie Holme, Kaylene Atkins, Christine Rudas, and Jackie Hickmott.

They designed and made the long evening gown Jackie Holme wore when she was crowned "N.S.W. Photographic Model of the Year" at the end of last year.

"It was white organza, and we scattered it all over with white lace daisies," Vera said. "We just threw them on to the dress and sewed them where they fell."

Designing and making clothes for such exciting young clients bring only one complaint from Vera and Vali.

"We've never got time to make anything for ourselves," Vali said. "We're always in jeans and shirts."

But, as Vera added: "It is rather beaut to watch the girls on telly and know they're looking fabulous — in your gear."



● Ostrich feathers trim Dinah's moire taffeta trouser suit. The fabric, used extensively by Mary Quant, should be the rage in Australia soon, according to Vera.



● Trouser top also makes a cute mini-dress when Dinah feels like a new outfit. The two-in-one idea is very popular in London, where long jackets double as mini-coats.

Story: KERRY YATES Pictures: DON CAMERON

How to shed boredom

● Being bored on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, my friend and I started a club with six girls paying a small membership fee each. Now we have a club of 24 girls and 24 boys. We meet each Saturday and Sunday afternoon in an old shed given us by one of the member's parents. The boys have made some furniture and the girls are doing the decorating. We have a record bar and a library of comics, fashion magazines, and a few paperbacks. Next, we plan an all-day hike, with a dance and supper in the shed afterwards.

"ORGANISER," Condobolin, N.S.W.

Sensible at 17

DISCUSSING what they considered to be the qualities of a good teacher, a 17-year-old student said that the teacher should be able to control the class. I find it hard to understand that a class of 17-year-olds should need controlling. Surely if a person of 17 is still going to school, he is going for the purpose of furthering his education, and therefore doesn't need someone to control him — as would a six-year-old. I have great admiration for my age group, and was very disturbed at such a point of view coming from one of them. — Julie Ann Offner, St. Lucia, Qld.

WRONG CLAIM

■ There has been a considerable amount of publicity given to drivers under 21. It is claimed they make up the greatest percentage of drivers involved in accidents. But it is about time we took a look at the real culprits: those driving menaces who will not admit that they are deaf, or that their vision is faulty, or that they are simply too old to drive. They should be removed from the roads by a compulsory licence re-testing for people over 50. — Dianne Lewis, North Balwyn, Vic.

BRONCHIAL COUGHS?

Double "D" eucalyptus breaks up stubborn head colds and bronchial coughs. Pure Double "D" eucalyptus is the safe, economical and efficient household remedy for throat, nose, chest and muscular ailments. Don't take chances — take Double "D."

With 101 uses in the home



LETTERS

Don't stand for it

HOW can you explain the selfishness of women who, while waiting for, or travelling on, trains and buses, take up an extra seat with their bags and parcels, and make no attempt to allow anyone to sit down? When a woman begrudgingly removed her bag at my request, I was forced to put up with her making rude remarks about me to a friend for the rest of the journey. After all, I only wanted to rest on half of the seat she wanted to occupy completely. — J.S., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Not guilty

I BLAME the fact that the world seems to look down on us teenagers on the way we dress. But although we do like to be individual in our clothes and dances, we don't take pleasure in criminal behaviour. If you take the time to think, I'm sure you would find that crimes such as armed robbery, murder, etc., are carried out by people over 19, who therefore are no longer teenagers. — Judith A. Vusic, Cahuna, Vic.

Travel lift

FOR a month during my university vacation I hitch-hiked round both islands of New Zealand and returned a happy, healthy girl, with a deeply tanned face, clear skin, and shiny hair. Once there, cheap accommodation in youth hostels and motor camps compensates for any expense of fares. As long as one is prepared to rough it a little, hitch-hiking, contrary to its reputation in Australia, is an ideal, safe way to travel, and to make the nicest friends. — "Hitch-hiker," Oakleigh, Vic.

Franchise affair

BELONGING to a citizenship club at school, I am constantly being taught the importance of the franchise. My history book stresses that voting is a democratic privilege for which one must be adequately prepared. I argue that on leaving school we have had the necessary preparation and are entitled to vote. After all, a large proportion of adults abuse this privilege in, for example, the enormous number of informal votes. — Sharon Geyer, Boonah, Qld.

Facing facts

A COMMON cry by teenagers is that they are treated like children and not allowed the privileges that some of their friends enjoy. Before condemning their parents, they should examine some of the facts. Do they behave like young adults, or are they more like children? Are the privileges they are fighting for commonly given to those of their age group? Parents judge their children's maturity by their conduct. — "Fair Go For Parents," Ashgrove, Qld.

UNTIL recently I was a happy-go-lucky borrower, and thought nothing of it. But a couple of incidents have changed my attitude. One day after school I borrowed a girl's friend's watch and lost the mechanism. Luckily, after a week's arguments and ill feeling, it was found and returned. The second incident was when I borrowed a friend's car just to run down to the corner store, and accidentally side-scraped it. After a lot of cost and worry it was reasonably repaired, and our friendship gradually improved. Incidents such as these have taught me a very important lesson. — Liz Haydon, Albury, N.S.W.

BEATNIK



HERE'S YOUR ANSWER (from Louise Hunter)

"WHY CAN'T I LOVE?"

"I AM a 17-year-old girl who enjoys the company of boys very much. However, I cannot get serious as most girls of my age do. My girlfriend is an exception. She flirts a lot, but boys never ask her out. Every time I go out she makes a catty remark like 'How long is this one going to last?' She doesn't seem to understand that I go out with a boy just as a friend and nothing else. (My parents understand.) At my age, am I taking the wrong attitude toward boys?"

"Mixed-up," S.A.
● If more girls your age had your "problem" there would be fewer broken hearts. Take no notice of your girlfriend's catty remarks—they probably stem from her lack of success in romance. You can't force love. It will come soon enough.

Double trouble

"WE are identical teenage twins. Lately, as no one can tell us apart, we have each been given the name 'Twinny,' which we dislike. Although we have different tastes in dress, we are usually dressed the same, which complicates matters. Owing to financial problems, we cannot afford new wardrobes. Apart

from dressing differently, could you please suggest a way we might be more individual?"

"Frustrated," Vic.
● A good start to your "I - want - my - own - identity" campaign would be your hair. Just a few deft strokes with the brush can achieve a touch of individuality. For example, while one of you sweeps your hair on to the forehead in a fringe,

BEAUTY IN BRIEF STOP TEASING

TEASING the hair is frowned on nowadays, but back-combing — and brushing — still plays a big part in shaping and holding fashionable hairdos.

Here is the right way to back-comb:

The first step must be to brush and comb your hair thoroughly and then to partition off the areas to be back-combed — top, sides, and back.

Next, separate a strand of hair in one section and hold it away from your head at a slight angle. Starting about an inch away from the scalp and working on the underside, comb (or brush) the strand with short strokes toward the scalp.

Begin the next strand slightly farther from the scalp and comb backwards in the same way right to the ends of the hair.

Continue in this way until all the strands in each section are back-combed and then brush smooth with light strokes, starting with the lowest or last-combed section.

Finally, at the top, or beginning, of the section where you began back-combing, smooth the whole top layer very lightly so that only the topmost hair is touched.

— Carolyn Earle

ROUND ROBIN Adair

BUTTONS, BUT NO BEAUS!

I SEE that two firms that sought to replace Cupid with computers have gone bung.

One firm, in London, offered each customer five "perfect" partners, picked by the computer.

After being in business for three months, the managing director has announced the idea's failure.

He doesn't say exactly how a spanner was thrown in the works.

One worker, however, expressed amazement at the failure. "The computer could write poetry," he said. "Why couldn't it arrange a marriage?"

Perhaps he should recall the old saying: a spouse is not a poem.

The other firm, in America, didn't last a day. It had to refund clients' money when it was discovered that the computer was mixing up males and females.

It's probably a good job that the U.S. firm didn't get off the ground.

Their service was called Mechanical Ultimate Marriages. On the assumption that even matches made by computer can break up, the office could have become quite crowded when some wives went home to MUM.

Perhaps the problem that faces billing by computer faces cooking by computer — I refer to the instructions on bills about not pinning, spiking, folding, or spindling.

Often machine-arranged love would be a many-spindled thing.

In all fairness to computers, I must say that there's out in Sydney which keeps a girl in a bank in close contact with me.

She keeps sending me computerised accounts.

And the way my finances are, it looks as if the last will be writing to me for a long time.

In fact, until debt do us part.

the other can have a classic middle parting or off-the-face style. The jewellery or accessories you wear with your look-alike clothes can give you separate identities, too. So when your birthdays come round, hint that you would like a necklace or scarf — but make sure YOU choose it!

Pet aversion

"I AM in love with a boy who dislikes dogs, and this creates quite a problem, as I have a mongrel called Earl. He is a one-man dog and does not like my leaving him on his own. My boyfriend comes to my place quite often, but the visit always ends in disaster because of their hostility. Earl has never bitten anyone, but my boyfriend claims that he has attacked him. I cannot believe this. Should I give up my boyfriend or teach Earl better manners? (This is quite impossible.)"

"Dogged," S.A.
● Your pet seems closer to your heart than the boy you say you love. Maybe you'd better wait for a boy who likes dogs.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Two pretty jackets for bedtime warmth

● Knit one of these bedjackets to keep you warm during the chilly nights ahead. Directions for 32, 34, 36, 38, and 40in. bust measurements are on this page.

Materials: Pink Bedjacket — 10 (11, 11, 12, 12) balls Emu 4-ply Bri-Nylon; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 needles; small button. Blue Bedjacket — 13 (13, 14, 15, 16) balls Emu Scotch Double Knitting (D.K.), Double Crepe, or Bri-Nylon Double Knitting, plus 2 extra balls if using Sports; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 9 needles; 5 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) in. bust (both jackets). Pink—length, 15½ (16, 16½, 17, 18) in.; sleeve, 8in. Blue—length, 16½ (17, 17½, 18, 18½) in.; sleeve, 16½ (17, 17½, 17½) in.

Tension: 4-ply, 6½ sts. and 8½ rows to 1 sq. in. over patt.; D.K., 5 sts. and 7 rows to 1 sq. in. over patt.

Abbreviations: W.fwd., wool forward; w.o.n., wool over needle; w.r.n., wool round needle.

PINK BEDJACKET WITH COLLAR

With No. 8 needles, cast on 110 (118, 124, 130, 136) sts., k 5 rows. Comm. patt. (16 rows.)

1st Row: Knit. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Purl. **3rd Row:** K 12 (4, 7, 10, 13), * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 10, rep. from * to last 14 (6, 9, 12, 15) sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 12 (4, 7, 10, 13).

5th Row: K 11 (3, 6, 9, 12), * (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 8, rep. from * to last 15 (7, 10, 13, 16) sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 11 (3, 6, 9, 12). **7th Row:** As 3rd. **8th Row:** Purl. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

11th Row: K 6 (10, 13, 4, 7), * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 10, rep. from * to last 8 (12, 15, 6, 9) sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 6 (10, 13, 4, 7).

13th Row: K 5 (9, 12, 3, 6), * (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 8, rep. from * to last 9 (13, 16, 7, 10) sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 5 (9, 12, 3, 6). **15th Row:** As 11th. **16th Row:** Purl. Cont. until work meas. 7 (7½, 7½, 8) in., ending wrong-side row. Mark each end of last row.

To Shape Raglan Armholes: Keeping patt., dec. 1 st. each end next and foll. 4th rows until 94 (106, 114, 122, 130) sts. rem., then 1 st. each end every alt. row until 50 (52, 54, 56, 56) sts. rem., ending wrong side. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 8 needles, cast on 58 (62, 65, 68, 71) sts. K 4 rows.

Next Row: K 6 sts., slip on to safety pin, k to end. Comm. patt.: **1st Row:** Knit. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Purl.

3rd Row: K 12 (4, 7, 10, 13), * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 10, rep. from * to last 4 sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2.

5th Row: K 11 (3, 6, 9, 12), * (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 8, rep. from * to last 5 sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 1. This sets patt. Cont. until: **15th Row:** As 11th row. **16th Row:** Purl. Cont. until work meas. 7 (7½, 7½, 8) in., ending wrong side. Mark end of last row.

To Shape Raglan Armhole: Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next row and same edge on foll. 4th rows until 44 (50, 54, 58, 62) sts. rem., then 1 st. every alt. row until 34 (35, 36, 37, 37) sts., ending front edge.

Next Row: Cast off 8 (9, 10, 11, 11) sts., patt. to end. Still dec. at armhole edge, dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 8 sts. Keeping neck edge straight, cont. to dec. at armhole edge until 2 sts. rem. K 2 tog. Fasten off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 58 (62, 65, 68, 71) sts. K 4 rows. **Next Row:** K to last 6 sts., slip on to safety pin. Comm. patt.: **1st Row:** Knit. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Purl.

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3rd Row: K 2, * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 10, rep. from * to last 14 (6, 9, 12, 15) sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 12 (4, 7, 10, 13).

5th Row: K 1 * (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 8, rep. from * to last 15 (7, 10, 13, 16) sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 11 (3, 6, 9, 12). This sets patt. Cont. until: **15th Row:** As 11th. **16th Row:** Purl. Complete as left front, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 76 (78, 82, 86, 88) sts. **1st Row:** Knit. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Purl.

3rd Row: K 7 (8, 10, 12, 13), * w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 10, rep. from * to last 9 (10, 12, 14, 15) sts., w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 7 (8, 10, 12, 13).

5th Row: K 6 (7, 9, 11, 12), * (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 8, rep. from * to last 10 (11, 13, 15, 16) sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) twice, k 6 (7, 9, 11, 12). This sets patt. (16 rows.) Cont. until work meas. 4in., ending wrong-side row. Mark each end of last row. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th rows until 72 (72, 76, 82, 82) sts. rem., then 1 st. each end of alt. rows until 4 (6, 8, 8, 8) sts. rem., ending wrong-side row. Cast off.

COLLAR

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 171 (171, 184, 184, 197) sts.

1st Row: K 2, w.fwd., * k 4, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 4, w.r.n., p 2, w.o.n., rep. from * to last 13 sts., k 4, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 4, w.fwd., k 2.

2nd and Alt. Rows: K 2, * p 11, k 2, rep. from * to end.

3rd Row: K 2, * k 1, w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, w.fwd., k 1, p 2, rep. from * to last 13 sts., k 1, w.fwd., k 3, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 3, w.fwd., k 3.

5th Row: K 2, * k 2, w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, w.fwd., k 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 13 sts., k 2, w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, w.fwd., k 4.

7th Row: K 2, * k 3, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.fwd., k 3, p 2, rep. from * to last 13 sts., k 3, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.fwd., k 5.

9th Row: K 2, * k 4, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 4, p 2, rep. from * to last 13 sts., k 4, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 6. (10 rows.) Cont. until work meas. 3in. Change to No. 10 needles. Work 1in., ending right-side row.

Next Row: K 2, * p 11, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last 13 sts., p 11, k 2. Cast off.

CUFFS

With No. 8 needles, cast on 106 (106, 106, 119, 119) sts. Work in patt. as collar, until work meas. 3in. Change to No. 10 needles. Work 1in., ending right-side row. **Next Row:** K 2 tog., * p 11, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. Cast off.

BUTTONHOLE BAND

With No. 10 needles, slip 6 sts. on right front pin on to needle. Join yarn and cont. in g-st. until band meas. 10½ (10½, 11½, 11½, 12½) in., ending wrong side. **1st Buttonhole Row:** K 2, cast off 2, k to end. **2nd Buttonhole Row:** K, casting on over cast-off sts. Work ½ in. in g-st. Cast off.

BUTTON BAND

Work as buttonhole band, omitting buttonhole.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and dry cloth. Using bk-st., join raglan, side, and sleeve seams. Sew on front bands. Stitch collar in place with cast-off edge to neck, beg. and ending at centre of front bands. Join cuff seams, sew in place. Sew on button.



PINK jacket (above) has elbow-length sleeves with slight trills that match the collar. The blue long-sleeved jacket in a lacy stitch is button-through.

BLUE BUTTON-THROUGH JACKET

BACK

With No. 7 needles, cast on 87 (90, 96, 102, 105) sts. K 5 rows. Comm. patt. (8 rows.) **1st Row:** Knit. **2nd and Alt. Rows:** Purl. Rep. these 2 rows once.

5th Row: K 2, * w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o. the 2 k sts., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

7th Row: K 1, * sl. 1, k 2, p.s.s.o. the 2 k sts., w.fwd., rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2. Cont. until work meas. 8½ (8½, 9, 9½, 9½) in., ending wrong side.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping patt., cast off 5 (5, 6, 6, 6) sts. at beg. next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end next and foll. alt. rows until 65 (68, 70, 74, 77) sts. Cont. without shaping until armhole meas. 7½ (7½, 8, 8½, 8½) in., ending wrong side. Cast off 6 (7, 7, 7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 7 (6, 7, 8, 7) sts. at beg. of foll. 2 rows. Leave rem. sts. on spare needle.

LEFT FRONT

With No. 7 needles, cast on 48 (51, 54, 57, 60) sts. K 4 rows. **Next Row:** K 6 and slip on to pin, k to end. Change to patt. as back and cont. until work meas. 8½ (8½, 9, 9½, 9½) in., ending wrong side.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 5 (5, 6, 6, 6) sts. at beg. next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge on foll. alt. rows until 31 (34, 35, 37, 40) sts. Cont. until armhole meas. 5½ (5½, 6, 6½, 6½) in., ending front edge. Cast off 5 (6, 6, 6, 8) sts., patt. to end. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 7 (8, 8, 9, 9) rows. Cont. until work meas. as back to shoulder, ending armhole edge. Cast off 6 (7, 7, 7, 8) sts. at beg. next and foll. alt. row. Work 1 row. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

With No. 7 needles, cast on 48 (51, 54, 57, 60) sts. K 4 rows. **Next Row:** K to last 6 sts., slip on to pin. Change to

patt. and complete as left front, reversing shapings.

SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles, cast on 48 (51, 54, 54) sts. K 5 rows. Change to No. 7 needles and patt. Inc. and work in patt. 1 st. each end of 15th and foll. 16th (17th, 13th, 15th, 13th) rows until 58 (61, 65, 66, 68) sts. Cont. until work meas. 16½ (17, 17, 17½) in. approx., ending same patt. row as back. Cast off 5 (5, 6, 6, 6) sts. at beg. next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end next and foll. 4th rows until 38 (41, 43, 44, 44) sts., then 1 st. each end of alt. rows until 28 (31, 29, 30, 34) sts. Dec. 1 st. each end every row until 14 (17, 19, 20, 20) sts. Cast off.

BUTTONHOLE BAND

With No. 9 needles, slip 6 sts. on right front pin to needle. Join yarn, cont. in g-st. until band meas. 2 (2½, 3, 2½, 3) in., ending wrong side.

Buttonhole Row: K 2, w.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2. Cont. in g-st., working 3 more buttonholes 2½ (2½, 2½, 2½) in. apart. Work 2 (2, 2, 2½, 2½) in., ending right side. Leave on pin.

BUTTON BAND

Work as buttonhole band, omitting buttonholes and ending wrong-side row.

NECKBAND

Using b-st., join shoulder seams. Right side facing, using No. 9 needles, slip 6 sts. of buttonhole band to needle, pick up and k 25 (26, 26, 27, 28) sts. up right side, k 27 (28, 28, 30, 31) sts. on back, pick up and k 25 (26, 26, 27, 28) sts. down left side, then k 6 sts. of button band. 89 (92, 92, 96, 99) sts. Work 1in. in g-st., working 5th buttonhole 2½ (2½, 2½, 2½) in. from last one. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron over damp cloth. For Bri-Nylon, use dry cloth. Using b-st., join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves, sew on front bands, sew on buttons.

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Pip was a stray at the dogs' home. Suddenly, it was his lucky day.

A NEW HOME FOR PIP

THAT foxie's a likely lad," said my husband. We'll come back to him if we don't see anything better."

was dubious, not wanting noisy barker. "A dog must have spirit," declared my husband.

We had come to the King Edward Dogs' Home in Sydney to fer a home to some dog otherwise doomed to die, and to ease a aching emptiness left by a tile dog gone for ever.

This almost-fox terrier my husband fancied was standing at bay, wailing defiance at a cageful of rger dogs under the generalship a big brown fellow who seemed re it was only a matter of time.

Behind the foxie crouched a thetic white mongrel, the gang's rget.

Up and down the cages we ent, still seeking. We were attacked by another foxie, but were ld by the kennelmaid that this e had not yet been at the home r the five days in which owners uld reclaim pets.

It was after the amended Dog ct and the dogs' home was nting its seams, people every- here apparently having decided at Fido wasn't worth \$2 a year.

Admittedly, \$2 is a tremendous rease on the old fee of 2/6, but r giving up a cigarette here and sweet there, by baby-sitting one ening or working a bit of over- me, the new fee could be aquired with 12 whole months to ve up next year's fee for the ly love money can buy.

Anyway, here were the doggy icards. Most of them barked on-stop to keep up their spirits, at in every cage at least one og pressed desperately against e wire, beseeching us with aghast eyes to take it home. At mes I couldn't see for tears.

We came back to the almost-oxie. We screamed questions, but ould only pick up an occasional ord of the kennelmaid's answers. ow do people working there ver hear themselves think?

We decided to take Foxie out n a lead, just to look him over. Something up with his eyes!" the kennelmaid shouted, but we strugled that off. We weren't ter a show dog, but a pal.

Stuck with him

She evidently misunderstood ur request for a closer look, and, outing something about having m checked, she disappeared.

Returning, she announced, He's OK," referred us to a man t a window who, we found, was ready writing our receipt. "That ill be \$2," he informed us.

"Has he had his needles?" I ounded, determined to do the ight thing by the dog at the ocal vet. Immediately the man lled in a card for us to revisit e home for \$4.30 worth of per- nent needles in three weeks' me — a 50-mile round trip.

So there we were, stuck with a og we hadn't really chosen, plus e prospect of another trip hrough that terrible traffic. Foxie didn't look very prepos- soring. The kennelmaids were

● "One of the wisest, most satisfying things we ever did was to adopt a dog," says IVY LINGARD, who "adopted" Pip, rather willy-nilly, from the pathetic legion of strays at the dogs' home, and brought about an amazing transformation.

kept busy hosing out the pens where the dogs were kept, but various skirmishes had soiled Foxie's coat and impregnated it with that odor peculiar to a dogs' home.

"Don't bath him until he's had his permanent needle," warned the kennelmaid. So we were stuck with the smell, too!

Thankfully we escaped from the cacophony of barks, vowing that next time we chose a dog we would have our requirements written out, and carry a pen to write down questions otherwise unheard above the din.

On the grass of Moore Park, where the dogs' home is situated, Foxie nearly went crazy with delight in his new-found freedom. In the car he was docile, obviously used to accompanying his former owner on trips.

He hadn't barked since he left the cage, and it was days before he again raised his voice. He doesn't bark now, except when really necessary.

We stopped at a beach halfway home to have lunch and give Foxie a run — and to have a good look at him. A poor thing, but our own. He carried his right hind leg intermittently, and judging by the lump on his right ribs and the two small teeth missing on the same side, he had once been knocked by a car.

His eyes discharged badly, and his body was a mass of bites. His toenails were the shortest ever, so either he'd spent his life in a

concrete yard or had been on the streets a long time.

Once home, I took him for a walk and he rolled in unaccustomed long grass with joyous abandon.

Bones and meat were gratefully received. Two days after he came to live with us, I looked down when preparing his meal to find him sitting up, begging beautifully. So someone once cared enough to take the trouble to teach him tricks.

We soon found that Foxie had full sight. Several times daily I bathed his sore eyes with a solution of one teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda to a pint of water, using the same solution on his numerous bites, then gently rubbing in that great healer, castor oil.

Dry-cleaned

His odor was partly banished by sponging him with warm water laced with antiseptic, and dry-cleaning with talcum powder.

We tried out all kinds of names without response, except that he lifted his head inquiringly when my husband said, "He's a nice little laddie." We finally decided on Pip, being short and easy.

One trouble with Pip was that, having been a stray, he would bolt when near a street. We fixed up a long rope between two posts and slipped a curtain ring on it, with a swivel clip

attached. With his lead clipped on to this, Pip could run freely. He was taken for daily walks.

We took Pip everywhere with us in the car, but as soon as the car door opened he would flash out and away, so we clipped him to a light chain anchored behind the back seat. He could thus move freely, but couldn't jump up on our shoulders or get away.

Next, we enrolled him at an obedience training school, where for two hours on Sunday afternoons he learned to obey our commands. (The yearly subscription was only \$1.50, plus 20 cents ground fee for each lesson.)

After only a few weeks Pip is no longer on the running lead, but has the freedom of the yard. On the rare occasions he does jump the fence to investigate another dog, he returns when whistled.

At 18 months, Pip is as playful as a young puppy, but does no damage. At the home, all dogs seem old. When we took him away from this atmosphere, Pip grew younger every day.

We adore our gentle, loving Pip, who is a wonderful companion, and very good with our small grandchildren. He is quite handsome, with glossy coat and bright eyes, keeping us constantly entertained with his charming ways and tricks — but I often wonder what become of that poor little white dog and all the others we couldn't take.

I'LL REMEMBER THIS HAPPY ROOM

● "This is my favorite room," writes Mrs. B. Warren, of Caloundra, Qld., looking around at the signs of family activity that will one day be gone.

IT certainly is not an elegant room, but I will remember it as it is now till the end of my life. Before long, my children will be grown up and gone away, but their aura will remain. I will close my eyes, and there they will be.

The light on the radiogram caught my eye, warning that once again it had been forgotten. I switched it off, and took a long look around that room. No, not elegant at all! I don't even know what to call it. We call it the sleepout because once it housed a couple of spare beds.

It is a big room at the head of the stairs, light and airy, all windows on two sides. Several bedrooms, each door bearing a printed notice ("Enter at own risk—teenager lives here" "Why try harder?"), and a glassed-in veranda open from it, and from the windows is a view of beach and sea. Dad's binoculars are on the window-sill where No. 1 son has left them. What was he studying so intently? The surf? The shark boat way out? Girls?

A pair of board shorts, striped black and orange, are slung across the banister with an electric-blue beach towel. They are wet, but they will soon dry there, catching the breeze.

There is a bookcase at the head of the stairs containing a set of encyclopedias, an enormous atlas, and a pile of other books. No, it isn't

for show. One frequently has to step across a recumbent form on the stairs, head in book.

Beside the radiogram (a bit old-fashioned and worse for wear) stands the portable chord organ, open. I close it. Beside it, a small table has almost disappeared under the piles of records and sheet music.

A large table bears a layout of slot-car track, plus all the bits and pieces that go with it — quite a few dollars' worth, but the boys saved and bought it themselves.

The lid of the piano is closed—for once—and two cats are taking advantage of it, basking in the sunshine that streams in. On the top is another pile of music and a photograph of two little boys with slicked-down hair and a curly-haired moppet in pink frills. That's how they looked ten years ago. In another ten? I put the thought away. It's pretty marvellous, now.

A guitar slung across a chair . . . teenage doll clothes (more clothes than I'll ever own!) spill out of their box across another . . . a magazine on cars, and another on surfing . . . another bookcase jammed against a wall . . . three broken piano strings swinging on a nail . . . a small plaque with the inscription—"If at first you don't succeed, you're running about even!" This is the room. I love best.

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PARDON MY LEGACY

By DAN ROSS

When the old car was bequeathed to Betty she could not anticipate the future consequences



THE lawyer droned on with her great-uncle Andrew's will: "... the bulk of my estate to be given to the Society for Needy Seamen and to my favorite niece, Betty Walsh..." The lawyer's pince-nez glasses were raised to Betty as he hesitated.

She smiled at him. Her father, John Dudley Walsh, retired from the Navy, pulled at his moustache in annoyance.

The lawyer resumed: "To my favorite niece, Betty Walsh, I bequeath a beloved possession in which she showed much interest. Knowing she will value it and consider it priceless as I have. My Oakland sedan, 1911 model."

"A 1911 model!" Captain John Dudley Walsh jumped up. "Is this some joke? Consider it priceless! Worthless would be a lot closer!"

"Dad, please!" Betty stood and pleaded with her father. "I did see it in the shed one day when I was visiting Uncle Andrew, but I didn't think he'd leave it to me. How thoughtful of him!"

"Miserable is the word!" her father stormed on. "A 1911 moth-eaten wreck of a car. Let the needy sailors take it along with everything else!"

"Father!" Betty reproved him. "That's a terrible thing to say. Uncle Andrew meant well and I intend to accept his gift."

"And what do you intend to do with it?" her father raged on.

"I'll think of something," she promised.

The lawyer gave a diplomatic cough. "Perhaps I can help," he said. "I have a letter from a Jack Dalton, who operates a garage in the village where your late uncle resided. He is interested in the car and would like to make an offer for it."

The following day Betty entered a building with a neon sign proclaiming it to be "Dalton's Garage." Inside she saw a young man in mechanic's overalls bending over the engine of a sports car. He looked up. "Can I help you?"

Betty smiled. "You can if you're Jack Dalton. I'm here about a 1911 Oakland my uncle left me."

The young man whistled. "You're lucky as well as pretty. You going to restore it?"

"Restore it?" Betty asked, slightly bewildered.

"Sure. Put it back in like-new shape. The 1911 is a honey, a collector's dream."

"But I understood you wanted to buy the car for your own use."

Jack Dalton frowned. "I couldn't raise the money right this minute, but I'd really appreciate the job of restoring it. I could do it for about a thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars," Betty echoed.

"Consider it an investment," he urged. "When it's done over you'd have a good chance of getting two or three thousand for it from a real collector. The way it is now it's just another wreck."

"I see," she said. "I'm afraid I haven't the money."

"Too bad," he said.

Betty raised her eyes hopefully. "Would five hundred manage it?"

"I've an idea. I'll supply all the parts and materials, plus the labor in return for a third interest."

She didn't hesitate. "You have a partner?"

"I'll have it towed here right away and get to work. You'll be by to check on what I'm doing, I hope?"

"You can count on it," she promised.

Betty enjoyed the visits to the garage. The Oakland took on lines and color under Jack Dalton's knowing hands. He was bringing a second youth to the battered

old car. The first time they got the motor turning over they celebrated by going to a roadside restaurant for dinner. It was that afternoon Betty first realised she not only had fallen in love with the Oakland but Jack as well. While she had no doubts about Jack's affection for the car, she wasn't sure how he felt about her.

When she arrived home that evening a new problem awaited her. Her father announced jubilantly, "Cornelius Dexter was here today."

"Cornelius Dexter?" The name meant nothing to her.

"Dexter! The millionaire who collects old cars. You must have heard about him?"

"Maybe I have," Betty said, worried at what the announcement might mean.

"Well, he wants to buy the Oakland," her father said with unconcealed delight. "Saw it at Dalton's garage. He's offered five thousand. I said we'd accept."

Betty was stunned. It wouldn't do at all. She had no intention of parting with her Oakland, and the thought of missing all those wonderful afternoons working with Jack on the car couldn't be measured in mere money.

She said: "You had no right to tell him I'd sell. Jack is my partner. I'll have to consult him."

Next day when she arrived at the garage Jack had the Oakland out in the sun working on it. The old car looked regal and shining. Jack touched her newly painted fender and asked fondly, "Isn't she lovely?"

"A dream!" Betty sighed. "And Cornelius Dexter offered father five thousand for her."

Jack's mouth fell open. "Dexter! He was in here snooping around the other day. Greedy fathead! I'd like to have seen his expression when your father said no."

"So would I?" she agreed. "Only Dad didn't say no. He said yes."

Jack groaned. "Your father doesn't know what he's doing. I was saving this news as a surprise. Consolidated Motors is having their 50th anniversary year. I wrote them about this old girl and their advertising manager came down and looked her over. They've made a deal to exhibit her all over the country. We can earn more than five thousand and still own the car."

Betty's face brightened. "The deal is really settled?"

"Except for your signature to make it legal. Don't let Dexter rob us of all the fun and profit after the way we've worked. We'll travel all over the place."

She looked at him doubtfully. "It sounds wonderful, but even if we go through with the deal I wouldn't be able to travel with you. Father would never let me go without a chaperon."

"Betty!" Jack pounded a palm against his temple. "Forgive me! I should have spoken to you long ago about this." Without warning he took her in his arms. "I've been so busy getting this sweet, old jalopy ready for the road I forgot to tell you how much I love you."

He kissed her and smiled at the Oakland. "We'll have a chaperon! We'll take the old girl on our honeymoon."

Reality intruded on the moment of bliss. Betty sighed. "We'll have to let Dad know," she said. A few minutes later, a grease-spot on her happy face and Jack's arm around her, she spoke to her father on the phone. "I've got wonderful news," she said. "We don't have to sell the Oakland. Jack and I are taking her on our honeymoon and Consolidated Motors is going to pay us for it."

There was a sputter from the other end of the line. "Bad connection," her father said irritably. "Sounded exactly as if you said you were going to get married."

"We are," she said. "And about the Oakland. Great-uncle Andrew was right. She really is priceless!"

(Copyright)

Beauty spot

Your skin is flesh-coloured. BAND-AID Spots are, too. So they help hide little hurts while they hurry up the healing. Next time a hurt happens, cover it quick!

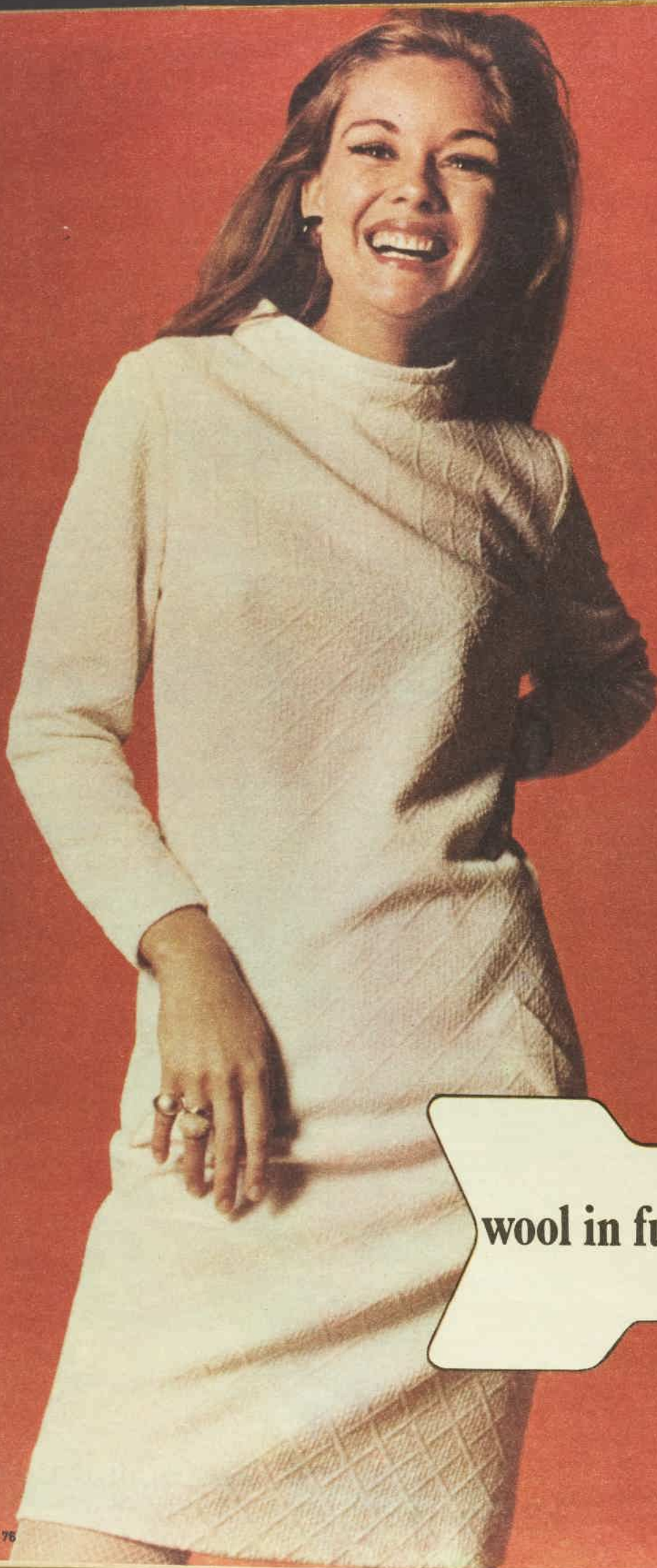
BAND-AID

BRAND
patches-spots



Johnson & Johnson

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John Crundall sees the knit-bit as a stripey thing. His sweaters (above and below) head the trend to new colour combinations. The red, orange and black sweater won a Wool Award. Note: the co-ordination of tops with skirts. Co-ordination is very big this year and manufacturers use the same wool colours for fabrics and knitted. Far right: Carla Knitwear's dazzling dress: another variation on the stripey theme.



wool in full swing



Right: Princeton uses one of the new knit fabrics for this orange A-line dress. It won a Wool Award.

**Very big this year:
The knit-bit,
at its swinging,
flowing best
in pure new wool**

You've never seen so many beautiful woolknits. So many colours (like sharp green, like amethyst, like yellow and geranium red). So much swish and swirl and marvellous movement. The knit-bit is here, very big on the scene. Just one thing to remember before you plunge in. Some knitteds are going to lose their shape, go lumpy or limp or tired.

So how do you pick the stayers? Which knitteds can you trust to stay lithe and lively?

The ones in pure new wool. Pure new wool knitteds are full of life. Keep their shape.

Feel marvellous to wear.

The knit-bit is the thing.

Pure new wool can bring it off.

On the left: this white jacquard swinger is the way Leroy see the knit-bit. In pure new wool.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1967



AUSTRALIAN WOOL BOARD 6293



THE BEST- LAID PLANS OF NORA

BY MARGARET
THOMSON DAVIS

Stan wore a slightly puzzled look as he straddled one of the kitchen chairs.

I WAS doing this more and more often these days. Imagining what life would be like without Stan. I mean, because life with him was becoming impossible.

I was feeding Baby Alison automatically, trying to stop my traitorous thoughts, when Stan suddenly burst into the kitchen, hair rumpled, eyes narrowed.

"What should I do? I've just killed my boyfriend in my bed-sit. No one knows he's there. My landlady is out visiting. She didn't even know he existed, because I'd always met him at out-of-the-way restaurants before."

I stopped in the middle of shovelling strained lentil soup into Alison.

"Stan, you're at it again—and you promised."

"It's not fair," I went on. "You're not even trying to find a job."

"I'd hide him in a cupboard, Daddy," Evangelina suggested in between dainty spoonfuls of soup.

Evangelina is five and has her father to blame for what she's called. Stan has a book of names to help him find suitable tags for the characters in his stories, and, according to the book, Evangelina means "bringer of good news."

Stan might as well have called her "Postman." It wouldn't have sounded any sillier, and, anyway, it was a postman he was thinking of at the time.

Stan loves our postman. He believes that the postman will sometime, somewhere, bring the glad tidings that one of his whodunits is a best-seller, or that someone in Hollywood wants to make it into a film.

Dramatically, he swung his pen toward Evangelina.

"Right! But what then? How to get him out of the house; that's the trouble."

He twirled one of the kitchen chairs round, straddled it, and rested his arms along its back.

"How does a slim, young girl get a man all the way down the stairs and out . . ."

Susan, who is nearly four and adorable like a little blonde doll, rested her spoon on the table.

"I'd fold him up and push him in a suitcase like Mummy did with my dolly when we went to Southend."

"And let someone else carry it. A taxi-driver, for instance? Brilliant!" Stan flung his arms into the air. "The child's brilliant, I keep telling you!"

I glared at him as he sat in the chair.

"And I keep telling you to stop wasting your time and my nerves, not to mention making the children into little monsters. It's time you tried a steady job. You'll never make any money writing these whodunits."

"It won't be for long now, Nora. I'm going to make it soon, I feel it in my bones. The big money's just round the corner."

He gave a big sigh. "Oh, boy! First thing I'll do when I get it is buy a huge house of our own—one with an enormous playroom for the girls—with a marvellous rocking-horse and . . ."

" . . . a long mirror and a strong bar to hold on to so's I can practise my ballet exercises," Evangelina came in on cue.

" . . . and a giant dolly's house," Susan added.

"Oh, eat your soup!" I groaned.

I'd heard all this so often before . . . Dreams wouldn't get us a house of our own. Every time I heard Stan talk like that I felt like screaming.

But I'd come to the end of my tether.

As I told Stan, one of these days his next cheque wasn't going to come before his last cheque finished. Then I'd be the one to cope with all the down-to-earth consequences.

That's what I felt in my bones!

Every day Stan loped through our narrow hall, dwarfing it with his lanky six feet four, to hover behind the door with the eagerness of a two-year-old waiting to see Santa Claus.

As soon as he heard Mike, our postman, come whistling up the path he'd fling the door open wide.

"Top o' the mornin' to you!"

"We're all right this time, sir. No parcels, just one small typewritten envelope with a London postmark."

On days like this Mike's delight was as ridiculously exuberant as Stan's.

"Hip . . . hip . . ." Stan prompted. "Hooray!" They both let out an ear-shattering yell that always awakened the baby.

"We'll make that house in the country yet, Mike. Sure, and I'll eat my hat if we don't."

To page 80

ice-box bathrooms cause colds & curses . . .

(especially after a bath or shower)

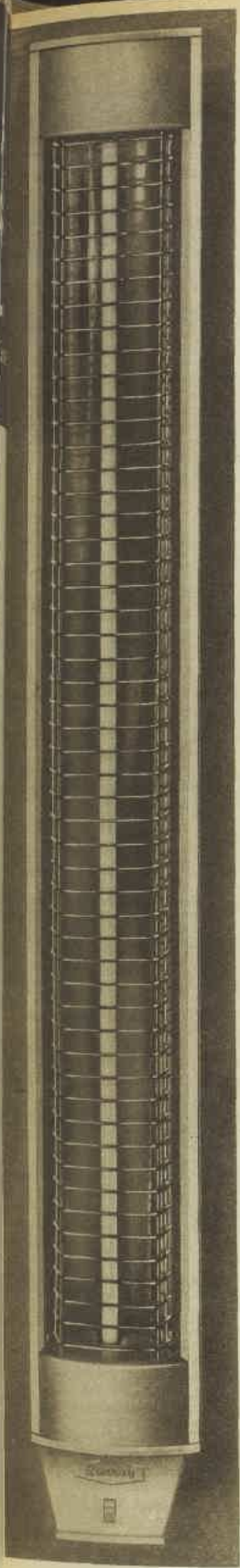


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1967

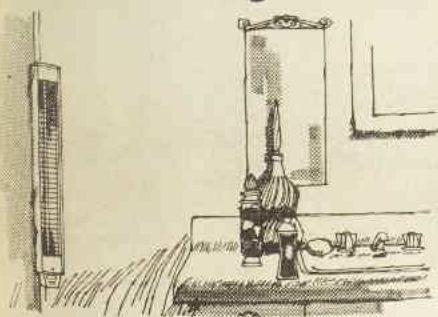
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in just 3 seconds
full infra-red heat!

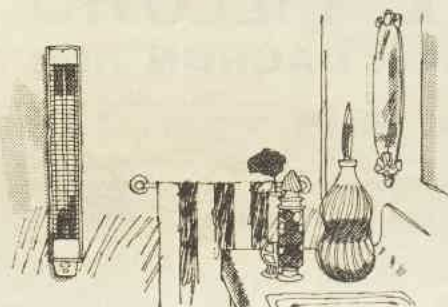


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COSILY INSTALLED IN A CORNER.

The Australian Women's Weekly — May 3, 1967



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“DEEP HEAT”

ACHES AND PAINS. Mentholatum “Deep Heat” Rub gives quick, effective relief—it starts working just seconds after you replace the cap. Standard tubes only 80 cents, new large size \$1.55 from Chemists everywhere.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 575. — BOWLS FROCK

Bowls frock is available cut out to make in white terylene/viscose. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$9.75; 36 and 38in. bust, \$9.95; 40 and 42in. bust, \$10.15; 44in. bust, \$10.35. Postage and dispatch 40 cents extra.

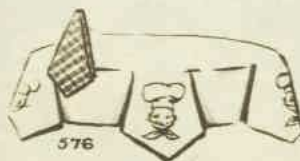
No. 576. — BARBECUE CLOTH AND CHECK SERVIETTES

Barbecue cloth is available traced ready to sew and embroider on white, blue, green, or yellow cesarine with contrasting check cotton serviettes. Price is \$1.90 plus 20 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 577. — GIRL'S BERET

Fully lined beret is available cut out to make in brown, red, old gold, blue, green, or white corduroy. Sizes 4 to 6 years, \$1.15; 8 to 10 years, \$1.35. Postage and dispatch 15 cents extra.

* Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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* Dupont's registered trade mark.



THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF NORA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

Stan has promised Mike a cottage in the grounds of our country estate when we get it. Apparently Mike has green fingers and wants no more from life than a little place where he can grow things.

"That fella of yours," he keeps telling me, "has a heart as big as a bucket. Sure, and he's a character!"

I agree with a smile, but I think madly to myself—he's a character all right. The moment he gets a cheque in his hands he's possessed by an unbearable itch to get rid of it.

He treats everybody, he tips everybody, we all eat like royalty for the first few weeks, and I mean all, because Stan invites every friend we've ever had to celebrate his temporary good fortune.

Temporary is the key word! Too soon we're scraping rock bottom again and he's having to write like mad to catch up.

I said as much the other day to Hilda—she's my oldest friend. We went to school together, then we worked in the same office until I married. Then we lost touch because I went to live in Stan's home town for a while.

WHEN we returned, I heard Hilda had married and after a time we met up again. Now I often meet her in the town centre for a coffee. She has no family to worry about and Stan looks after our brood until I get back.

George, that's Hilda's husband, wouldn't dream of burdening her with children until she's had a chance to get organised and acquire all the things they need.

I've never met George, but Hilda raves about him so much I feel as if I've known and respected him all my life. If ever a man was absolutely perfect, absolutely reliable, George is. He has bought Hilda a marvellous villa on the other side of town. As well as a bathroom upstairs, it has a toilet downstairs, and a cloakroom, and the newest type of central heating.

More and more I find myself thinking longingly of George with his well-organised way of life and his obvious interest in efficiency.

If only some of these sterling qualities could be transferred to Stan, there might be hope for us.

I said that to Hilda next time we met. I was sitting stirring my coffee and feeling all moody and broody. The more she went on about her perfect husband, the more depressed I became.

"Nora, why not?" she said. "Why not what?" I countered gloomily.

"Why shouldn't George influence Stan? If anyone

can do it George can. He could get him a job in the statistics department for a start. George is top man there, you know."

I knew.

I brightened immediately. There was something to be said about a statistics department of the Ministry of Labor. I felt safer, more secure, more thinking of it.

I couldn't get home quick enough to tell Stan, but of course, I might have known what his reaction would be.

"Darling..." He showered me with kisses until my hair was standing on end and I felt completely organised. "You've no need to worry. When I write my best-seller I'll buy you a house like a palace!"

"Palace" is one of Stan's favorite words. It seems to stimulate his imagination.

"Oh, stop it, Stan," I said, struggling not to be put off by his kisses. "I've met Hilda and George to dinner. He'll tell you about the job and you'd better listen."

I'd made up my mind that after the dinner was laid over, I'd really go to work on Stan. Manoeuvring him into that job had become a thing of urgency as well as necessity, like getting a house into a straitjacket.

"Where's my soup?" asked, suddenly bringing me back to the present.

"You're not getting any, 'Eh?'"

"Is Daddy in trouble?" queried Susan worriedly.

"No, Daddy and I have friends coming so we're going to have our dinner later, after you've gone to bed."

It sounded so nice and when you said it calmly like that. But in actual fact the preparation for Hilda and George's visit was a nightmare rush.

Usually our friends have a take us as they find us, the saying goes. It's either cheese and wine in front of the sitting-room fire or tea and buns in the kitchen, according to our financial position at the time.

Either way, our entertaining tends to be a bit of a hazard and I'd a feeling George wouldn't like that.

So after I put the children to bed and in between preparing a complicated curry I cleared the dining-room of Stan's typewriter and his mountains of books and papers and set the table with our best (and only) china, tall-stemmed wine glasses, candles, the lot.

I persuaded Stan to discard his old blue jeans and sweater in favor of a respectable suit and I wiggled hurriedly out of my slacks and into the blue crepe two-piece Stan bought me with his last cheque before Hilda and George arrived dead on time at the front door.

To page 82



"I think I'm coming down with a cold."

AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● One of the most exciting things happening in publishing in Australia in the past few years has been the production of facsimile editions of old books, articles, and newspapers dealing with the earliest days of Australia's history.

FOR a long time now these have been rare and precious objects, found only in the archives of the big libraries or behind the locked glass doors of the bookcases of early-Australiana collectors.

Now several of the Australian libraries are reproducing these in facsimile, using a photographic method which gives the modern reader an exact copy of the work as it first appeared more than a century ago, with all its charms of type and spelling, maps and illustrative plates.

In the forefront is the Libraries Board of South Australia, which in the past few years has produced by facsimile an impressive number of early Australian treasures which previously ordinary readers couldn't get their hands on except as excerpts and summaries in the works of later writers.

I've just been reading this library board's Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land," by Count P. E. de Strzelecki. It was first published in 1845

after, as Strzelecki says in the preface, "five years of continual labor, during a tour of 600 miles, on foot."

Strzelecki was Polish. In his preface he says, "Whether the pages which follow, clothed, as they are, in a foreign and idiomatic English, are worthy of being read before the British public, will remain to the reader to decide."

The 1967 reader isn't going to have any doubts about worthiness, 122 years later. There's nothing unidiomatic about the English, and it's the product of such a lively mind — inquiring, liberal, humane — and loaded with information about other parts of the world and other peoples.

A concern for Aborigines and their treatment

SOME of his science may read a little oddly in view of modern increases in knowledge, especially about anthropology and climatic theories, but his general advice on the development of agriculture in Australia, his alarm at the way our soils were already being over-stocked and denuded, and his concern for the future of the Aboriginal are startling when you think how long ago he formed these views.

Strzelecki regrets the fact that, because the Aborigines had no records and no monuments, their customs and language have been regarded as unworthy of European study. He notes that all observations, made either by early navigators or modern travellers, "bear more on what this race is in relation to the colonist than to mankind."

Their religion and government remained

a mystery to him, but quoted today, there's a wry sort of laugh in his assessment that, "migration, the chase, fishing, and occasional war, alternated by feasting and lounging in spots best adapted to repose, fill up the time of an Australian."

He was talking about the Aborigines, don't forget, but it sounds remarkably like the "sunburnt fools" assessment some foreign visitors make of all of us today!

He had some odd theories about the decline in the Aboriginal population since white settlement (for instance, he believed that an Aboriginal woman who cohabited with a white man was not afterwards capable of child-bearing if she returned to her own people).

But he condemned in the strongest terms that treatment of blacks by whites which the average settler of 1845 thought the ordained order of things.

He found Gippsland gold — and said nothing about it

STRZELECKI was a man of honor.

During his journey of scientific exploration into regions of Victoria which he named Gippsland after his friend the Governor, he found particles of gold in decomposed ironstone.

Gipps, who feared the unrest this news

would cause among the convicts, asked Strzelecki to say nothing about it. He gave his promise, and he kept it.

His book has nearly a hundred pages devoted to geological and mineralogical surveys, but he makes no mention of this exciting find.

On the same journey he discovered and named Mt. Kosciusko, the highest point in Australia. He named it after the Polish hero, spelling it Kosciuszko and giving its height at 6500ft. — 800-odd feet less than its actual height.

Strzelecki doesn't fare particularly well himself on Australia's map. There's a Northern Territory mountain about 200 miles north of Alice Springs named after him, a Strzelecki Peak of 2550ft. on Flinders Island in Bass Strait, and a Strzelecki Creek near the Queensland border of South Australia.

After reading the facsimile edition I feel we could have done a bit more for the man who believed that "no one deserves a greater sympathy from England than the Anglo-Australian settler . . . and no colonies will react more beneficially upon the welfare of the mother country than New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land."

He had an equally high opinion of the citizens. He had been told that Sydney was "a community of felons," and "the most demoralised colony known in the history of nations."

Accordingly, when he arrived he went fearfully ashore with a stout stick, having carefully left his watch and purse on board ship. But he wrote, "I found on that night, in the streets of Sydney, a decency and a quiet which I had never witnessed in any other of the ports of the United Kingdom."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1967

Page 81

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Just proving that EVERYBODY can make a meal blindfolded."

THE BEST-LAID PLANS OF NORA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

George was a thin man—not lanky and muscly like Stan, just thin. He had impressive-looking horn-rimmed glasses, but he kept taking them off to polish them and it was then I noticed how small and pale his eyes were and how hard.

After the introductions were made and while Stan was pouring the martinis, Hilda told George where we'd lived when we first married.

"Oh, yes, I know the place," George responded absently. "In Cheshire. Population 25,220, women 8120, men 7060. Main industry farming. One hundred and eighty thousand acres, one third arable, two-thirds pasture."

Stan and I listened open-mouthed as he dealt with our industries, our distance from the sea, our level above it, the number of houses, the infant mortality rate, and other items.

"George, dear..." Hilda interrupted, as he was about to give the road statistics for the previous year. She gave us a tinkly, high-pitched laugh—and her husband a stiff little smile. "Stan and Nora know all that. They used to live there, I said."

Absolute silence held us after that, which astonished me because as a rule there's not much peace and quiet when Stan's around.

I was just about to say some-

thing, anything, when Hilda beat me to it.

"George was away on business and something turned up which took longer than he expected. I didn't think he was going to be back in time to come tonight. I was nearly phoning you, Nora, when I didn't get any word from him."

"Ah, yes." George cleared his throat. Then he took off his glasses and carefully polished them. "I didn't send Hilda a telegram. They're very dear now, you know. That's six I've saved in the past four months. That's fifteen shillings. With that I could buy ten dozen handkerchiefs at twopenny halfpenny each, or forty-five pairs of shoe laces at fourpence per pair or..."

He went on like that. I'd never heard anything like it. I could see Stan was impressed or stunned or something. George had all the subduing qualities of a reference library.

Hilda was silent, the smile sticking to her face like a plaster that refused to go away.

No wonder she talks so much when she's out with me, I thought. It's probably the only time she gets the chance!

I began to feel sorry for Hilda as I sat through George's endless facts dropping into and out of my mind for close on three hours.

AFTER he'd gone looked at Stan.

"Could you beat that?" gasped. "What did you think of him?"

Stan leapt unexpectedly to his feet, grabbed me in his arms and polkaed me round the sitting-room.

"Wonderful! Wonderful! marvellous man, our George!"

"What!" I almost screamed. "Stan, you don't mean it. You don't want to be like him. You don't want that job."

"What job?"

"The job he spoke about half way through dinner. There's possibility of a vacancy in his department, remember?"

"Oh that? Why should I want that job? I've got a job. I'm a writer, and oh, boy, have I got a humdinger of a character for my next story."

"You mean George? You're going to write about George?" I laughed with relief. "Dad! you're a genius."

"Yippee." He flung me up in the air. "Recognition at last. I knew good fortune was just round the corner."

"Oh, come on," I said, switching off the sitting-room light. "You're incorrigible."

The only thing round the corner at the moment was the bedroom.

Our "palace of love" Stan called it and probably it's the only palace I'll ever get. Still, a palace of love needs imagination, and imagination is something George hasn't got.

Poor Hilda! I thought again. She doesn't know what she's missing!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 3, 1967

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

THE UNDERWORLD pays a million dollars, and then waits impatiently. A few months later — chaos, as everything is plunged into darkness. NOW READ ON...



A SUDDEN BLACKOUT IN THE CITIES —



AFFECTS DIFFERENT PEOPLE —



— IN DIFFERENT WAYS! —



POWER FAILURE IN THE BIG CITIES — AFFECTS PEOPLE IN MANY WAYS —



ON, DEAR — IF THIS LASTS TOO LONG — EVERYTHING IN THE FREEZER AND REFRIGERATOR WILL BE RUINED! —



WE NEVER REALISE HOW DEPENDENT WE ARE UNTIL A THING LIKE THIS HAPPENS! —



MEANWHILE, VARIOUS ACTIVITIES — IN THE DARK —



AMAZING THINGS —



HA! HURF!



WHO IS THIS MAN? —



IN MANY OF THE CITIES — SCORES OF PREARRANGED THEFTS! —



OKAY, SCAR, THERE'S THE BLACKOUT! GIVE ME THE MILLION —



WHO IS THIS MAN? —



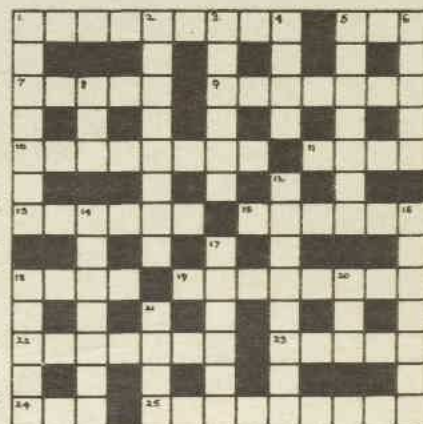
ALL IS ACCORDING TO PLAN. THEY HAVE WHAT THEY WANT — AND I HAVE WHAT I WANT! —



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

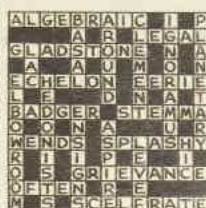
- Wear away a promontory into desolation (9).
- Sun-god of the ancient Romans (3).
- A month's walk (5).
- Do by shape (7).
- Without arms or legs, but is able to consecrate at the end (8).
- Jaques declares, in "As You Like It," that a man's acts are seven of them (4).
- Balances in a shop and on a fish (6).
- Plates for a leading commodity (6).
- Aromatic balsam of ancient times (4).
- Place of bliss, felicity, or delight (8).
- Where the Hanging Gardens were situated (7).
- Republic in West Africa (5).
- With this you can make runs (3).
- Procure a piece of furniture and become easily accessible (9).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- We take broken limbs for boring instruments (7).
- Early king of England called "the Unready" (8).
- Lay open to view (6).
- A rhinoceros or elephant is tender inside (4).
- Temporary expedient (7).
- They are missing in 10 across (5).
- This animal can spoil when turns (3).
- Being in a right line (8).
- Rob a cat (anagr., 7).
- Raise to a higher position a valet in ease (7).
- Mineral which could be used as hoisting tackle (6).
- Man of great wealth who has a bob (5).
- Mountain in Central Crete (3).
- Heavy, lazy fellow (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Where do they all go to...?

Only a mother knows how fast a family can finish a packet of Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits. So she buys plenty. For her morning cup of tea. For school lunches (children love them with butter). For Dad's supper.

All over Australia, families enjoy nourishing Arnott's Milk Arrowroot Biscuits.

There is no Substitute for Quality